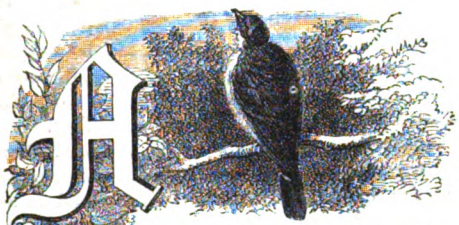
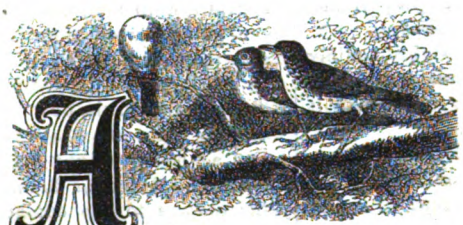
BY JEAN INGELOW.

THE SINGING-LESSON.

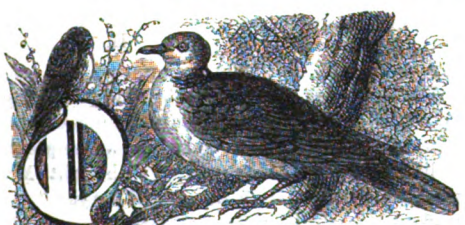
AUTHOR OF SONGS OF SEVEN.



A NIGHTINGALE made a mistake:
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon,
And wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to speak:
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

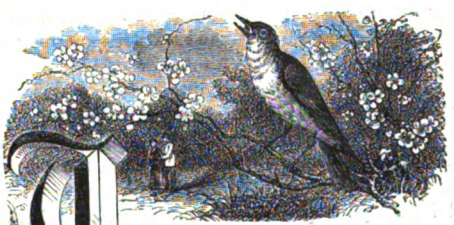


A LARK, arm-in-arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face;
She knew they heard her song,
She felt them snicker and sneer;
She thought this life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

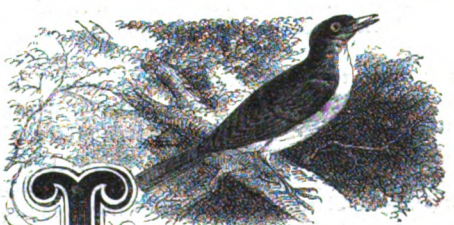


"O NIGHTINGALE!" cooed a dove,
"O nightingale! what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight
Like a common contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?

ONLY think of all you have done;
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest;
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
You need only to speak."



THE nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm.



THE nightingale did not care,
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below,
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out.

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LINDA'S RELATIONS.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"I AM real sorry!" exclaimed Mrs. Frothingham, as she folded the letter she had been reading.

"What is it, mother?" asked Belinda, from a window recess, where she had been taking observations of the weather for the past half hour. "What is it—anything serious? I hope not;" and all the while she was drumming a familiar melody with the tips of her dainty fingers, showing that her thoughts were far enough away from the present moment and its absorbing interest.

"Nothing less serious, Linda, than that your aunt Rachel is coming to spend this winter with us—"

"Bringing Miriam, of course."

"Certainly. Our invitations have been so regularly declined, that I am more surprised than annoyed that they have accepted—and this winter especially."

"Why this winter especially?" inquired the languid Belinda, as she left her station by the window, and assumed a graceful attitude on a low stool by the side of her mother.

"Well, in the first place," said Mrs. F.—with her thumb and forefinger describing sharp circumferences around the white parallelogram—"in the first place, it will interfere with your enjoyment, for you will not care to take Miriam wherever you are invited; and—well, I may as well confess that I am afraid it will injure your prospects."

"In what way? Is she handsome? I know she is not; but, mother, you have but a poor idea of my attractions if you imagine they will be overshadowed by Miriam Townsend;" and Linda gave a scornful toss to her flaxen head, and flushed in proud assurance of her position.

"But Miriam is given to books and blue-stockings, and will doubtless have but little inclination to join your dancing parties."

"Alas, that I have contrary predilections! What would Clarence do for a partner if I should absent myself the entire winter? Dear me! Mother, do you suppose that aunt Rachel or Miriam has the least idea how completely their contemplated visit will overthrow our prospects and plans for the coming season?"

"No, indeed; I respect aunt Rachel, and have a sincere regard for Miriam; the sister and niece of your dear father can not but be welcome to my house and its hospitality."

"Then," said Linda, who was far more of a philosopher than her mother, "if they are sensible people, they will surely be satisfied with a hearty welcome; and, if Miriam is at all in my way, I shall certainly expect her to know it at once."

"I am sure they must be unaccustomed to the usages of society," soliloquized Mrs. Frothingham—for by this time Linda had left the room—"living as they do on the edge of a prairie; and I am troubled to know what I can do to entertain them in order to make the time pass pleasantly. Miriam is just of an age when she will appreciate the change and its advantages, and Rachel was wise to wait."

Then she wandered off in a vision to those happy days of her early married life, when to be with John, and to work for him, seemed the realization of true happiness. She remembered the visit they made to Rachel in her quiet home, and how John displayed the nobility of his nature by helping Seth Townsend out of the slough into which intemperance had thrown him, and setting him on his feet again. It was a noble deed, for Seth had never been the best of husbands or brothers, and his departure would have caused but little lamentation; but John buried his own indignation, and, out of love for his sister and for wretched humanity, he set about the restoration of this wreck of manhood. And Seth lived to bless John Frothingham; and his wife and daughter had a better legacy at his death than they would have had if John had never gone to New Victory.

John, too, had prospered, and the modest dwelling in a side street had been resigned for a more pretentious mansion on the Avenue; and on the top wave of success, with everything around him to make life beautiful and desirable, he was suddenly called to sacrifice all.

It was a terrible blow to his wife and his little daughter, who needed a father's care in the dangerous whirlpool of society where fortune had elevated her at the cost of her father's life.

But for Rachel Townsend, with no other tie except Miriam, no brother or sister to mourn with her over a loss that nothing on earth could replace, it was heart-rending. Away in her prairie home she had kept aloof from society; and, while Seth pursued his wretched course, she was glad to hide her name and shame in voluntary retirement. After his death, she looked to John for all the help she needed in the way of counsel or advice, and Miriam's education had been conducted almost under his supervision. Now she seemed cut off from the world, and only the care of Miriam kept her from absolute despair.

John had been dead five years—five long, weary years—during which time a spasmodic correspondence had been maintained between the wife and sister, with occasional helps from Linda and Miriam. The girls were almost of an age: verging on eighteen, and not unlike in personal appearance, though decidedly dissimilar in tastes and pursuits. Miriam's companionship with books had rendered her thoughtful and somewhat morbid, and on this account Rachel had consented to visit her brother's widow, and for Miriam's sake make many sacrifices that Miriam would neither understand nor appreciate.

"What a noisy place this is!" exclaimed Miriam, as she and Linda returned from a promenade. "Night and day it is just the same. Don't you ever weary of it?"

"Oh, no; it's my life. You know we have all summer to rest in, and we expect to have considerable excitement during the winter. We couldn't live without it;" and the careless beauty took up a perfumed note from the card-receiver.

"Too bad!" she sighed audibly, as she slipped the note into the envelope; she meant to suppress it, but it was too late.

"Too bad! Why so? If you have an invitation out, dear cousin, don't hesitate to accept on my account."

"And you won't care?"

"Of course not; do you think me so silly?"

"And you won't go?" asked Linda, much less reluctantly than she thought she should when she first heard of Miriam's visit; for, although they had been together but a fortnight, there had sprung up an attachment and a mutual interest.

"Won't I go? I'd look well going among your daintily gloved and perfumed aristocracy! I confess I should like to be a mouse in the wall, but my pride prevents my adding a single wall-flower to the interior decorations."

"But what will you do?"

"Do? Why I'll entertain aunt Charlotte and mother, and do my very best to make your absence endurable."

"What nonsense! But I'll excuse you this time, for I honestly believe it would be a stupid affair for you, and I hardly know how to send a regret."

Linda confessed the truth when she said "she hardly knew how to send a regret," for she had little practice in that line—every species of excitement claiming her direct acceptance. She was indeed society's moth. Clarence Hildreth was fashion's best model; whatever he said or did, and whatever he wore, had the unmistakable gloss of the inimitable varnish. He admired Linda for her grace of manner and the position she held in the aristocratic world; for Clarence Hildreth worshiped fashion, and Linda, its fair exponent. They were splendid partners for dancing, and, as though life was to be spent in a sort of whirl-a-gig galop, they were considered suitable partners for life, when they knew no more of each other than we can be supposed to know during a breathless whirl, when conversation, or thought even, is an impossibility.

And Linda admired Clarence; she was fond of dancing, he was her faithful attendant, and it seemed but natural that she should be fond of *him*.

But I do not think she was.

With an ambitious mother and no male protector, she knew what was expected of her, and she shrank from giving her hand where she could not give her heart; and, if the truth were told, she thought more of one word from Horace Tabor than she did of the thousand silly nothings of Clarence Hildreth.

But what could she do?

Horace Tabor was what Clarence called a "heavy weight;" that is, he did not dance or indulge in *petits soupers* to the extent that Clarence and other members of his fraternity were addicted to. So Linda met him but rarely, and yet every meeting left such a vivid impression upon her mind that the form of Horace Tabor stood out upon the pathway of her life as distinct as the figure of Fate.

II.

"Not going out this evening, Linda?" asked Mrs. Frothingham, as her daughter entered the quiet parlor, robed in an unpretending black silk; "I thought Mr. Hildreth was to call for you."

"I'm half sick, and sent him my regrets."

"Sick, my child! You do look feverish; why didn't you tell me? I'll have some lemonade made this moment," and the anxious mother was revealed in every tone and gesture.

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"It isn't necessary, mother dear. I am only sick of society; heartily sick and disgusted with the whole of it," and she threw herself languidly upon the sofa, and rested her head on Miriam's shoulder.

"Has anything happened?" inquired Mrs. Frothingham, with a nervous tremor in her voice; "have you—"

"Now, mamma, don't speculate, please. Society has had no jar by my withdrawal. I took a fancy to spend the evening with you and aunt Rachel and Miriam, just out of curiosity; and Miriam is to entertain me."

"Oh, I am so glad, Linda," said her cousin in a low tone, kissing the flushed cheek that leaned so lovingly toward her; "I have been reading Tennyson, and we are to have 'Locksley Hall' to-night."

"I may go to sleep."

"You may—if you can—and compliment me as much as Tennyson."

Miriam had a most sympathetic voice, and the whole beauty and force of the narrative were intensified by her rendering of it. I am almost ashamed to confess that it was new to Linda, and struck the key-note of her fancy as it never would have done had she perused it alone. So absorbed was she, and, in truth, all of them, in the glowing utterances of the poet's thoughts, that they were unconscious of another listener until he stood in their very midst.

"Mr. Tabor!" exclaimed Linda, startled out of her usual equanimity, and her introduction was more hurried than was usual.

"I had a mind to see what charm was powerful enough to keep Miss Frothingham from the strong attractions held out by Miss Remsen."

"You see—and are satisfied, I trust," said Linda, smiling, and caressing the hand of her cousin, who was making an ineffectual effort to leave the room.

"More than satisfied. I am indebted to a kind Providence for turning my steps in this direction," and he really looked as though he meant it, which could not be said of the many flattering speeches that came to Linda's ears.

The reading was continued at Mr. Tabor's request, and there were discussions on art and literature between him and Miriam, in which even Aunt Rachel joined and Mrs. Frothingham manifested unusual interest, and it was nearly twelve o'clock before the circle was broken up—and every one was surprised at the lateness of the hour.

"He is splendid!" exclaimed Miriam, when she and Linda were in the solitude of their own room.

"I had no idea society could furnish such delectable people."

"He is an exception," said Linda; "a sort of intellectual monster, before whom society hides its diminished head."

"A *rara avis?* So much the more reason why I should cultivate him. I don't know when I have passed a more agreeable evening."

And Linda echoed the sentiment, and proved her appreciation of what was elevating by remaining at home on purpose to enjoy an intellectual treat.

One after another dropped in, of the more sensible portion of society, until Linda's receptions became the most attractive feature of the winter's programme. People began to feel a different sort of interest in their associates, and discovered, in many instances, that what they ignorantly supposed to be base-metal was in reality the purest gold.

Horace Tabor had been a sincere admirer of Linda Frothingham, paying her more worthy homage than his more fortunate rival, Clarence Hildreth; but he couldn't dance—at least he had no taste in that line—and he saw her whirled away from him with a sigh that was full of pity and regret. He read Linda's heart, and knew that if she would only listen to herself she might bloom into a more perfect flower. And it only needed just such influence as Miriam's to bring about the change and inaugurate a new era in Linda's existence.

Clarence was deposed, of course, but bore his defeat with wonderful resignation, having effected a temporary partnership with a graceful butterfly, whose head and heart were incapable of entering a protest against unlimited "galops." Linda became conscious of her growth, and wondered that she had ever consented to live so frivolously, and if she would ever have come to her senses if aunt Rachel and Miriam had never made this visit. What different views she had of everything now that she had taken to cultivating her head instead of her heels! What thoughts, desires, purposes in life! And she respected herself so much more, because she believed she was more worthy of respect. Perhaps the influence of Horace Tabor's presence had as much to do with Linda's reformation as anything Miriam had brought to bear against the current that was sweeping her to destruction. He was her *beau ideal* of manly excellence; she had recognized his worth from the first, and when he asked for her hand in marriage she laid it fearlessly in his own, and her heart went with it.

I can not tell you how grateful she felt to Miriam, nor how reluctantly she parted from her and aunt Rachel. But the separation will probably be a temporary one, as George Selwyn claims a promise from Miriam, to be ratified in September; and, when Horace and Linda stop at New Victory on their wedding trip, aunt Rachel and Miriam will probably return with them to begin life anew in the metropolis, Mrs. Frothingham and Mrs. Townsend being partners in a home establishment. Miriam and Linda propose to revolutionize society, and I have no doubt the next generation will owe its mental activity to the fact that a new order of things was established at their receptions, where dancing was an agreeable interlude, and not a specialty.

EX AMORE.

BY ADELAIDE CILLEY.

"*Sub hoc signo vinces.*"

A FAMOUS sage has said that unto us
Some attribute of quadrupeds still sticks:
The brutal element weighs down and clogs
Our souls; but they were once the breath of God,
And thus divine, eternal, whether we
Do exorcise the evil by the good,
Or let our strangled spirits sink with sin
Below the possibility of hope.
But, though upon the brink of pits that yawn,
Black, bottomless, deceptive, flower-concealed,
We stand with yielding wills, refusing not
To fall, if only we may fall through sweets,
Lo! even then we may be saved through Love!
I comprehend a love so broad, so high,
So pregnant with long-suffering charity,
So strong in faith and its own purity,
The earthly counterpart of Love Divine,
That it shall conquer and redeem all things.
Through bitter sea of sorrow though we pass,
And only tardy patience, following pain,
In passive dumbness our worn hearts sustain,
We leave, at last, the breakers far behind:
We learn, at last, the use of suffering.
The struggling passion of the bitter sea
Shakes from us that down-dragging animal,
And makes us clean and sweet, endowing us
With mercy wide and love compassionate,
Whose shining rays gleam where experience leads.
"To whom loves much, forgiven much shall be."
Forgiven by omniscient Love Divine,
And stripped of selfishness—that mighty sin
Which holds encoiled all other evil things,
The bare, white soul, naked, yet fitly clothed
In its own spotlessness, soars to high realms,
And stands in God's own image, pure, divine.

AUNT EDITH.

BY M. KATE HINDS.

Author of "Mabel," "Mrs. Appleton's Maid," "Helly," etc.

I'M as happy, as restless as I can possibly be. Aunt Edith has just got home from a long wedding tour, and, tired as she is, has signed the deed this very evening. I wonder if there ever was such another aunt Edith. I've a mind to sit down and write the whole of it out on paper; and the more I think of it, the more I think it is but doing aunt Edith justice that the world should know of her goodness.

To begin, then, we were a desperate poor family—there is no other word which expresses our case so clearly; for we were in desperate need half of the time for food, in desperate need all of the time for clothing, and, lastly, in desperate need of a warm, comfortable home. There were eight children of us at the time I write, and I, the eldest, had just seen fifteen harvests from off Mr. Fleming's farm—the farm on which we lived. Father worked for Mr. Fleming when a young man; and, after he had married mother (who had been a bound girl to Mrs. Fleming), Mr. Fleming built a log-house at the farthest end of his farm, on a piece of land that would not have been tilled if it had been plowed through to China. The soil was a queer mixture of earth, and terribly rocky. Nothing grew in the shape of vegetation save blackberry bushes and a few stunted, scrubby evergreens. It was here that father and mother commenced housekeeping. Mother received for her ten years' services a new delaine dress for her wedding, a bed of poor geese-feathers, a pair of pillows of hens' feathers, two bed-blankets, an old-fashioned red cupboard filled with Mrs. Fleming's kitchen dishes, three splint-bottomed chairs, a cross-legged table, a bran-new cooking-stove and tea-kettle, besides a kettle with both ears off, and a spider without a handle;—a few other necessaries, which it would be foolish to name, because a bride only speaks of her best things.

The wear and tear of fifteen years had not improved our house or household goods a bit. Father continued working on the farm by the year, doing two men's work, and receiving a scanty remittance,

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and always in debt to Mr. Fleming at every settlement. How it happened was a mystery to father and mother. They would put their heads together the evenings after the settlements, and reckon up, over and over again, the bags of corn-meal and buckwheat flour, the half bushels of potatoes, the few pounds of pork, and the odd shillings which he got from time to time; but not a whit the wiser did they grow. Father was a clever, honest, hard-working man, and by no means as crafty as his employer. Mr. Fleming was a shrewd, money-making man, and Mrs. Fleming was the exact pattern of her husband. They owned a large, well-worked farm, and lived in a large, well-kept house.

The weather had been terribly hot for six days in succession, and, on the sixth, the red, scorching rays had just disappeared behind the cliffs as father strode in the cabin, looking very tired, care-worn, and discouraged, and with the same old story to tell as he sat down in our midst. He had been working unusually hard that day, and after it had the dissatisfaction of hearing Mr. Fleming say, in his smooth, bland way, that he had been casting up the yearly accounts, and had found that father was his debtor for thirty dollars.

"*Thirty* did you say, James? Thirty dollars?" repeated mother, anxiously.

"Yes; and where on earth is it to come from," said he bitterly.

"Providence won't let us starve, though I'm dreadfully disappointed. I had so lotted on the children having good thick shoes, and a new suit of clothes, all around, the coming winter; and you too, James, for it does seem as if there is not another place to set a patch on your winter clothes."

Here the conversation stopped suddenly by the entrance of Mr. Fleming's little boy with a letter addressed to father. This was indeed a surprise, for the like never happened to my knowledge but once before, and the letter then was written to mother, announcing the death of her father. I remember we all fastened our eyes on father as he tore off the seal, with a sort of greediness that would have been quite amusing to a stranger; and we children were as whist as mice when he began reading it aloud. It was from aunt Edith, father's half-sister. Now, father had not seen or heard from aunt Edith since the day of their mother's funeral; she then went to live with her grandmother on her father's side, consequently they were strangers to each other. Father is the eldest by five years. The letter read substantially this:

"DEAR BROTHER JAMES—I happened a short time ago to hear of you by the way of a Mr. Reed, a relative, I believe, of Mr. Fleming, the man whom he says you work for. Now, if you are a temperate, honest working man, and in need of help, I would be glad to have you work my farm of some fifty acres. It is well cultivated, has a good house and barn on it, besides a fine grafted orchard. I will give you all you can make off the place for five years, providing you will keep it up to its present standard. Let me hear from you soon, and be sure to write me all about yourself and family.

"Affectionately, EDITH."

"This is indeed a Godsend," said mother, as the tears were rolling copiously down her cheeks.

"Yes, and what a dear, good sister Edith is," and father covered his face with his great brown hands.

Two weeks had nearly slipped away after father had answered aunt Edith's letter. Mother had sent the children out of doors to play, while she, with my help, straightened things to rights before mopping, and we hadn't any more than got through and our clean, patched aprons on and hair smoothed before the children came scampering in, and saying in one breath there was a carriage almost to the bars, with a lady and gentleman in it.

Aunt Edith alighted, and stood in the door-way. She received a very shy, pleased welcome, but our shyness did not prevent a warm shake all around from her hand. She had just laid aside her bonnet as father stepped in. He took her pretty face between his great, hard, sun-browned hands, and, kissing her, said, "We're happy to see you, sister Edith," and then they both cried. I could scarcely believe she was father's sister; they did not resemble each other in the least, and her lady-like deportment showed a far different bringing up from father's. Aunt Edith is thirty-seven, tall, nicely formed, with a smooth, round face, clear and colorless, but the lips are a bright scarlet, marked strongly with firmness and quick decision; dark blue eyes, and the thickest and finest dark brown hair, which glistened like bronze at every stroke of light upon it; the daintiest and whitest of hands.

This is a true picture of aunt Edith, and there are many more little beauty-points that would not disgrace a repetition; for instance, a well-cut nose, eye-brows and eye-lashes that are remarkably becoming to the face, teeth perfectly sound and not at all yellowish. Now aunt Edith positively does not look any older than many young ladies I have seen at twenty. The night she spent in the old log cabin I pondered a long time after going to bed on why she never had married. Since then I've found out the why, and it is that, with her goodness, I've set out to tell you.

In the course of a few days father had the satisfaction of being his own master on his sister's farm; and oh, didn't we all go with hearts full of gratefulness, pleasure and pride to our new home!

The winter aunt Edith was eighteen, the young folks at Hatfield run wild. At least that was the version of the older people, for never had there been before or since such a mania for dancing parties, sleighing parties, or singing schools. Aunt Edith's grandmother, for one, shook her head, and said there would be no good come of so much frolicking, and many times aunt Edith was restrained from going by her grandmother's judicious counsel. So there was consequently a good deal of spite manifested by the wildest, for aunt Edith was a great favorite, and it was soon noticed that, whenever she was absent from a gathering, Charlie Chesebro was missing too. This caused a good many heart twinges, for be it known he was considered the best catch in the village by the ladies.

When Mrs. Shaw, the squire's wife, issued invitations for an evening entertainment, the whole village knew it would eclipse the rest in the way of fun, and this one above all others aunt Edith's grandmother wished her to decline; so when Charlie Chesebro called to solicit her company to the party, he was a good deal put out by aunt Edith's polite refusal. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw were people that liked to be looked up to, and, like all such people, were sadly disappointed. Mr. Shaw was trickish in his dealings, and Mrs. Shaw was the village tattler. They moved, however, in the first circles, and had as fine a house as the best of them. Mrs. Holmes (aunt Edith's grandmother) and Mrs. Shaw had never been friends since the grievous scandal perpetrated by the lady in question years back. In the mean time there was a plot brewing that, if aunt Edith did not attend, she should rue it; and the plotters were Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. Hawks, and his cousin, Matilda Smith. Mr. Hawks was not a promising young man, on account of his imbibing too freely of liquors; still he was something of a gentleman in his address, and would have been glad to have bartered his very soul to obtain aunt Edith's love. Miss Matilda Smith was in reality a bold, sly girl, but it was mostly covered by a pretty face and a great way she had of appearing modest, and she had been trying a long time to captivate Mr. Chesebro.

"Halloa! can't you stop for a friend?" exclaimed Mr. Hawks, as he overtook Charlie Chesebro, who was walking rapidly up street after his call upon aunt Edith. "Rather blue! Got the mitten, eh? Well, cheer up, there are plenty as good and as handsome as Miss Edith Holmes, and I can not see for the life of me why everybody should chase after so much exclusiveness. Come now, that's a good boy, ask cousin 'Tilda—catch her giving a good-looking fellow the mitten," laughed Hawks. "Shall we go in?" he urged, as they reached Mr. Smith's gate.

"Yes," was the reluctant reply.

Charlie Chesebro had never liked Matilda Smith. The day following, the Hatfield society were in a maze of wonderment, either telling or listening about the wedding which took place at Mrs. Shaw's party. The only emotion perceptible in aunt Edith, when the news reached her of Charlie Chesebro's marriage with Matilda Smith, was, the momentary quivering of the bright scarlet lips as they faded to a light pink; and, as she appeared unembarrassed when the girls conversed with her of him, they soon thought if there ever had been any preference, as they had surmised, it had been all on his side. Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. Hawks and Matilda, with all their exulting over their success, as they termed the marriage, were awaiting, with some trepidation, for the result. Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Chesebro were very intimate friends, and both had wished their families might be more closely united by a marriage between Charlie and Edith, though they had never expressed their wishes to each other.

"I have come to sit awhile and talk of Charlie—a subject very painful to me," said Mrs. Chesebro, as Mrs. Holmes reached out her hand to welcome her visitor. "I," continued Mrs. Chesebro, "have learned from Charlie the full particulars of this much-lamented marriage. He says he has not the least respect for Matilda. Last evening Mr. Hawks called upon him to learn, I dare say, what the future prospects would be in regard to himself and Matilda, in a state of drunkenness; and, as he did not meet with his expectations, he had the effrontery to say that it was a capital joke, and that the squire, with his assistance, administered a

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drug in Charlie's wine, under the influence of which he consented to be married to Matilda Smith, and, as the knot was tied, they had better be a little conciliatory, and go to living like folks. '*Never*,' was Charlie's reply; then, to stop further conversation, showed him to the door. It is a sad blow to Charlie's hopes, for he loves your Edith, Mrs. Holmes, and deeply deplores the cause of all this trouble—the wine-cup. You can see, we all can see, that most of our promising young men have commenced a ruinous course the past winter. I hope Charlie's trouble will be a warning. Indeed, it's a hard lesson for my poor boy, but I feel confident it has saved him from a worse fate."

"I have heard that he intended to sue for a divorce."

"No, he will not bring it before the public at present. I have a brother living out West who is in mercantile business; he has made Charlie an excellent offer as book-keeper, and so we shall leave here as soon as possible. Yes, it will be hard, indeed, to leave our old home, with all the dear associations clinging to it, but it is best we should."

Never had the meadows on the hillside beyond the village looked so green, nor the wild violets so yellow, as they turned their pretty faces to the southern breeze of the opening summer, to aunt Edith, as she looked upon them the morning of her departure with Captain Howard and family to make the tour of England. There was need enough of a change, her grandmother thought, for she had not been like herself since the night of the wedding.

* * * * *

Ten years of industrious labor had secured for Charlie Chesebro the lucrative business which his uncle had held previous to his death, and, as he sat in the pleasant counting-room, reading the daily news, his eye lit upon the marriage and death list. He was so startled that he looked some time at it before attempting to read. It brightened, then crushed his inner life in a moment. The first on the marriage-list was the name of his heart's idol, Edith Holmes; and the first name which headed the deaths was that of Matilda Smith—married and died but a few hours apart.

* * * * *

Nine more years had passed when Charlie Chesebro stepped from the long train of cars into his native village, and many were the changes which met his gaze in the nineteen years of his absence.

I have been living with aunt Edith since her grandmother's death, and, the same evening of Charlie Chesebro's arrival, I was sitting by the open window which overlooks the village, watching the busy treading feet of the passers-by, when one person attracted my attention more than all the others. "Auntie, do leave off playing Trinity Chimes, and just step here. Isn't that man handsome? I never in my life saw his equal. Do look! he is coming here too."

Aunt Edith's pretty face glowed rosily with some secret joy, then turned as colorless as marble, as she stretched out her hand to meet Charlie Chesebro's.

The deed I had reference to was made out by the village lawyer, conveying the farm, with an additional fifty acres, to father, while Mr. and Mrs. Chesebro were away on their wedding-tour. The lady whose name headed the marriage-list at the time Matilda Smith's death was published, is a cousin of aunt Edith's, and she, with her husband, attended aunt Edith's wedding. Mr. Hawks was sent to the State-prison, for passing counterfeit money, five years ago.

Hatfield is a delightful village, with its enterprising inhabitants, pretty houses, comfortable-looking churches, and streets thickly hemmed with large old trees. Now, if ever you should visit it, and have the least curiosity to know where aunt Edith lives, please take the main street, and when within a quarter of a mile of the village, drive slow, look to the left hand side if you come from the south, and there, in the lap of a deep lawn of a bright glaucous, stands Holmes Cottage, painted a light cream, with white cornice, white blinds, and white verandahs, encompassed by a circle of pine-trees. Handsome racks, covered with climbing roses and honeysuckles, are arranged in the most conspicuous parts of the lawn. The place has such a quiet, happy beauty.

JAPANESE GARDENERS.—The artistic tastes of the Japanese and their love of Nature are both illustrated by their passion for flowers, and by the skill with which they are cultivated. No feast is considered perfect without flowers, and flower-shows meet with as much approbation in Japan as in England. The Japanese gardeners exhibit great skill in the art of raising new varieties of flowers, and of grafting plants so that different flowers and leaves grow on what appear to be branches of the same plant; and they are, above all, learned in the manufacture of dwarfed plants, which are in great request as house ornaments.

THE WHITE FLAG.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I.

BRING poppies for a weary mind
That saddens in a senseless din,
And let my spirit leave behind
A world of riot and of sin—
In action's torpor deaf and blind.

BRING poppies—that I may forget!
Bring poppies—that I may not learn!
But bid the audacious sun to set,
And bid the peaceful starlight burn
O'er buried memory and regret.

THEN shall the slumberous grasses grow
Above the bed wherein I sleep,
While winds I love shall softly blow,
And dews I love shall softly weep
O'er perfect rest that's hid below.

BRING poppies—for this work is vain;
I can not mould the clay of life:
A stronger hand must grasp the rein,
A stouter arm annul the strife,
A braver heart defy the pain.

YOUTH was my friend: but Youth had wings,
And he has flown unto the day,
And left me in a night of things,
Bewildered on a lonesome way,
And careless what the future brings.

LET there be sleep! nor any more
The noise of useless deed or word;
While the free spirit wanders o'er
A sea, where not one wave is stirred—
A sea of dreams without a shore.

II.

DARK Angel, counseling defeat,
I see thy mournful, tender eyes;
I hear thy voice, so faint, so sweet,
And very dearly should I prize
Thy perfect peace, thy rest complete.

BUT is it rest to vanish hence,
To mix with earth, or sea, or air?
Is death indeed a full defense
Against the tyranny of care?
Or is it cruellest pretense?

AND, if an hour of peace draws nigh,
Shall we, who know the arts of war,
Turn from the field and basely fly,
Nor take what fate reserves us for—
Because we dream 'twere sweet to die?

WHAT shall the untried warriors do,
When we, the battered veterans, fail?
How strive, and suffer, and be true,
In storms that make our spirits quail—
Unless our valor leads them thro'?

THOUGH for ourselves we droop and tire,
Let us at least for them be strong!
'Tis but to bear familiar fire:
Life, at the longest, is not long,
And peace at last may crown desire.

SO, Death, I will not hear thee speak:
But I will strive, and still endure
All storms of pain that time can wreak!
My flag is white because 'tis pure,
And not because my soul is weak!

MRS. DOBBS, OF MADISON SQUARE.

BY MISS M. A. WALES.

A SOFT gray winter twilight had wrapped the palatial mansions of the Avenue in obscurity, making inner light and warmth more pleasing from their contrast.

Of all places lovely and inviting to the soul of man was Mrs. Dobbs' dining-room at this hour. An antique patterned chandelier shed a soft yet dazzling light on a table glittering with cut glass and silver, spread on the finest of damask.

The oaken furniture was covered with plush, of an emerald green, matched by the shading of the velvet curtains and the rare Persian carpet. Game pieces by Tait, and fruit from "Hall," adorned the pure white walls, and rare bronzes of Egyptian pattern rested on the yellow marble mantelpiece; while seated at the table, to complete the scene, were Mr. Dobbs the *nominal*, and Mrs. Dobbs the *actual* proprietor.

Mr. Dobbs was like a thousand other men: nothing distinctive about him. He looked moderate, acted moderate, made a fortune by a lucky accident, and was ever after astonished at his own shrewdness. Mrs. Dobbs, although neither young nor handsome, was yet the moving power—the managing partner of the establishment.

This lady possessed a rare and wonderful gift for a woman—it was tact. It ranks almost before common-sense. She was a fine, showy, popular woman, who knew *when* to speak and *how* to speak—had a gushing effervescence of feeling, shown to her dear five hundred friends on all occasions, more especially in her earnest entreaties for friendly visits, although very profoundly astonished if the said invitations were ever accepted.

Still, although she did manage "poor Dobbs," as his friends called him, she did it politely and pleasantly. She treated him with great deference in company, laughed at his thrice-told tales and feeble jokes, kept his house in order, and was, in his opinion and her own, a wonderful woman.

Now, on this particular occasion, as Mr. Dobbs leisurely ate and enjoyed his dinner, his mind fell into a state of placid, gentle satisfaction. His soup was delicious, his birds cooked to a turn, his salad well

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dressed, and the delicate bouquet, even of his wine, perfection.

"This French girl is a wonderful cook, Nannie," said he, addressing Mrs. Dobbs; "did you say her name was Lizette? The Lincolns, next door, pay their cook fifty dollars a month, and when did they ever have a 'soup *à la bisque*,' or puff paste and jellies? and you get her for twenty."

So Mr. Dobbs, having discussed his dessert, took up the evening *Post*, and pointed out his name against a subscription to the starving Cretans of five hundred dollars.

"Doesn't that look well, eh, Nannie? On one side of me an ex-Governor, on the other a merchant prince.

"Oh, I quite forgot, my dear," added the gentleman sleepily, "I have a letter in my pocket for you;" and, handing it to his wife, he lay back in his arm-chair, and closed his eyes.

"Read it aloud, my dear," said Mr. Dobbs. "Who is it from?"

"From Mrs. Dix," said Mrs. Dobbs, with a sneer. "She accepts one of my many invitations to visit her, she says."

"Well, my dear, you have invited her."

"Yes, so I have, as one invites a thousand people; and just now it is not convenient at all: her husband has just failed, and her health is poor, and I won't have her—my plans for the spring shall not be interfered with."

"Wasn't she an old schoolmate?" said Mr. Dobbs, in a deprecating way.

"Yes, but what of that? Can I take in all St. Mary's Hall?"

"Oh, no! of course not," said the husband, "you know best;" for a certain tone of voice warned him to be quiet.

Mrs. Dobbs gave another glance at the letter—at the date, especially—and started up:

"Mr. Dobbs, how long have you carried this letter in your pocket?"

Mr. Dobbs had fallen into a gentle doze—he started in a fright.

"I don't know, my dear," said he hastily, "I'm sure."

"Good heavens! how I am tried," sighed Mrs. Dobbs, and rocked herself violently. Mr. Dobbs dozed off again, and soon snored audibly.

"What shall I do, Mr. Dobbs?" screamed his amiable partner. "The woman may ring the bell at any minute."

"Suppose you say I've pressing business, and we go away for a few days."

"I do wish, Jim Dobbs, that the Lord had given you some powers of invention," said the irritated wife of his bosom, in a tone of indignant contempt. "You've played that game long enough. Never shall I forget Mrs. Lincoln's significant smile when we went away last spring to dodge the Burneys. Better think of something your next-door neighbors don't know so well."

Another long silence, and Mr. Dobbs fell asleep again, and into renewed disgrace.

"I do believe," said the injured lady, "you would sleep if I were dead."

"Not at all," said the husband, rousing up, "I was only thinking, my dear."

Suddenly Mrs. Dobbs started up. "I've got it," said she triumphantly. "Katy has gone to bed sick with sore throat and face—why not call it small-pox or scarlet fever, and frighten her off? I sent for Dr. Veasie, and he gave her some homœopathic pills, but he did not say *what was* the matter."

"Capital joke," said Mr. Dobbs, faintly. "I did not mention—my mother thought of coming down for a couple of weeks."

Mrs. Dobbs *glared* at him. He felt under a species of nightmare, and hastily declared he would write her at once there was sickness in the family."

"Good Heavens! There is a carriage at the door this very minute, and trunks clattering into the hall," said the bewildered lady, and she rushed out to meet the emergency.

"Dearest Hetty," said she, throwing her arms round her old schoolmate, "welcome, even under trying circumstances."

"What?" cried Mrs. Dix.

"Sickness — severe, malignant sickness—scarlet fever or small-pox," said Mrs. Dobbs. "My favorite servant, Kate."

"Why not send her to a hospital?" said Mrs. Dix.

"Am I a Christian woman? and would I risk her life?" returned her friend, severely. "But, come in, dearest Hetty; let me take your bonnet."

"Not for the world," said Mrs. Dix. "I'm so afraid of infection. Here, driver, put my trunks back on the carriage, and drive to the St. James."

"But, my dear Hetty, I shall be so disappointed."

"Write me," said the schoolmate, vanishing with the hasties "good-night."

Mrs. Dobbs sat down for a hearty laugh. "Now, write this very night, before you sleep," said she to her husband, "and put off the old lady's visit till fall. For Mrs. Hopgood is going to leave her beautiful daughter with me for two weeks, and I shall make a match for her. I shall marry her to young Lyvesant. He's dreadfully young and green—a moon-faced gaby—but he has $30,000 a year. Just think, Mr. Dobbs, what *éclat* it will give me. She is an extravagant darling, and must marry rich. And so lovely!—in two weeks she ought to catch him."

"Certainly, my dear. Excellent!" said the gentleman, glad of clear sky at any price, and the pair retired. Next morning brought the spoiled darling of fashion, and, as unlimited gayety was to be the order of the day, Mr. Dobbs received a vast amount of orders for the supper.

"I declare, my dear," said that gentleman, as he put on his overcoat in the hall, "that girl Katie *does* look very sick, and not fit to be out of her bed. I saw her going down-stairs."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Dobbs, carelessly. "Dr. Veasie left two glasses of water, and twelve pellets of the highest dilution, and he said she was sure to get well in time. Be sure the birds are here in season," and with this parting injunction the lady vanished.

Evening brought a few choice spirits to do justice to the *petit souper*, and the lovely Miss Hopgood was seated next the lion of the evening—the rich Mr. Lyvesant. He was a shambling, loose-jointed, sandy-haired young man, and he sat staring, open-mouthed, at the beauty beside him. Such starry eyes, such rosy lips, such pearly teeth! Her golden hair looked like sunbeams caught in a net. Her beauty was so radiant she did not need sense.

As the wine circulated, even Mr. Lyvesant began to talk. "I must tell you, Mrs. Dobbs," said he, "a good joke. I board at the St. James; and Paul Witherspoon was sitting at the next table, when a queer-looking body came in and began talking to him about small-pox in the city—said there was a malignant case at Mrs. Dobbs', on Madison Square. 'Ha! Lyvesant, you are going there to-night. You'd better take care,' said he. 'Oh, it is some other family,' said I, carelessly. 'Indeed!' said the lady, sharply, and she gave your number."

"Ridiculous!" said Mrs. Dobbs. "The woman must be mad."

"Oh, don't!" said Miss Hopgood. "Don't talk of such awful things," and she turned to the opera and ballet.

The week passed on in a round of amusements, but it brought its vexations. The household machinery did not work smoothly. The French cook was impertinent. Indeed, she had many talents which she did not exercise in the culinary department. She opened locks with hair-pins, when keys were mislaid, with the greatest ease. She wore embroidered underclothes suspiciously fine. Even Mrs. Dobbs herself had no skirts with real Valenciennes lace equal to her cook's. Dismal doubts filled that lady's mind as to Lizette's antecedents.

A new ball-dress was sent to Miss Hopgood from Paris, which turned her brain completely. Wouldn't her dear Mrs. Dobbs give a little dance, so that she might wear it?

The lady wavered—thought of the expense, then of young Lyvesant. Could he resist her *protegée* in that lovely combination of tulle and lilies?

She assented, in view of a great triumph.

While preparations went forward for the party, Katy had taken to her bed. Dr. Veasie still attended her, and administered tea-spoonfuls of water at stated intervals. But Mrs. Dobbs had little time to see or think of her.

In a cloud of tulle and lilies, over white satin, Miss Hopgood was dazzling in beauty. Water-lilies sparkling with diamonds, like drops of purest water, were wound amid her sheen of golden hair, while her cheeks were flushed with excitement.

The rooms were brilliantly lighted and perfumed with flowers, while the gay music and lovely faces made the scene enchanting. Mrs. Dobbs was a bland and smiling hostess, but she missed a set of emeralds, when dressing, which disturbed her mind. A vague uneasiness oppressed her. Did Lisette appreciate jewels, as well as sauces? Then her careless guest had broken a choice Venetian bottle, full of perfume, over a lovely bureau. And, what was more, she had set a hot flatiron on her carpet covered with rosebuds, and burnt a hole. These things rose to her mind even in the midst of Strauss' most brilliant waltzes. As couple after couple whirled away before her, a shrill voice at the door startled the complacent hostess.

She turned round—good heavens! there was old lady Dobbs, who regarded dancing as a deadly sin. It was no vision: there stood the old lady in a short gray dress, her bonnet crumpled and all awry. In dumb amazement, she stood till Mr. Dobbs, telegraphed by his spouse, led her up-stairs, where she sank into an arm-chair, breathless with indignation.

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"Can I believe my eyes, Jim Dobbs?" said the old lady. "You a Christian man, and such junketing in your house as this! Young girls, almost naked, whirling round so as to make me dizzy to look at them, and sickness—maybe death—in your house. I couldn't sleep easy in my bed, so I took a carpet-bag and just run down to see for myself. And the cars ran off the track, and oh, Jim! what a sight met my eyes at your door, and your father a minister too! Get me a cup of tea, Jim," said the old lady with a deep groan, "and think of your latter end."

Poor Mr. Dobbs!—equally afraid of his wife and mother. He descended a back way to the kitchen for his mother's refreshment, and, amid direful confusion (Delmonico's waiters dashing over him, arranging the supper), he succeeded, after great difficulty, in getting a cup of tea, and, taking it himself, ascended. A loud scream was heard, and, looking up on the flight above him, he saw the sick girl with disheveled hair wildly flying down. The old lady, tired of waiting for her tea, had taken off her bonnet, and was standing at the parlor door, seeing what awful things she could.

Attracted by the music, Katy paused one moment, then dashed wildly in among the dancers—calling frantically on Tim Dooley.

The old lady followed in her wake, screaming dismally, "Small-pox—she's got the small-pox!"

At first the astonished company looked on the girl as an escaped lunatic; but the fearful announcement of the ancient Dobbs in stentorian tones produced terror and universal consternation. They scattered like chaff before the wind to avoid contact.

Some vague memory impelled the delirious girl to continue her search after "Tim Dooley." Mrs. Dobbs roused her energies, and, seizing her, got her half way upstairs, when she broke loose and dashed down into the kitchen. With an agility surprising for her years, the old lady kept pace with her, shouting "Small-pox" at the top of her lungs.

Here the climax of the evening was reached; the colored waiters, one and all, dropped their dishes, and fled out of the basement door into the street before this demon of pestilence. With great trouble they got the girl up-stairs and locked her up. Another physician was called in, who pronounced the case one of malignant type of small-pox. Mrs. Dobbs felt it a righteous retribution.

She hastened to re-assure her guests. Very few were left to listen to her impromptu lies, but they were ushered to the supper-table, half-laid, and an unlimited supply of champagne calmed their spirits. Mr. Lyvesant had feebly essayed flight, but Miss Hopgood threw herself into his arms, sobbing so prettily that he could not escape.

With proper dexterity she brought round an elopement to escape the infected mansion. "Papa was away—what was she to do?" Miss Hopgood, hastily wrapped in a cloak, stepped into a carriage, and was married *sans ceremonie*. When Mrs. Dobbs looked up, her young guest had fled, and, overcome, she retired, informing her husband it was all his fault.

A dark cloud settled on the Dobbs mansion. Poor Katy died before she could be moved, and Mr. Dobbs was seized with the same disease. Although he lived, he was feeble for months. Mrs. Lyvesant wrote a triumphant note to her friend, but afterward dropped her acquaintance, telling mutual friends, sweetly, that Mrs. Dobbs had an utter want of principle, and exposed her friends to death.

"Where is Mrs. Dix?" said Mr. Dobbs, feebly, one day, when recovering.

"She has a great fortune left her by her old uncle, Bangs," sighed Mrs. Dobbs. "I saw her in such an elegant carriage, on Fifth Avenue, the other day."

"Did you bow?" said the gentleman.

"She did not see me," said the lady; and she thought of a lie and its fruits.

A PRIMITIVE POST-OFFICE.

THE simplest post-office in the world is to be found on the southern extremity of America. For some years past a small barrel has been fastened by an iron chain to the outermost rock of the mountains overhanging the Straits of Magellan, opposite Tierra del Fuego. It is opened by every ship which passes through the Straits, either to place letters in it or to take letters from it. This post-office, therefore, takes care of itself, it is confided to the protection of seafarers, and there is no example of any breach of this trust having occurred. Every ship undertakes the voluntary transmission of the contents of the barrel if their destination is within the limits of its voyage.

A PROMPT acknowledgment of a fault is the first step towards getting rid of it.

TALKS WITH WOMEN.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

PROTECTION.

IT is a very common thing to charge upon society all the evils that we see in the world, and insist upon changing its conditions in order to cure them.

The theory is radically wrong. The fault is not with society, but with individuals. The system of society, of marriage, and of all our social relations, seems to be based upon the perfection rather than the imperfection of individuals; and it is their shortcomings which compel recourse to the legal and social restrictions which are understood to be necessary for the protection of the great and small interests of society at large.

Men in business, in trade, in manufacture, in dealings of any kind with men, require the strictest protection from the rapacity, the selfishness, the cruelty of each other, notwithstanding that they have the advantage of equal strength, equal knowledge, and equal opportunity; but, strange to say, although they insist that women are the weaker, and the more in need of protection, they do not extend it to them, in any adequate degree, in their relations with themselves.

In marriage, the woman is given up altogether into the keeping of the man. The exercise of her natural functions deprives her of the power of self-protection which she possesses as a single woman, and she is left entirely dependent on her husband's goodness of heart, upon his sense of justice, and the opinions and prejudices grafted upon him by his early habits and education. These may prompt him to treat his wife as the other half of himself, entitled to an equal share in whatever is and belongs to himself—in his business, in his profits, in his income; but it is not necessary to say that this is very rarely the case.

I knew one instance, and one only, in which it was done. The case is the more remarkable, because it is twenty-five years since the marriage took place, and it proved a singularly happy and prosperous one. The parties commenced poor, but they are now rich—*both* rich—thanks to the generous instinct which told the man that he had no right to appropriate the entire gains of a conjugal partnership, excepting such small moiety as he might choose to consider would be required for his partner's personal wants.

I know men who hold up their hands in holy horror at such "desecration" of the "sacredness" of marriage as to presume to speak of it as a "partnership."

What! make love a matter of business—the sanctities of wedded life a question of dollars and cents? But living, whether married or single, is a question of dollars and cents; and it is not I that have made it so. I only demand for the woman married the protection that the man demands for himself in cases where his interests are not half so much at stake.

The ballot will not give it to her. It would be an instrumentality which she could use, no doubt; but, so long as she is pecuniarily dependent upon the man, he holds the balance of power, and she must please him, or live in a state of warfare, deprived of whatever compensations or advantages the married state holds out as an inducement to women to forfeit their independence and individuality; and she would have to please him by her use of the ballot, just as she now does in the thousand ways in which his position of provider renders him able to act as dictator.

Not an iota of the tenderness, or devotion, or sweetness that belongs to the married state would be impaired by the simple execution of an act of justice on the part of the husband, by the literal fulfillment, in fact, of one-half only of his marriage vow, which binds him to endow his wife with *all* his worldly goods—a vow which, of course, does not mean anything unless it includes the future as well as the present, for the worldly goods of most young husbands consists of a trunk, more or less full of articles of wearing apparel, with which it is quite impossible they can endow their wives; and "endowment," therefore, in such cases, could only be considered a profane joke, which it would be sacrilege to incorporate in the marriage service.

The simple fact, apart from sentimentalism, is this: that marriage binds a woman to the performance of certain duties, entails certain risks, and prevents her from following the bent of her own inclinations in any specific career. It should, therefore, offer the certainty of a return for her labor and sacrifice; and it is not too much to say, that, at present, it does nothing of the kind.

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A young girl marries a poor man, and performs the manifold duties incident to her position until he becomes rich. He is then independent, and his own master. She is still dependent upon him. He speculates and loses the fortune which she had helped to gain; or, he flings her aside for a woman better adapted, as he fancies, to his present position.

In either case she is helpless. She has no redress. The law can do nothing for her. It may award her a pittance, but it is at his option whether he pays it or not, and the friend of either sex who dares to succor an injured wife, risks life and reputation.

Such instances are not rare; they occur every day. At the best, the woman obtains no return commensurate with that of the man. The accumulations of the years of their wedded life are in his hands. She may share in the growth of luxury and the additional comfort which surrounds their home, but she can do nothing of herself. It does not belong to her. She can neither buy it, sell it, nor will it, while her husband can do all of these.

The law pre-supposes every man the guardian, protector, and caretaker of his family. The law also pre-supposes a man honest and truthful until he is proven dishonest and false; but does that prevent men from requiring written agreements or contracts, signed before witnesses? or prevent them from requiring receipts for every dollar they pay? Certainly not.

In like manner, is it wise or right for women to consign themselves to the keeping of men—contract to be faithful wives, mothers of their children, housekeepers, and often the maid-of-all-work for the family—without some guarantee for the future—some interest in the results of those enterprises which the man can pursue without let or hindrance?

It may be said that the interests of her family, the gratification of her affection as wife and mother, is, and should be, sufficient for any woman. But, does not her husband share in these realizations of domestic comfort and happiness? Is not his desire for a home and children generally as great as hers? and his pleasure and pride in them equal to, if different from hers? Yet he requires something else—why should not she?

Moreover, the stronger her love, the greater her care and anxiety for the welfare of her family, and the more is she interested in whatever is done that may affect their future. Thousands of wives and mothers see the slow accumulations of years drifted away by speculations, by the indulgence of whim, fancy, and caprice, without the power to lift a finger or perform one act to arrest the desolation and ruin which they see before them!

This could never be if wives were entitled by law and custom to the equal share in the income and its accumulations; for women are more secure and safe in their method of doing business than men, and, if they make smaller gains, take less risks, and rarely lose what they have.

It is curious also that, little as women are accustomed to the responsibility of providing for a family, they develop a singular faculty for it when forced into it by circumstances. If the mother dies and leaves young children, the family is nearly always broken up; if the father dies, on the contrary, it is a hundred to one but the mother, weak, delicate though she may have seemed to be, maintains them and keeps them together.

It is suicidal to the best interests of the country, as well as individuals, for men to be allowed, as they now are, the whole, sole, uncontrolled use of property, irrespective of the existence of wife or children.

It is true that the wife's signature is required by law to deeds for the transfer of real estate—but what a farce such a formality is! What can the wife do but sign when the the husband insists, and when it has become necessary, through his follies or misfortunes, for him to sell?

The existence of such a law does sometimes enable her to make terms with hungry and rapacious creditors, and the power it places in her hands may occasion a few domestic squabbles, but the result is always the same.

The selfish and short-sighted policy which concentrates the wealth of the family in the hands of one man gives every one an interest in his death rather than in his life. If he should die, his wife is entitled to a third of his property, and his children to the remainder; but they might starve while he lived, with his money bags within their reach; yet, if they should touch them, it would be theft.

A just distribution of property and the savings from family incomes would give one-third to the wife, one-third to the husband, and one-third to the children, the latter to be employed or reserved for their use and benefit. At death, each would then be entitled to make what disposition of it they chose, and besides having freedom and pleasure in the use of something they could call their own, during their lives could not be dispossessed of their natural rights by any freak of fancy, disease, or idiosyncrasy, such as often attacks men with minds burdened by one idea, that of money-getting.

If we were living in the millenium, and men were capable of being a law unto themselves, some excuse would exist for the power placed in their hands over the lives and interests of women; but, unhappily, we have not yet reached that exalted condition, and, even if we had, nothing would be more likely to drag men back again to the lowest depth of fallen human nature than the possession of irresponsible power. Only Infinite Goodness can stand it.

The remedy lies with women themselves, and in the creation of a public opinion that will not tolerate such evident injustice. No girl or woman should consent to marry a man who will not give her a legal claim upon one-third of his surplus income *during his life*, and allowing her to become responsible for the use of it. By surplus income is meant the money left after setting aside a stated sum for regular expenses, and, as was remarked before, one-third should go to the wife, one-third to the husband, and one-third reserved for the use of the children—their education, and the like.

This honest and faithful distribution would prove the greatest possible incentive to good management, order, industry, and economy. Each would be stimulated to do their best, and the family would be not only protected, but itself the inspiration and protection of the highest principles and best interests of the community.

Diamonds of Thought.

ECONOMY is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease; and the sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health; and profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts, that is, fetters them with "irons that enter into their souls."

WIN AND WEAR.—Those who have been forced to eat the hardest crusts in youth will have the daintiest side-dishes for their old age. Riches may give a youth a false start, but poverty will brace up his sinews, improve his digestion, teach him how to bear punishment, and make him hard.

PLAIN SPEAKING.—It would be more obliging to say plainly, we cannot do what is desired, than to amuse people with false words, which often puts them upon false measures.

SENTIMENT.—There is sentiment in all women, and sentiment gives delicacy to thought and tact to manner; but sentiment with men is generally acquired, an offspring of the intellectual quality, not, as with the other sex, of the moral.

FRIENDS.—Gain a friend by a quarrel, if it is possible; never lose one, however—this is possible; for there is a peculiar mode of conduct, even when dissension reigns, that commands veneration and generates esteem.

WINE.—Let all young people forbear the use of wine or strong drinks, as well as spiced and hot meats. They introduce a preternatural heat into the body, and at last hinder and extinguish the natural.

LOVE.—True and pure love is never selfish. It has for its aim the happiness of its object, and life seems to be valuable in a degree as it permits one continuous striving to effect it.

BEAUTY AND WIT.—Handsome features alone are incapable of expressing real beauty, as speech alone is incapable of expressing wit.

PURITY OF LIFE.—Let our lives be pure as snow-fields, where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain.

ILLUSIONS.—In youth we feel the richer for every new illusion; in mature years for every one we lose.

Our Spice Box.

I AM in all things, bad and good;
Where I am not is lack in food.
I dwell in morning's fleecy cloud,
I shun the lowly, haunt the proud;
I seek the covert of the wood,
And linger with the briny flood;
No wit or learning is about me,
Yet nothing's understood without me.
[LETTER D.]

AN American minister, of fine descriptive power, was on one occasion preaching about heaven, and, to show the absurdity of Emanuel Swedenborg on the subject, drew a graphic picture of the Swedenborgian heaven, with its beautiful fields, fine horses, cows, and pretty women; and in the midst of his glowing description, a good old sister, carried away with the scene, went into raptures and exclaimed, "Glory, glory, glory!" The preacher was so disconcerted that he paused, seeming hardly to know what next to do, till the presiding elder in the stand behind him cried out to the shouter, "Hold on there, sister; you are shouting over the wrong heaven."

POSTERITY.—General Smith, in Congress, while delivering one of the long prosy speeches for which he was noted, said to Henry Clay, "You speak, sir, for the present generation, but I speak for posterity." "Yes," replied the great Kentuckian, "and it seems you are resolved to speak till your audience arrives."

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN TURKEY.—The ladies of Turkey have taken to reading the newspapers, and have started one of their own, printed on fine yellow paper. They will insist on "woman's rights" next.

A FORBIDDEN PLEASURE.—Ladies should never indulge in anticipation, for we all know how objectionable a woman is who looks forward.—*Punch.*

A CELEBRATED wit was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," replied he; "Hook and eye are old associates."

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MIRROR FASHIONS

THE PARISIAN IN STYLE FURNISHING BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Fashions of this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not COPY. *It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by the best taste at home. Its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace constant and important hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, and yet keep themselves informed of the changes and novelties of the Fashions.*

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

ONE of the best evidences of the strong common-sense as well as good sense of American women is the eagerness with which they adopted the short walking-dress, and the persistency with which they adhere to it. We have not seen a trailing dress in the street for years, and this season, though an effort has been made to lengthen walking-dresses so that they would touch the ground, it proved abortive, skirts of that kind being found so uncomfortable and so apt to soil, as to be a nuisance.

The medium, therefore, or the length which "clears" the ground, is consequently adhered to, and will be, we believe, during the existence of the present generation. The mass of women have occasion to use their own means of locomotion, to traverse the streets, and busy themselves at home in their own domestic concerns, and a trailing dress under such circumstances is as uncleanly and unladylike as it is absurd; and, however fashion may change, we hope the short dress for ordinary, and especially promenade purposes, will be adhered to.

A short, loose jacket, cut up on the back, is the fashionable accompaniment of the suit this season, and is worn by ladies of any age up to forty. After that, the "Metternich" seems to form a more suitable outside garment, as it gives more drapery to the figure.

Among the novelties are white muslin shawls, cut exactly in the shape of a lace "point." They are trimmed with one row of fluting six inches in depth, and two ruffles, each three inches wide, above. They are worn loose at the neck, and draped at the back to form a tunic *fichu*, as lace shawls often are.

Paniers and overskirts seem to be slightly losing caste. Many of the elegant summer robes are made without either. Lovely striped grenadines are made plain, or only bordered with *crêpe* in a contrasting color, edged with lace, and ornamented with sash to correspond.

White grenadines, striped with satin, are trimmed very effectively with scarlet or blue in this way.

Favorite and fashionable dresses are of white organdy trimmed with black velvet. The flounces are edged with narrow velvet; the sash may either be of muslin edged with narrow velvet, or of wide velvet alone.

Very rich dresses are altogether of costly lace over silk. Nothing else begins to make so elegant a toilet, or one so sure to be admired.

Flowers are used in the greatest profusion. They have quite taken the place of jewels, as ornaments for young girls. Trails are used connecting the bodice with the lower skirt; graceful sprays and branches with tendrils, instead of sashes; and wreaths for the hair with long cordons, which mix carelessly with the braids and curls.

Bonnets have only increased in height, not enlarged in size. They are, however, very little worn, excepting for church and dressy occasions. Round hats have almost wholly taken their place for street wear.

TOILETS FOR THE MONTH.

HANDSOME WALKING-DRESS of *grisaille* silk. The suit consists of dress with round skirt, trimmed with ruffles bound with primrose-colored satin. Overskirt open in the back, and looped up on the side with bows bound to match. Sash of the satin, and short, loose jacket, cut up on the back and sides, and bordered with a single ruffle.

HOUSE OR DINNER TOILET of gray English grenadine and spring green *faille*. The skirt is of grenadine, covered with narrow flounces bound with the silk. The low, square-cut tunic is of silk, bordered with fringe, and headed with a feathered-out ruching. The sleeves are ruffled at the elbow. A tulle handkerchief, laid in folds, is worn inside the bodice.

A very original DINNER DRESS for a middle-aged lady is composed of chocolate-colored grenadine, the demi trained skirt bordered with a flounce of the same, bound with satin of the same shade. Above this is a cross-cut fold of white satin covered with black lace insertion, and above this again a fold of chocolate-colored satin, also covered with black lace. A basque, cut square in front, is fitted over a round *panier* and upperskirt, which is finished at the sides with sashes. The long, tight sleeves have two ruffles at the elbows. Basque, sashes, and upperskirt, are trimmed to match the skirt.

A PRETTY SUMMER EVENING TOILET for a young lady consists of a plain dress of turkois-blue silk, with low, square-cut bodice and very short sleeves. Overdress of white organdy, scolloped out round the bottom, and finished with lace or needlework following the line of the scollops. The overdress is at least three inches shorter than the silk underdress, which is very moderately trained. Low, square bodice, and short sleeves of muslin, trimmed with lace or needle-work, and full, wide sash of blue silk, fringed out upon the ends.

A VERY HANDSOME DRESS, made recently for a bridesmaid, was of white India muslin, trimmed with green satin, Valenciennes lace and insertion, the *panier* trimmed with satin bows and sashes, the wreath being of wild roses and white heath; tulle vail.

At a fashionable wedding recently, the six bridesmaids wore dresses of white muslin, made short, with five flounces; light-blue silk bodices and basques, trimmed with light-blue satin. The white muslin bodies were worn open, in a point in front. White tulle bonnets, with blue and white flowers. Each of the bridesmaids wore a crystal locket set in gold, presented by the bridegroom, and each carried a bouquet of scarlet and white flowers.

A BALL TOILET of white tulle is trimmed with a succession of narrow plaited flounces, with a tunic overdress of light-green *crêpe de Chine*, cut in the form of leaves, and bordered with rich Valenciennes lace, headed with a band of light-green curled feathers. The low, square-cut bodice has a basque, and the ornamental bows are of Valenciennes insertion, edged with lace.

A PRETTY SUMMER SUIT is of white satin cloth. It has a short, loose jacket, cut up on the back, and trimming of flat plaited bands, and insertion of Hamburgh embroidery.

A STYLISH MORNING DRESS for Saratoga consists of a skirt of blue and white striped foulard, and a Watteau of white muslin trimmed with ruffles and muslin *bouillons*, beneath which blue ribbon is run, and blue ribbon bows.

SASHES.

THESE are now, in many instances, dispensed with; a four-sided bow, or other ornament, taking their place.

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RECEPTION AND EVENING TOILETS, HOME DRESS AND STREET COSTUMES.

(See double page Engraving.)

FIG. 1.—A *recherché* design for grenadine over silk. Our model is in black grenadine and magenta silk. The skirt is of magenta silk, ornamented with a broad trimming of grenadine arranged in five clusters of box-plaits, the interstices being filled with a full oblong rosette of magenta silk surrounded by narrow black *guipure* lace. The overskirt, of grenadine, has a round apron-front, and is open up the back just meeting at the waist, but falling apart as it descends, disclosing a sash—also of grenadine—trimmed with a fall of wide *guipure* lace headed by a feathered ruching of magenta silk, and ornamented with a rosette to match those on the skirt. The overskirt is trimmed with a ruffle of grenadine attached by a fold of magenta silk, and is looped on the sides under a silk rosette. The partially-fitting jacket is of grenadine lined with silk, and is open in the back to the waist, where it is ornamented with a rosette like the others on the dress, only smaller. Flowing sleeves lined with silk. This design is very pretty in all black, or in other colors—black and green or blue, or white and blue, for example. The rosettes are made by feathering out one side of a bias piece of silk, and then plaiting it very full. A black lace bonnet, trimmed in a color to correspond with the silk, would be *au fait* with this stylish costume.

FIG. 2.—An exquisite evening toilet of rose-colored *gaze de Chambéry*, having a trailing skirt bordered with a 5-inch flounce *à la Russe*. Over this falls a 14-inch flounce, cut out in broad scollops on the bottom and set on in box-plaits. The heading is composed of a double ruching of rose-plaiting, arranged in clusters, a large bow of rose-colored silk being placed perpendicularly at every third plait. The flounces, ruchings, ruffles and puffs are all bound with silk of exactly the same shade as the dress. The very full overskirt is cut short in the front, and very long in the back, and is garnished with four 4-inch ruffles, with a puff above of about the same width, attached by folds of silk, leaving a narrow ruffle on each edge. It is looped high on each side under a large silk bow with long scarf-like ends trimmed with fringe. *Corsage à basque* with square neck, and a *berthe* of silk trimmed with fringe—as is also the bottom of the basque. Short puffed sleeves. Coiffure of loops ornamented with pink hyacinths.

FIG. 3.—A *distingué* promenade costume for morning, of *écru* linen, the 12-inch flounce on the bottom of the skirt edged with unbleached *guipure* lace and narrow black velvet. This flounce is arranged in kilt plaits, and is attached by a band of black velvet, leaving a heading at the top which is also edged with velvet. Just above, two narrower flounces are arranged across the front width, and finished at each side by large bows of the material trimmed with velvet and lace. The overskirt—open in front and perfectly square in the back—is trimmed with two flounces across the back, and one up each side of the front slightly graduated toward the waist. A short square postillion trimmed to correspond. High waist with epaulets of plaiting.

FIG. 4.—A reception or dinner toilet in *taffetas glacé*, color *vert du Nil*. The train skirt is garnished with a deep vandyked flounce, bound with velvet of the same shade, falling over five narrow ruffles alternately of the shade of the dress and of silk two shades lighter. The deep flounce is headed with a feathered ruching of the two shades combined, and each vandyke is ornamented with a rosette, also of the two shades, made in the same manner as those on the costume of Fig 1. Long postillion to correspond. Waist high in the back and square in the front, trimmed with feathered ruching. Flowing sleeves trimmed with ruffles. Coiffure of puffs and braids adorned with apple-blossoms.

FIG. 5.—Street costume of black alpaca, Buffalo brand, the skirt made a comfortable walking length and ornamented with a row of Empress *plissés* 18 inches deep, finished on both edges with double ruchings of alpaca having a bow of narrow black velvet placed between the plaits, as seen in the trimming on the waist. Polonaise, forming deep points back and front, very full in the back, and looped in the center and at the sides by large velvet bows. The trimming of ruching on the bottom is continued up the fronts and over the shoulders, forming a pointed collar at the back. Coat sleeves trimmed with ruching. Sash to correspond.

FIG. 6.—Home dress of *grisaille* silk, the demi-train skirt bordered with an 18-inch box-plaited flounce, arranged in clusters of three, and edged and headed with a band of dark stone-colored *gros-grain*, three inches wide. The skirt is additionally ornamented with pointed bands of *gros-grain*, eighteen inches long and three wide, which are arranged perpendicularly, each alternate one descending on the spaces in the flounce, while the intermediate ones are finished at the top of the center plait in each cluster. The bands are attached with large black velvet buttons. Tight basque, trimmed with bands of *gros-grain*, the back forming a deep postillion surmounted by a smaller one. Square neck trimmed round with a band of *gros-grain* and filled in with a fluted ruff of Valenciennes.

FIG. 7.—Reception-toilet of lavender *poult de soie*, the trailing skirt ornamented with a 20-inch flounce bound top and bottom with violet silk. This flounce is attached with a fold of violet silk, leaving a narrow heading above, and is looped in festoons by means of puffs of violet silk bound with black velvet, the lower ends trimmed with black silk fringe, and the tops finished with a bow of violet bound with velvet. Overskirt arranged and trimmed to match the flounce. Corsage high, with a *berthe* across the front formed of puffs of lavender bound with violet, and fastened with bands of violet bound with velvet. Flowing sleeves, with a flounce at the bottom to match that on the skirt.

JEWELRY.

WE illustrate this month a rich necklace of gold from the establishment of Ball, Black & Co. The pendant cameo, of a rich dark-brown color, represents a graceful dancing-girl of the East, and is encircled by a setting of pearls. By an ingenious contrivance, the necklace can be separated into two parts, and used, on occasion, as bracelets. Price $320.

SUMMER BONNETS.

A MORE extended observance of the summer styles shows that there is a slight increase in size, or else the fact that so many round hats are worn conveys that impression.

It is true, however, that bonnets are a trifle larger; there is more form and shape to them, they stand higher upon the head, display more drapery, and afford more opportunity for ornament.

The more elegant bonnets of the season are undoubtedly of fine straw, chip, or hair, trimmed with the beautiful *crêpe de Chine* in bright yet delicate colors. There is something exquisitely soft and graceful about this fabric, and its long disuse brings it back to us with all the freshness of novelty. It is generally arranged with lappets, edged with fringe or lace, the additional ornaments consisting of roses in two colors without foliage.

The "Pamela" is a very pretty *Watteau* bonnet of fine straw and tulle. The brim is of straw, and is partly turned up and lined with velvet. There is a cluster of half-opened roses in mixed colors upon one side. The strings are of wide tulle, simply hemmed.

The "Charlotte Corday" is the most stylish bonnet in black lace. It has a high, round "cap" crown of sprigged black tulle, laid over white foundation net. There is a deep border consisting of two rows of lace—one black, the other white, the black lace deepening into a fall at the back; a twist of black ribbon with large bow, no ends, and a branch of blossoming laurel arranged upon the side.

One of the most successful of this season's styles is the "Girondin." It is always made in black horsehair, is large, with an indented brim turned down, and a look of great distinction. It is usually trimmed with quilled black lace, broad *gros-grain* ribbon, and a jet ornament. It is more distinctive in all black than where there is an admixture of color.

Brides' bonnets are composed of a high puff of white crape or white tulle. A double row of white blonde across the front, through the center of which is a *rouleau* of white satin. White blonde as an edge to the white satin strings, and also to the bonnet at the back, and ornaments, consisting of a spray and long trail of white lilac and orange buds, arranged in a cluster over the forehead and branching off over the *chignon*.

MME. Demorest's Instructions on Dress and Dress-making, for the Spring and Summer of 1870, is mailed free on receipt of 15 cts. Do not fail to send for a copy.

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BONNETS FOR JULY.

To those who remember the prejudice that formerly existed in regard to round hats, it must be surprising to see, now, to what an extent they are worn. The simple assertion that ladies adopted them, as they always adopt a new fashion, does not explain it, because as a new fashion they were not popular. They have simply *grown* into favor on their own merits, the little bonnets, which actually made the round hats seem large and protective by comparison, no doubt aiding them to reach the place that they occupy in the general estimation.

Excepting for dress occasions, and for church, hats are now worn almost altogether by ladies of almost all ages, and, though some still retain a prejudice, and consider them "bad style" for any but school-girls, yet their convenience, availability and readiness, half conquer even these.

The popular round hat for summer wear is a high-crowned, sugar-loaf shape, somewhat in the Italian banditti style, with a brim which is sometimes bent down, and sometimes turned up. It is made in black and white Neapolitan, in rice straw, in chip, in every color of ordinary English straw, and is always trimmed with bands of velvet or *gros-grain*, flowers standing upright against the crown, and a long gauze vail, of a color to suit the hat or the dress.

A very pretty white chip is trimmed with black velvet, a scarf of blue *crêpe de Chine*, edged with fringe, and a short plume of curled blue feathers.

A second model has the brim turned up at the back only, and surmounted by a double quilling of black lace; lappets of black lace pass around the crown and fall at the back, intermingled with ivy leaves. A large pink crushed rose is placed at the side.

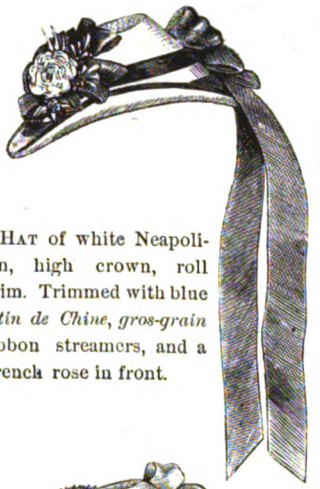
A third model has a quilling of black lace standing up against the crown, the edge falling over the brim. At the back there is a bow of wide *gros-grain* ribbon with long ends, and in front a branch of white water-lilies, set up against a short black ostrich plume, which curls over the crown.

Very pretty dress bonnets are made of a single high puff of tulle over crape, the puff divided in the center into a sort of fan-shape by a compact cluster of small flowers, with leaves, which stretch off into a *cordon* over the *chignon*.

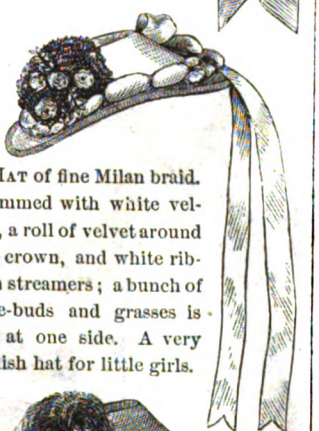
A bride's bonnet is of white tulle, edged in front with a double row of white lace, with a *rouleau* of white satin in the center. A wreath of white hawthorn, forming a compact bouquet in the center over the forehead, constitutes the trimming, in conjunction with bows of white satin ribbon, and lappets of elegant blonde lace.

Black lace, dotted with silk or jet, is used equally for bonnets and round hats, and forms very useful styles, such as can be worn with all sorts of dresses. The vail to hats of this description is generally of the same material, is long, edged with narrow black thread edging, worn straight across the face, and forms lappets at the back.

HATS.



HAT of white Neapolitan, high crown, roll brim. Trimmed with blue *satin de Chine*, *gros-grain* ribbon streamers, and a French rose in front.



HAT of fine Milan braid. Trimmed with white velvet, a roll of velvet around the crown, and white ribbon streamers; a bunch of rose-buds and grasses is set at one side. A very stylish hat for little girls.

THE BAVARIA HAT, of fine black Milan. Trimmed with black *gros-grain* ribbon, falling in streamers behind; two ostrich tips surrounding a French rose are set a little at the side.

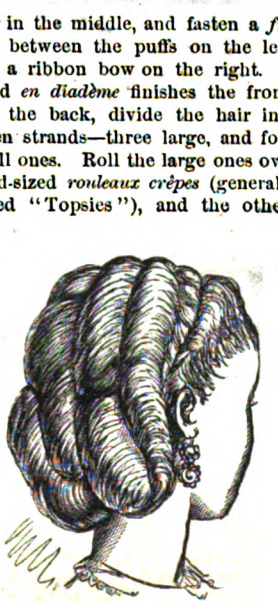
The above are sketched from hats on exhibition at the establishment of J. R. Terry, 19 Union Square.

NEW DESIGNS IN COIFFURES.

OUR illustrations for this month are taken from veritable coiffures worn at a recent fashionable entertainment. Any person can easily arrange them from the explicit directions given below by the *Professeur de Coiffure*, N. Helmer, who designed and executed them.

NOS. 1 AND 2 are side and back views of the same coiffure, and are arranged as follows: Part the hair from ear to ear about five inches from the front, and tie the back hair tolerably high. Then part the front hair on both sides in a straight line with the eyes, roll the hair back from the temples, as shown in the engraving, make a small *Pompadour* of the

hair in the middle, and fasten a *frisette* between the puffs on the left, and a ribbon bow on the right. A braid *en diadème* finishes the front. For the back, divide the hair into seven strands—three large, and four small ones. Roll the large ones over good-sized *rouleaux crêpes* (generally called "Topsies"), and the others



over smaller ones. A medium-sized braid, cable shape, finishes this really graceful coiffure.

No. 3.—Part the hair in the middle and then from ear to ear, five inches from the front. Tie the back hair the same as in No. 1, roll the front hair back *à la Marie Stuart*, and finish with a small braid *en diadème*. The back hair is rolled in large puffs on the sides, and smaller ones in the middle. A rose is placed in the center of the front, and another behind the left ear.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED STEEL PLATE.

FIG. 1.—An elegant dinner dress of light-green *poult de soie* shading on white, with a court train opening over a petticoat of white silk. The petticoat is trimmed with clusters of green silk folds, alternating with rows of black thread lace headed by puffs of white silk attached with folds of green. The train is trimmed with narrow folds of white silk, which represent *revers* at the sides held by full bows and ends of green silk bound with white. Heart-shaped corsage with *revers* trimmed with narrow thread-lace and folds of white silk. Fluted collarette of linen cambric, edged with Valenciennes. Square flowing sleeve over a coat sleeve of white silk, trimmed to match the petticoat. Full ornament of lace and silk at the back of the belt.

FIG. 2.—Traveling-costume of buff linen, trimmed with bias bands of the goods edged with black braid, and pointed straps attached with jet buttons. A back view—showing the stylish arrangement of the flounce and the lower part of the basque—will be found in another part of the magazine.

FIG. 3.—Promenade costume in two shades of brown—chestnut and almond. The body of the skirt is of almond-color, bordered with five 3-inch flounces—alternately light and dark—over which falls a 15-inch flounce, also of almond-color, cut in vandykes edged with self-color, and ornamented with rosettes of the darker shade. The heading is double-feathered ruching of chestnut-color. Half-fitting basque, forming an overskirt, arranged to correspond with the skirt. Coat sleeves trimmed on the lower part with ruffles, the vandyked flounce and ruching being placed at the elbow to represent a flowing sleeve.

"TURKISH TALMA."

THIS pretty wrap is especially adapted to watering-place uses. It is simple in shape, and made in fine Oriental cashmere, bordered with rich silk and gold fringe. It is fastened at the throat with handsome buttons, crocheted in silk and gold thread. Scarlet and gold, or crimson and gold, or blue and gold, should be predominating colors in the material.

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SHORT COSTUMES FOR JULY.

(See full-page Engraving.)

FIG. 1.—Afternoon dress of striped Japanese poplin—black and white—the skirt ornamented with black silk fringe and two rows of black velvet, which are surmounted by a single-plaited ruching of black silk. This trimming is arranged in broad scollops, with a bow of silk trimmed with velvet, placed at each junction. Square-necked overdress of black silk, the skirt, with full *panier* back and round apron, trimmed to match the underskirt. Pretty in striped summer silk garnished with blue, and blue silk overdress, or in the more economical striped poplin, with alpaca overdress.

FIG. 2.—Morning promenade-costume of white linen, the 12-inch flounce on the bottom of the skirt headed by a double fluting, attached by a bias band stitched on by machine. Above this are semicircles of fluting, separated by linen bows which can easily be removed for washing. Overskirt *bouffant* in the back and *en revers* in front, trimmed with fluting. Plain waist with round *revers* and narrow collar. Close sleeves with trimming to match that on the skirt. Bonnet of white chip, ornamented with ruchings of black lace interspersed with field-flowers. Tie-strings of light-blue *gros-grain* ribbon. A very pretty effect may be produced by making the bows, sash, and tie-strings of the bonnet of ribbon of some color becoming to the wearer. This design would be equally as appropriate for any other thin goods, or for any of the silk or woolen materials used for summer wear.

FIG. 3.—Walking-costume of gray *crêpe Eugénie*, the skirt bordered with a 14-inch gathered flounce, the edge of which is finished with a broad binding of golden-brown silk cut in scollops. The heading is composed of five scolloped ruffles, alternately gray and brown, three standing and two falling over the flounce. Overskirt formed of detached gores and a rather wide apron-front. Tight basque with square neck—the bottom cut to match the overskirt. The overskirt, basque, and coat sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the heading to the flounce. *Chapeau rond* of gray straw, ornamented with a *roulean* of brown *gros-grain* and a tuft of brown and gray plumes at the back.

NECKTIES.—Muslin neckties in the form of sailor knots, embroidered in black and red, and edged with Valenciennes insertion, are a pretty trifle. Short scarfs of China *crêpe* in various colors, just long enough to tie in a bow at the neck, the ends being pointed and fringed, are worn with linen suits.

LADIES will please examine our new Premium Lists for 1870-71.

COSTUME FAUVETTE.

A STYLISH street suit in *grisaille* summer silk, trimmed with black *gros-grain*. The design can be easily copied from the illustration, making the lower flounce fourteen inches deep, and the second one eight inches, and the bindings, bands, and plaitings of *gros-grain*, each three inches wide.

IONE DRESS.

HOME dress of white grenadine, made over light-blue silk. The skirt is made just to touch the ground, and is bordered with a sixteen-inch flounce, arranged as seen in the illustration. This flounce, as are also the ruffles which are disclosed by the loopings, is bound top and bottom with light-blue silk, and edged with narrow blue fringe. It is attached with ruchings of silk, and bows made of grenadine and silk combined. Overskirt arranged and trimmed to correspond, forming a full *panier* at the back. Sash of blue silk. Half fitting sack, open *en châle*, with a standing ruche of lace. Flowing sleeves to match.

HELENA SUIT.

THIS stylish costume is made in light-brown *chene* mohair, garnished with folds and feathered ruchings of brown silk. It will be noticed that the three upper folds stop at the side seams of the front width—which is cut wider than usual—and a long circular apron is simulated by a ruffle of brown silk, with a heading to correspond with that of the folds. The round postillion is gathered into the belt, instead of plaited, as is usual. With the two views, the design can be easily copied without further explanation. It is very handsome in gray Japanese silk trimmed with folds and ruchings of violet, or in hair-striped summer silk trimmed with stone color.

RUFFS.

THE fashion of wearing ruffs is revived; but we hope it will not reach the dimensions of the ruff of the Elizabethan age, which a writer describes as follows:

The wearer of the ruff was in a state of ceaseless agony, lest its fine inflexibility should be broken, and its bewired and starched circumference should have a fall. The Elizabethan fop drew back from all who approached too near, crying, "Not so close, thy breath will draw my ruff." The chief utensil for keeping ruffs in order was the "poking-stick of steel," which Autolycus had among his wares. By the aid of the poking-stick, heated in the fire, the folds of the ruffs were ironed into the precise symmetry which was the glory of the Elizabethan exquisite. Their use began about 1576, according to Stowe, and, under the fostering care of starch and poking-sticks, the ruff shot out to the length of "a quarter of a yard." This vast structure of gauze was called, in England, "the French ruff," while the French retaliated, and called it the "English monster." Queen Elizabeth, who had a yellow throat, wore the highest and stiffest ruff in Europe, with the exception of the Queen of Navarre. Her ruffs were made of the finest cut-work, enriched with gold, silver, and even precious stones. She used up endless yards of cut-work, purple, needlework, lace, bone lace, of gold, of silver enriched with pearls, and bugles and spangles, in the fabrication of her "three-piled ruff." But she sternly refused such license to her people, as is well known, by ordering grave citizens to stand at the gates of the city, and lay hands on the wearers of all ruffs beyond a certain length, in order to cut them down to dimensions decent in a subject.

SUMMER FETE DRESSES.

SOME of the prettiest white muslin dresses, suitable for *fêtes* and morning parties, are made with a wide plaited flounce round the skirt, and above the flounce three or four rows of wide imitation Valenciennes insertion, lined with bright colored ribbon, and alternating with tucks in clusters. A kind of loose jacket of muslin was worn with this, also trimmed *en suite*, the lace over the ribbon being carried round the skirt, and edged with a muslin frill to simulate a train at the back and a *tablier* in the front.

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COLORS AND COMPLEXIONS.

BLONDES should wear blue or green. Blue imparts orange to the blonde, thereby enriching the white complexion and light flesh tint, and improves their yellow hair. Green is becoming to blondes who have little color, because it heightens the pink of the cheeks and the crimson of the lips, but it should be a delicate green. If the blonde has much color, she should indulge most in blue; but if she wears green it should be very dark. If the complexion is, as is often the case with blondes, of a brownish orange hue, the green should be very dark, or else it will impart to the countenance of the wearer a brick-red hue. Yellow imparts violet to the pale complexion of the blonde, and this hue is not desirable to the Circassian race. Orange makes a blonde look still paler or yellow. In fact it becomes neither light nor dark beauties, and should not be worn near the skin. Red increases the effect of whiteness in the blonde, and suggests a greenish hue to the pink of the face. Rose-red destroys all the freshness of a good complexion.

Brunettes should wear yellow or red. Yellow has the effect of neutralizing the yellow in the orange complexion of the brunette, and at the same time increases the red, thus giving freshness to the black-haired beauty. Red is chiefly to be used to increase the whiteness of the brunette's skin, and it should be used sparingly, even by the darkest ladies. Blue should be carefully avoided by all brunettes with much orange in their face, as it imparts orange. Orange, of course, does not suit an orange complexion, nor any other, for that matter. It gives a brunette a dull, whitish, bluish, pallid appearance, without increasing her red, as does yellow. It has the same objections for brunettes that red has, and in a still greater degree. Violet imparts yellow, which, in a brunette, is highly undesirable.

In the same way these facts may be applied in furnishing one's house. The drapery of a room should be blue, green, amber or yellow. Blue-and-green drapery tends to increase the color in the face of all standing near it. Hence the popularity of blue and green reps with blondes. Amber and yellow hangings and furniture are suitable only for brunettes. Rose-red, wine-red, and light-crimson curtains give a green tint to a lady standing near them, and are therefore objectionable. Dark-crimson draperies tend to whiten all faces, and to neutralize the natural color; hence they are objectionable for those who have but little color.

Wall-paper should be yellow, light-green, or blue. The same reasons which are given with regard to drapery apply to colors in wall-paper. Yellow combines well with mahogany, though damaging to the effect of gilding. Light-green goes well with both mahogany and gilding. Light-blue does not suit magogany quite as well as yellow, but is admirable for gilding, and is the color for rooms with yellow and orange furniture.

It should be remembered that the color of the furniture should be in proper contrast to that of the drapery and wall-paper. Thus, yellow and blue hangings should accompany blue furniture; crimson and gold or white lace hangings should accompany green furniture, and *vice versa*.

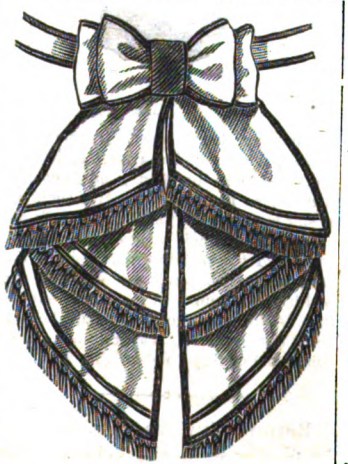
The carpet should be chosen by the same rule, which each lady can apply for herself.

THE DEVEREUX.

A WALKING-COSTUME in black alpaca, Buffalo brand, the skirt bordered with a 12-inch flounce laid in sections of three side-plaits, the plain spaces being ornamented with perpendicular rows of black velvet ribbon. Over this falls a 4-inch flounce, scolloped on the edge and bordered with black velvet, having a heading composed of two rows of black velvet surmounted by a plaited ruching of alpaca. The overskirt is particularly pretty, forming a round apron in front, distinct puffs at the sides looped into pointed sashes, and a full round *panier* at the back. It is trimmed with a scolloped flounce headed with velvet and ruching. The trimming on the waist and sleeves is of velvet and ruching—that on the waist simulating a round shoulder cape.

TRAVELING-COSTUME.

THIS is made in buff linen, trimmed with bias bands of the same edged with black braid. The 14-inch flounce is arranged in sections of kilt-plaits, and finished at the top and bottom with linen bands—the intervening spaces being trimmed with pointed straps finished like the bands, and attached with jet buttons. The half-fitting basque, which also forms the overskirt, has sections of kilt-plaits inserted in the back and sides, finished all round with the bands of linen. A front view of this neat costume is given on the colored Steel Plate. This design would be very pretty in any solid-colored-cambric—blue, for instance—with the straps and folds of striped blue and white cambric edged with white braid, and pearl buttons.



THE MARION SASH.

A VERY pretty yet simple sash, made of black alpaca, and trimmed with velvet and fringe. It would also be very appropriate for any washing goods, trimmed with ruffles or rows of braid.

ALICIA SASH.

A STYLISH sash, suitable for any material, the trimming to be leaves of the material bound with silk of a darker shade and silk pipings. The lower sash-ends are twelve inches long by eight broad; the second ones, eight inches long by six broad; and the upper ones, five and a half inches long by five broad.

NOVELTIES IN FASHION.

THE latest style of *foulard* consists of the plain fabric, with the reversed side in a contrasting color. It is used for costumes very conveniently and with admirable effect.

The skirt is usually flounced high, and pipings of the silk in the contrasting color placed between the flounces, which are from three to five inches deep, or graduated from six or seven for the lower to three for the higher. The basque or jacket is deep, with revers simply turned back and showing the under side of the material. The sash also is made of the contrasting color.

Gray and blue, green and brown, buff and lavender, ash gray and maroon, and other combinations are exhibited. "Reversible *foulard*" is the name of the fabric, and it is $2.50 per yard.

Nothing is more fashionable for costumes this season than these reversed styles, unless it be the costumes trimmed with lighter shades of the same. We have lately seen some very stylish mauve and green dresses for the watering-places trimmed in this way.

A lighter shade of the silk is, in fact, considered just now very much more distinguished than satin for trimming, and is much less heavy for summer silk dresses.

LINEN COSTUMES.—Linen skirt and blouse, trimmed with flat plaitings, quilled ruffles, and narrow braid in clustered rows, is the style for summer traveling-costumes.

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DESCRIPTION OF BATHING-COSTUMES.

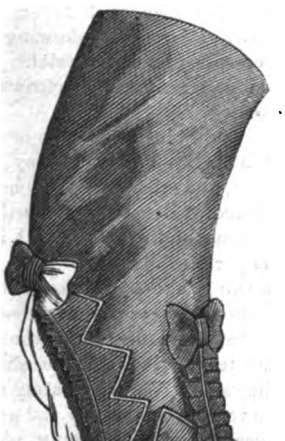
(See Illustration.)

FIG. 1.—THE "LONG BRANCH" bathing-suit in blue twilled flannel, trimmed with black alpaca braid. Drawers loose at the ankle, short skirt, and full, loose sacque with open sleeves to the elbow. Russia leather belt. Coarse straw hat tied down securely over the ears. Sandals of braided hemp.

FIG. 2.—CHILD'S BATHING-SUIT—to be made in scarlet merino, and braided in a simple pattern with black star braid. Ordinary full drawers and loose blouse, with long, full sleeves. Leather belt.

FIG. 3.—THE "NEWPORT"—a favorite bathing-costume, made with full drawers gathered into a wide band which reaches to the ankle, a short skirt descending just below the knee, and a Garibaldi waist with rather close sleeves. Our model is made in gray moreen, with the collar, cuffs, trimming on the skirt, and bands to the drawers, of bright plaid goods edged with side-plaitings of blue all-wool delaine. Glazed sailor hat with a cap of oil-silk inserted in the crown. Shoes of India-rubber, with lacings of blue connecting them with the bands of the drawers.

THE "CAPE MAY"—a suit of black serge trimmed with bands of scarlet merino. Full drawers reaching to the ankles, short skirt, loose waist with the trimming describing a Spanish vest, and full sleeves. Shoes of white canvas, fastened at the ankles with rosettes of scarlet merino. Cap of oil-silk, trimmed with a plaiting of scarlet merino.



OLYMPIA SLEEVE.

OUR model for this sleeve is made in gray *foulard*, the points bound with violet silk, and the ruchings of gray attached with a fold of violet. The opening on the outer side extends to the elbow, and is finished at the top and caught together at the bottom by bows of gray, bound with violet. A full undersleeve of white muslin should be worn with it, and allowed to show through the opening.

THE ESTADORA JACKET.

FROM among the many stylish basques and jackets of the season, we have selected the "Estadora" for illustration. It is intended to be worn *en suite*, and trimmed with velvet or bias bands of silk. The short basque front is cut in mitres on the bottom, while the side forms of the back are continued in long sash ends, and a double plaited postillion—which is so fashionable at present—is inserted between them.

LATEST STYLES OF OVERSKIRTS.

(See Illustration.)

OVERSKIRTS are worn a little longer than they were last season, and the favor is about equally divided between open fronts and aprons. We illustrate, this month, three of the latest favorite styles.

No. 1.—THE "VIOLA" is particularly stylish and appropriate for silk or any of the mixed woolen goods used for summer wear, the trimming to agree with the rest on the dress. It has a short round apron-front, and the back—which is double and quite pointed—is looped in the center under large, graceful bows of the material, trimmed to correspond.

No. 2.—THE "JESSIE" has no apron, the front gores meeting at the waist. It will be noticed that the side gores are cut much wider than usual, and turned back *en revers*. The back forms a full round *panier*. Our model was in black mohair, Beaver brand, trimmed with folds of the same, headed with narrow black velvet. The back has, in addition to the folds, a trimming of rich black fringe.

No. 3.—THE "BISHOP" has a short, wide apron-front, with the square side gores a little longer and trimmed all round. The back is very long and full, and surmounted by a double plaited postillion. Pretty in *grisaille* silk trimmed with ruffles finished with a milliner's fold of black and white silk combined.

BRIDES OF A CERTAIN AGE.—Brides who are no longer young, select delicate pearl-gray for a wedding dress. A bride who has been a widow does not wear a vail.

VIRGINIE SLEEVE.

A DRESSY sleeve, especially adapted to those having slender arms. It is very pretty made in any thin goods, but particularly so in grenadine, with ruchings of silk between the puffs. The puffs are each four and a half inches wide, slightly graduated toward the inner side of the arm, and the ruchings are just half the width of the puffs. A handsome substitute for the silk ruchings would be machine-fluted ribbon, which comes in all colors and of very good quality.

BRIDE'S JEWELS.—Pearls in a knife-edge setting of gold are the appropriate jewelry. These and diamonds are the only jewels suitable for a bride. The absence of all jewelry is far preferable to wearing colored stones. Neither watch nor chain are worn.

RIDING-HABIT.

THE newest and prettiest riding-habit is made of thin dark-blue cloth, bound with black silk galoon, and fastened with black crochet buttons. The coat has a single lappel at the back, and small *revers* in front, turned back so as to disclose only a little cascade of real Valenciennes lace. Three buttons fasten the bodice below the *revers* (which are faced with white corded silk), and a row of the same is placed on either side. White doeskin gloves with gauntlets. Blue felt hat, with long gray Donna Maria vail.

OUT-DOOR GARMENTS.

IT seems almost unnecessary to repeat what we have said so often: that outside garments, independent of the suit, are no longer necessary. The street-costume is now so complete that it is only occasionally that anything additional is required, and then it naturally takes the form of a wrap.

Thus, the striped "Arabs" retain their vogue because they are convenient, can be thrown on or off without ceremony, are stylish, yet comparatively inexpensive.

The most popular garments of the season, to complete suits, are the short, loose paletots or jackets cut up in the back, and simply bordered or edged to match the trimming upon the skirt.

Loose jackets of this description are, of course, always more *négligé* than the tight jacket or basque; but they are well adapted to summer styles and fabrics, and to the uses for which summer dress is required.

White muslin shawls are a dressy novelty which have obtained quite a vogue. They are trimmed with flutings, and are sold ready made for $10 each.

White and black lace shawls are more generally worn, however, draped so as to form a *fichu tunique*, and they are, of course, much more serviceable for persons who can not afford a variety of out-door garments.

The most fashionable linen suits consist simply of skirt and blouse—the latter confined by a sash shaped like a small, round apron, and trimmed like a horseshoe.

We notice, for traveling wear, the English "Cheltenham" suits in water-proof have appeared here. They have a cape and hood, sleeves confined by an elastic at the wrist, and pockets in the front, which buttons all the way down.

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INDEPENDENCE FOR WOMEN.

We are most happy in announcing that we have succeeded in making an arrangement with the Grover & Baker Sewing-Machine Company, by which we shall be enabled to offer a Grover & Baker Sewing-Machine as a premium for 20 subscribers at $3 each, without the First Premium, and 30 with.

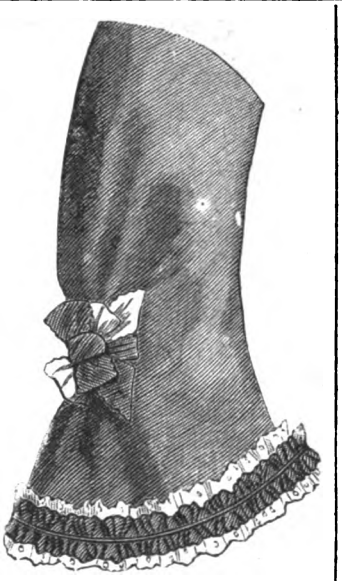
The superior qualities of this machine, its guaranteed excellence, the varied and admirable quality of its work, have rendered us desirous of placing within the reach of all women this means of entire and honorable independence. With a Grover & Baker Machine, a woman can not only support herself comfortably, but a family. Its capacity for executing all kinds of work, its rapidity, its perfect reliability, adapt it particularly to the demands of family sewing, and a clever operator is never at a loss for the employment of herself and machine, at remunerative prices.

The value of the Grover & Baker Machine has been demonstrated by its steady advance in public estimation, until it now stands at the head of all its competitors. The little ridge on the under side of its seam, which never amounted to a fault, sinks into the body of the fabric with wear or the first washing, and thus strengthens and renders it elastic. It has, therefore, all the advantages of an elastic stitch, without the serious objections to a single thread, which is so liable to rip, or the lock stitch, which is so liable to break.

This elasticity renders it invaluable for woolens, flannels, *piques*, and all that class of goods for children's wear which are used so much in the family, and which are so useless when disfigured by soiling or signs of shrinkage. The Grover & Baker Machine has become an established favorite in all large dressmaking, furnishing, and outfitting establishments, because it does the work better, and ladies prefer it.

We make our announcement thus early, in order to give the getters-up of clubs an opportunity to marshal their forces and take possession of the field. Such a chance may never occur again. We earnestly advise them to take advantage of it, and acquire efficiency in the use of an instrument so capable of being made a faithful ally and supporter, in case of necessity, as a first-class Grover & Baker Sewing-Machine.

Mme. Demorest's Dress Chart is now given to each yearly subscriber.



THE MAGENTA SLEEVE.

A particularly graceful sleeve, equally appropriate for either house or street wear. It is especially adapted to cambric, lawn, or any other washing material.

PREVAILING STYLES FOR THE SUMMER OF 1870.

(See back of double-page Engraving.)

Persons who send for Patterns of Waists, or any outside garments, can have them cut to fit accurately by sending us three measures, viz.: waist measure, taken tightly; bust measure, taken *very loosely* (around the form); and length of waist under the arm.

For overskirts, send the length of the skirt with which they are to be worn; and for sleeves, the length of the arm on the inside.

For children's Patterns, send height and bust measure.

	PLAIN.	TRIMMED.
Alba Basque	50 cts.	$1 00
Aspasia Jacket	40 "	75
Aurora Sleeve	15 "	30
Belfast Basque	50 "	1 00
Charlie Apron	20 "	40
Circle Metternich	75 "	1 25
Devereux Overskirt	50 "	1 00
Duchesse Polonaise	75 "	1 50
Estelle Jacket	50 "	1 00
Frankie Dress	30 "	75
Louise Jacket	40 "	1 00
"La Caprice"	75 "	1 25
"La Gitana"	60 "	1 25
Lillian Overskirt	30 "	60
Mignonne Basque and Overskirt	75 "	1 50
Milly Dress	50 "	1 00
Nilsson Overskirt	50 "	1 00
Newcastle Sleeve	15 "	30
Panama Dress	50 "	1 00
Rosine Overskirt	50 "	1 00
Renie Wrapper	30 "	75
Sash Apron	20 "	40
Stella "	20 "	40
Victor Suit	40 "	75
Warrington Basque	75 "	1 25

BRIDESMAIDS' DRESSES.

White organdy and tarlatan are in favor for bridesmaids' dresses. They are made with a train and tunic almost covered with plaited flounces. New floral sets are sprays of rosebuds, or of scarlet geranium, forming *bretelles* on the corsage; and, instead of a sash at the belt, there is a rose with buds, and two long drooping sprays.

FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

The summer clothing for children is nearly all made in washing materials—cambrics, linens, *piques*, brilliants, and the like, with thinner tissues of muslin, constituting the leading fabrics for both boys and girls, until the young gentlemen reach such an age that wear only cloth, and begin to fancy themselves men.

The introduction of the Gabrielle has effected one reform in children's clothing: it has almost banished low-necked dresses. Everything, now, for girls as well as boys, is made high-necked, and the toilet thus greatly simplified. A Gabrielle, with a jacket or little overskirt attached, is costume sufficient, where effect and not warmth is required; and in this way, and with simple materials, a half dozen can be prepared at the cost of one more complicated.

Short, loose jackets cut up on the back are very fashionable for little girls, and are not only worn *en suite*, but in black silk, for wear with white *pique* and other dresses, for which they are found very useful. Two yards of 24-inch silk will make one for a girl of ten, and trim it with a ruffle cut on the bias.

Braided suits of linen and *pique* are easily made, consisting of Gabrielle, sash, and jacket, and are most useful.

Very pretty little suits are of cambric—buff, or blue, or pink—ruffled, and composed of skirt and blouse, which belts in with the sash.

Silk dresses are worn with tunics of white muslin, and sashes the shade of the silk.

A very good way of lengthening *pique* dresses, which can not very well be turned in at the top, is to add bands of Hamburgh embroidery to the bottom, as a ruffle.

A pretty dress for a little girl, is of dove-colored barege trimmed with ruffles bound with green silk, and headed with green silk pipings. Little jacket of barege, finished with a ruffle; sash of green silk.

Blouses of linen or *pique*, crossed over upon the breast, handsomely braided and belted in, are very much worn by little boys, with turban or jockey hat, handsome high boots, and striped stockings.

As soon as they begin to wear trowsers, they now put on suits—jacket, vest, and the special article of male attire. There is an evident tendency to plainness and simplicity in boys' dress, to putting on the habit of men as quickly as may be. Their gloves, however, must then be kid; their collars and neckties irreproachable; their clothes cut and made by a fashionable tailor; so they are not, by any means, cheap in their simplicity.

A novel dress for a little girl is a costume—dress, and short, loose paletot of white barege, trimmed with ruffles and black velvet pipings. Black velvet sash, high hat of white chip, trimmed with black lace and black and white feathers.

UNRIVALED
STOCKING SUSPENDERS.

Mme. Demorest's Patent Stocking Suspenders, for Ladies and Children, are very easily attached, and require no buttons or sewing. There is hardly any one article of dress worn, by either ladies or children, which occasions so much injury as the ordinary garter, especially when made of elastic. A large proportion of the lassitude and headaches, now so common, can be easily traced to the clasping and tightening of the limbs required to keep the hose in place. The use of these suspenders obviates this difficulty. The tension of the suspenders need only be straight, and not tight enough to be felt, to keep the hose perfectly smooth, and does not in any way interfere with the freedom of motion. The single loop, or clasp, is attached to the inside of the drawers, on or near the band, the lower clasps to be attached to the sides of the hose, as seen in the engraving, the length to be adjusted by the upper end.

TOILETS FOR WATERING-PLACES.

A very handsome and *distingué* dinner dress, for a married lady, was made recently of rich black *gros-grain*, trimmed with white English point lace.

Another was of white grenadine, trimmed with blonde and pink silk, the latter forming ruches, and a wide sash.

A third was a dress of very light green (water of the Nile), trimmed with China *crêpe* and Valenciennes lace, the *crêpe* forming flounce, and *tunique* overskirt.

Another dress was of white tulle, covered with white ruchings, and looped up with sprays of pink apple-blossoms. The bodice was enriched with superb Mechlin lace.

A talma, for evening wear, was of white cloth embroidered with gold and edged with gold fringe.

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LINEN SUITS FOR CHILDREN.

EARLIER in the season we made many mentions of the quantity and variety of linen (Gabrielle) suits for children, and their prices ready-made. We find that, in nearly all instances, our readers take the lowest price, expect to give some one the trouble of reading and answering their orders, searching for and selecting their goods, and get garments of the highest grade, instead of the lowest, for the money sent.

For example: there are braided suits, and suits trimmed with braid; the latter commence at $1.50, perhaps, the former at $2.50. Yet, some one will send for a braided suit, which means one *embroidered* with braid, and only send money for a suit trimmed with three rows of plain braid.

Again: When we say prices commence at $1.50 or $2.50, we mean that these are the prices for the smallest sizes—say babies of one to two years old. As the garments grow larger, the prices grow higher; and thus, a suit which costs $2.50, for a girl of three, will cost $5.00, for a girl of ten.

The lowest price for *pique* suits for children, braided and embroidered, or trimmed with Hamburgh ruffling, is from $6.00 to $10.00; and the lowest price is only for the very smallest children.

THE "BELLE" GABRIELLE.

MADE in white *pique*, and trimmed with ruffles of Hamburgh embroidery. The ruffles are continued straight round the back of the skirt and up over the shoulders, forming a pointed cape on the back of the waist. In trimming a dress after this design, care should be taken to reverse the ruffles at the curves, as seen in the illustration.

"FROU-FROU" is a diminutive or term of endearment drawn from the dressmaker's vocabulary, to be applied to a fine lady, and signifies the rustle of a silk dress. *Frou* in French is also a whistle, or call-bird.

THE EMERALD DRESS.

THIS is of gray leno, the plain gored skirt trimmed with one gathered flounce edged with narrow green velvet, and headed with a feathered ruching of green silk. Four sashes, trimmed with velvet and ruching, fall from the waist to the rows of velvet above the flounce. Plain waist, with a square neck trimmed round with rows of velvet.

LILLIE SUIT.

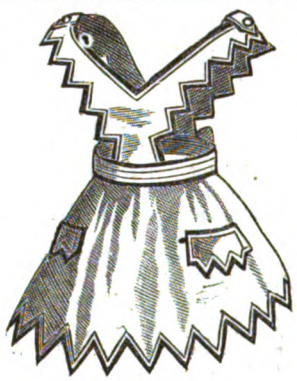
SKIRT of white alpaca, bordered with a gathered flounce edged with points of deep blue silk. The heading is a full puff set between folds of blue. Polonaise of blue silk, very full at the back, and looped in the center under a large bow. The trimming is of plaited silk ruching and fringe.

THE LINDA SUIT.

MADE of white nainsook, the lower part of the skirt laid in five narrow tucks, over which falls a flounce, cut out in squares so as to show the tucks underneath. Above this a bias band is set on, surmounted by a fluted ruffle. The same style of trimming is repeated on the round overskirt. The trimming on the waist consists of bias bands and a ruffle, arranged in the shape of a shoulder cape.

HIGH-NECKED DRESSES.

SUMMER dresses for girls are uniformly made high-necked, and of wash materials. Very little girls wear low-necked dresses and high-necked aprons occasionally, but it is quite surprising how the use of high bodies has overcome the almost universal prejudice which existed in favor of bare arms and necks for the little ones.



ROSA APRON.

PRETTY in buff linen, bound and trimmed with scarlet braid, or in any white material trimmed with scarlet or black.

THE EFFIE DRESS.

A LOVELY party dress for a girl of about eight years. Our model is of rose-colored *gaze de Chambery*, the plain-gored skirt bordered with a deep puffing, over which fall black velvet points, which are surmounted by a feathered ruching of rose-colored silk; a simple overskirt, trimmed with points and ruching; low-necked waist and short puffed sleeves trimmed to correspond.

JULIE DRESS,

Of buff linen, the skirt ornamented with two deep flounces, cut as seen in the illustration, edged with white braid, and ornamented with linen buttons.

Plain waist and coat-sleeves trimmed to correspond. Short gathered postillion in place of a sash.

LEROY SUIT.

(*Front and Back Views.*)

FOR boys from five to eight years old, made in gray cassimere, trimmed with black braid. Linen bosom and collar. Patterns for full suit, 40 cts.

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MEDICAL HINTS.

1. If a man faints, lay him on his back, and let him alone.

2. If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cool water, with a heaping tea-spoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it. This vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach; but, for fear some of the poison might remain, swallow the whites of one or two raw eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee—these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any dozen other articles known, besides the advantage of their always being at hand; if not, a pint of sweet-oil, or lamp-oil, or drippings, or melted butter or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

3. The best thing to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly, is to cover it profusely with cobweb, or flour and salt, half and half.

4. If the blood comes from a wound by jets or spurts, be spry, or the man will die in a few minutes, because an artery is severed; tie a handkerchief loosely around, near the part between the wound and the heart; put a stick between the handkerchief and the skin, and twist it around until the blood ceases to flow; keep it there until the doctor comes; if in a position where the handkerchief can not be used, press the thumb on a spot near the wound, between the wound and the heart; increase the pressure until the bleeding ceases, but do not lessen the pressure for an instant before the physician arrives, so as to glue up the wound by coagulation or cooling and hardening of the blood.

5. If your clothing takes on fire, slide the hands down the dress, keeping them as close to the body as possible, at the same time sinking to the floor by bending the knees; this has a smothering effect upon the flames; if not extinguished or great headway gotten, lie down on the floor and roll over and over; or better, envelop yourself in a carpet, rug, bedcloth, or any garment you can get hold of, always preferring woolen.

6. If the body is tired, rest; if the brain is tired, sleep.

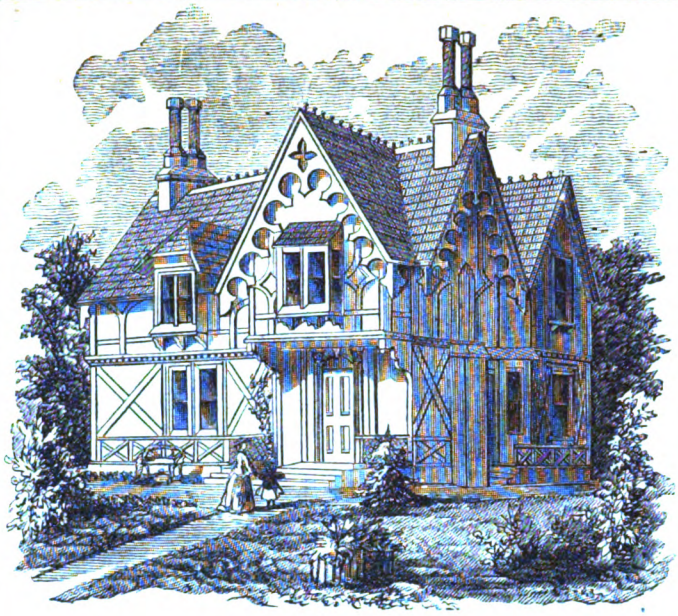
7. If the bowels are loose, lie down in a warm bed, remain there, and eat nothing until you are well.

8. If the action of the bowels does not occur at the usual hour, eat not an atom until they do act, at least for thirty-six hours; meanwhile drink largely of cold water or hot teas, and exercise in the open air to the extent of a gentle perspiration, and keep this up until things are righted; this suggestion, if practiced, would save myriads of lives every year, both in the city and country.

9. The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence, and repose.

A SPLENDID SEWING-MACHINE PREMIUM.

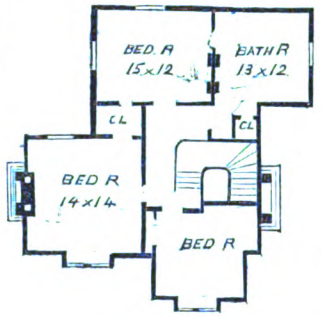
For 20 subscribers, at $3 each, will be given the most popular, most reliable, and the best sewing-machine—a Grover & Baker, price $55. Or, a Grover & Baker Sewing-Machine will be given for 10 subscribers, at $3 each, and $15 dollars in money; or, for 30 subscribers, at $3 each, a choice of a list of premiums worth from $2 to $10 will also be given to each subscriber; or, the machine will be sent for 15 subscribers, at $3 each, and $15 in money, with the premiums to each subscriber. Any one now can, with a little time and effort, secure one of the best of all sewing-machines.



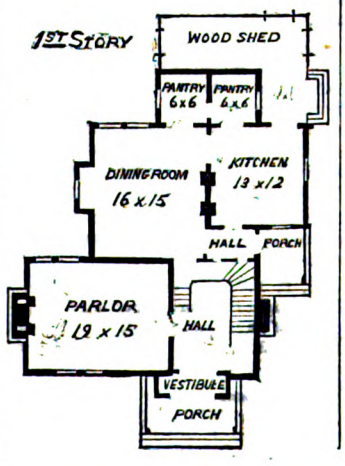
DESIGN FOR A COUNTRY HOUSE.

This beautiful, roomy, and conveniently-arranged cottage is an exponent of that class of country houses adapted to the comforts, wants, and ambition of those who wish to build so as to please themselves and their friends also; and to that end Messrs. Olmstead & Fosgate, architects, 50 Wall Street, New York, have admirably succeeded, as will be seen from a careful examination of *their* design, which we present to our numerous readers this month.

The principal story consists of a parlor with a door opening into the main hall, front and rear window, and chimney-breast for mantel, and is arranged to the best advantage for furnishing. Immediately in the rear of the parlor is the dining-room with a projecting window, directly opposite which is the chimney and mantel. The window to the rear, would, if a conservatory should be added, lead directly into it. This room is also provided with a commodious pantry, which, having a large window, is well adapted for a butler's pantry, as it has a door into the kitchen-pantry, thence into the kitchen. From the dining-room there is also a door opening directly into the kitchen, one into the main front hall, and one into the side entry. From this entry is a door and cellar-stairs under the main staircase, another door opening into the main hall, and an outside door to the covered porch at side of house, as per design.



2ND STORY



The front porch is made by the projection of the second story immediately over the front door, and is provided with a vestibule and open balustrade, with seats on either side—so cozy a place, sheltered and shaded, a haven of happiness.

In the rear of the house is a wood-shed, well lighted, and opening into kitchen and out of doors. There will be a cellar under the entire house, well lighted, drained, and ventilated, with outside steps to the same.

The second story is divided into three sleeping-rooms and a large bath-room, each provided with a commodious closet, and a stove-pipe hole directly into a chimney from each room, as may be seen by reference to the annexed plans.

The roof should either be covered with cut slate or cut shingles painted in imitation of slate.

We feel confident in presenting this design for a country or suburban house, that we will interest and amuse the casual reader, and afford those who contemplate building, the advantages of a superior design. This house, constructed of wood, with brick filling, can be built for about $5,500.

"Dear Demorest—How should a suit of silk be made and trimmed for deep mourning? I have a large pattern, and would like a whole suit. Are crape vails, which are gathered and attached to the bonnet, worn most over the face or thrown back? What is suitable for a summer suit of some thin mourning material for a very young widow, and how made? L. W. G."

Trim your black silk with ruffles of the same material, bound with the same. Mostly thrown back.

Hernani, made over thin black silk. Trim with flat plaitings of the same.

"Beulah."—Black silk bretelles, with sash to match, would form a "set," which you would find very useful with many dresses, but hardly the correct thing to wear with dresses trimmed in other colors. Take a model from our illustrations for the sash.

Make up your percale robe into a skirt and Polonaise, using the broad stripe for the skirt and sash, and the narrow one for the long basque or Polonaise. Pale buff or lavender would be the proper colors for your gloves, if your hat is black lace. We could not give you a second premium at premium price, upon one subscription. Spermaceti is generally sold in the form of candles, is better than tallow, but not so costly as wax.

A set of jet jewelry would cost from $15 to $25 plain; from $25 to $50 enriched with pearls.

"Monroe Co., N. Y.

"Dear Demorest—In a city where there is no opera house or private boxes, would it be in bad taste for a young married lady to wear a round hat on a Parepa Rosa night?

"2d. Do you think it improper for a young lady (married or single) with handsome hair, to wear it flowing *au naturel*, in the house and garden, boating, croqueting, etc., or even for an occasional morning promenade in summer?

"3d. Is the breakfast coffee now generally poured from the side-table, and, if so, where are the cream and sugar placed?

"4th. At meals, is it best to have a table bell for summoning the waitress from the pantry or kitchen?

"5th. Are silver forks and silver-handled knives the correct thing?

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"6th. At what price could your Agency purchase me the following articles: Large castor, cake basket, butter-dish, sugar-bowl, and cream-pitcher—the best kind of plated silver ware?

"7th. Will you please give me an idea how to furnish a parlor handsomely, without being lavish or extravagant—what style of furniture, curtains, hangings, and carpets?

"8th. For what can I obtain a very beautiful knitted embroidered afghan for a baby carriage?

"9th. My baby is five months old. Do you think that too young to put on short clothes? HATTIE V. W."

Ans. 1st. Not at all. Perfectly proper under the circumstances.

2d. No. We should say she had a right to please herself, and only envy or jealousy would dispute it.

3d. Not generally, but sometimes. When it is, one servant passes the sugar and cream, while another pours and hands the coffee.

4th. Certainly.

5th. Yes, or pearl-handled knives.

6th. The cost would be $75 to $100, according to workmanship—treble-plated, latest style and shape.

7th. We should advise a deep, soft lounge made to order, a couple of Oriental chairs, a selection of others, all odd, but not costly, for beauty and comfort; a really handsome plate-glass, rosewood *etagère*, which is so useful for knick-knacks, a few walnut brackets for statuettes and vases; Persian hangings, $3 per yard, and Nottingham guipure curtains at $18 per window; window-stands for flowers and a carpet of handsome matting covered with rugs and soft mats.

8th. $35.

9th. No, not in warm weather.

"LUCILE."—Five dollars is about the lowest price paid for stories of any length. Nearly all magazines and papers pay for their stories. A few get them from persons who care for nothing but to see their names in print, but they are generally not worth the cost of setting-up. An MS. full of mistakes would, of course, be more likely to be thrown aside than one written correctly. People do not usually expect to write for pay, or for respectable publications at all, until they acquire the art of punctuation, and can put English on paper with tolerable correctness.

"MIAZA."—*Sorosis* is a botanical term, with a Greek root. It signifies aggregation, growth—in botany, the growth of fruit from many flowers, as the pineapple, for instance. *Soror* means sister, or sisterhood, and this meaning is often applied (wrongly) to *Sorosis*.

"MAUD."—Take an opportunity to intimate, in a plain yet delicate manner, that you are engaged to some one else, and he will respect you more than if you kept him in ignorance, and received his attentions. Wear a high hat, turn-up brim. Black, white, bright blue, emerald green, and pale buff trimmed with brown, would be becoming to you.

"DEAR DEMOREST—1st. Is white suitable for ladies of all ages?

"2d. What is the color of mauve, emerald green, and ashes-of-roses?

"3d. Are hats suitable for ladies not very youthful to wear to church in a country village?"

Ans. 1st. Well, yes; as it is the *last* dress that any of us wear, we should say it was.

2d. Pinkish lavender, bright grass green, gray with a rose tint.

3d. No; a lady not youthful should never wear a hat unless she is willing to look her worst.

"ST. PAUL, MINN.

"DEAR DEMOREST—1st. Can you give a good receipt for dressing, stuffing and preserving birds, toads, and such things, and will the same receipt do to preserve a snake?

"2d. Can you tell what will be the effect upon the system of a raw egg taken every morning before breakfast, or in the morning and at night, every day?

"3d. Can you give a receipt for curling the hair permanently?

"4th. What is the fashionable color for gentlemen's kid gloves this season?

"5th. Do you know any thing about the musical instrument called the 'cythara' or 'tsythara,' and is there any music published for it?

"6th. What is the cost of a harp?

"GIRL AT THE COUNTRY SEAT."

Ans. 1st. No. Perhaps some of our correspondents will oblige you.

2d. Strengthening and good for the voice.

3d. Put it up in Hyperion hair curlers whenever it grows straight.

4th. Mauve, buff, and green.

5th. No; no.

6th. $100 to $500.

"ZELA."—A suit of unbleached linen is the most suitable and durable for a summer traveling-dress. It would be perfectly proper for you to introduce general topics into your correspondence with a gentleman in order to make your letters interesting, but beware how you are betrayed into sentimentalism, which is a disease with most young ladies. Jean Ingelow is an English woman of Scotch descent, and was once a factory girl. Her name is pronounced precisely as written. For gored skirt, see answer to other correspondents.

"ELLIE C. L. M."—Read newspapers and magazines, and listen well if you want to know what people talk about. For studies, take Mrs. Browning, Ruskin, John Stuart Mill, and Shakespeare. Don't waste time and strength on "society" novels. Long earrings are fashionable. We should recommend a lady to earn a living at the first thing that comes to her hand, and afterward decide upon what she could do best, and do it, whether it was farming or dressmaking.

"N. R. L."—$100 would purchase for you a very handsome shawl, collar, and handkerchief. The shawl would not be of thread, but it would be of *Llama* so fine that it could hardly be distinguished from it.

"N. A. McK."—A turkois-blue silk, about $1.50 or $2 per yard, would make you a very pretty overdress with white muslin, and could be worn with black also.

"NANCY."—Lists of patterns and their prices will be found in the advertising pages.

"LILLIAN F. B."—Your green Valencia would make a very pretty suit, trimmed with flat, single plaiting of the material, and green silk ruches for heading. Drape your white and blue scarf as an "Arab" at the back, and finish with tassels, white or blue.

"A LIFE-LONG SUBSCRIBER."—Handsome white horse-hair skirts are ten dollars each. The chatelaine braids or *chignons* can be bought for about eight dollars each. They are composed of a small quantity of 20-inch hair spread smoothly over rolls composed of "waste" hair, which is much lighter than mohair, and loosely braided. They are easily dressed over, and the hair can be used for other purposes. They are still much worn, but are not so exaggerated in length.

"AMERICUS."—A fine quality of black Hernani can be purchased for seventy-five cents per yard.

"S. W. J."—We gave a receipt in a recent issue for removing superfluous hair, but we do not believe it can be done with any certainty without injury to the skin.

"FANNIE."—Get a fine yak cloth, and trim with corded silk for your traveling-dress. This will do to be married in, and make you a handsome early fall suit. *Ecru* (buff) should be the color, trimmed with golden brown, high straw hat, trimmed with silk and feathers (all brown) to match.

"DEAR DEMOREST—What kind of dress would be suitable for a girl fourteen years of age to be married in, and to start immediately on a trip to Niagara Falls?"

Ans. We do not know of any kind of dress that would be suitable for a girl of *fourteen* to be married in. A girl of that age who thought of such a thing should be whipped and kept at home.

"A. M. B."—Why do you not obtain the agency of some American trimming house or manufactory, of which we could give you the address? The samples would be easy to carry and the profits large. You must have found answers to your other questions in previous numbers.

"MARYLAND."—*Piques*, muslins and plain cambrics are the materials most worn by children. Nainsook for infants. High-necked slips are not "altogether" worn by infants, about half and half. Both "high-necked" and "low-necked" *trousseaux* for infants are constantly on exhibition at Stewart's at $100 each.

"PHILADELPHIA.

"DEAR DEMOREST—Will white French muslin dresses be worn in the street the coming season, and how ought a dress of this material be made? Would ruffles edged with Valenciennes lace be pretty? How should they be put on—gathered or goffered? What style should the overskirt be so as to be suitable to wear with any dress, and what kind of a wrap would be pretty? I have a silver-gray Japanese poplin, trimmed with ruffles and black velvet; would this trimming be suitable to wear all summer, or would it be handsomer trimmed with a reversed puff of blue satin? How should the overskirt be made, and would *guipure* lace three and a half inches wide trim it handsomely? Should it be made with a wrap? It is walking length. I have a *chene* wash poplin, black and white, made with a long blouse; how could I have it altered to look pretty for a traveling-suit? It has a rather wide, full box-plaited ruffle on the skirt. MRS. A. W. S."

Ans. 1st. Yes. Fluted ruffles, short, loose jacket ruffled to match. Overskirt made open, or looped up in the back. Short, square apron in front. Your Japanese poplin is very nice as it is. Make bretelles of your lace to add to your upper skirt. The long blouse is all right for a traveling-dress.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—Chignon is pronounced *shin-yon*. The lady should speak first.

"H. E. B."—You can not make naturally straight hair curl by putting a preparation of any kind upon it. There is a radical difference in the formation of hair.

"DEAR DEMOREST—1st. How should a Japanese silk bridal and traveling dress be made, and how trimmed? Would satin be in bad taste for traveling—as a trimming, I mean—and what is the price per yard of the silk mentioned?

"2d. Shall I get a black or white lace shawl as a summer wrap, and what is the price of each?

"3d. How shall I make and trim a white *pique* stylishly and fashionably?

"4th. Also a buff linen for traveling?

"5th. Should gloves be worn at a ceremonious dinner-party, except, of course, at the table?

"6th. How should my hair be arranged when married (ceremony in church), and are waterfalls *entirely* out of fashion?

"7th. Should I have any of my dresses made with train except silks?

"H. L. D."

Ans. 1st. Select one of our models; trim with ruffles bound with silk, and head with ruchings of silk feathered out, No satin. $1.25.

2d. Either. From $25 to $500.

3d. Trim with needlework bands and insertions, headed with braid and embroidery.

4th. With flat, single plaits of the material, and black velvet bows.

5th. Yes.

6th. In braids and curls. If you mean chignons, certainly not.

7th. Certainly, if you choose. Muslins, grenadines, and the like, may be made with a demi-train.

"AN ADMIRER."—We do not know of any such work. Cultivate your voice by exercise in the open air.

"ELLIE."—Your dress is too light for traveling, and the best way to trim it, therefore, would be with bands of silk of the darker shade. Certainly; you can gore your Swiss muslin, make it walking length, ruffle it, and wear a black silk overdress with it. This will reduce your apparent height.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—Make your check poplin into a walking suit with short jacket, and trim with cross-cut bands of blue silk. Young ladies generally wear hats, but "dress" bonnets are considered more "stylish" for church.

"LIZZIE."—Trim your unbleached linen traveling-dresses with flat, single plaitings of the same material. White *pique* may be very nicely trimmed with Marseilles braid, but the "ball" trimming is quite out of date. An infant's cloak of white merino should be lined with white silk.

"L. S. G."—Silk like your sample would cost $2 per yard. A black lace shawl at $15 would be coarse.

"NEW SUBSCRIBER."—Very good Hamburgh embroidery can be got for fifty cents per yard or $1.00 per double band. Six to twelve yards would be required for a complete suit. Yes, we could furnish it.

"ELVA C."—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" can be bought of any bookseller.

"M. H. T."—Apply "golden" ointment to your face (at night), and wash off with horse-radish steeped in buttermilk in the morning. Take as much exercise as possible and improve your general health; this will improve your complexion. You may invite your visitor to call again of course, although it is not necessary; returning a visit is evidence that you wish it repeated. It is not necessary to invite persons to call upon you whom you accidentally meet at a friend's house.

"MRS. E. H."—The only way to utilize your checked silk is to cut it short, gore it, ruffle it with the superfluous material, and make an overdress out of some partly worn black dress to wear with it. Alternate your ruffle—one of black, one of check—and cut your flowing sleeves

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straight to the elbow and ruffle them to match.

"A CONSTANT READER."—Long, straight vails are most in vogue, either attached to the hat or bonnet at the back, and brought forward as occasion requires, or placed straight across the face and fastened as lappets at the back.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—The most suitable wedding-dress for a young lady dressing in mourning, would be a perfectly plain dress of white muslin, trimmed only with hemmed and single plaited ruffles of the same. No lace (except at the throat), no ribbons, no jewelry; white gloves, white flowers, white vail. The dress could be worn afterward with black ribbon, sash, and trimmings. Black silk and black alpaca are best made up with ruffles plaited or gathered, and bound with the same material for not very deep mourning. For *first* wear, of course, they would require broad folds of crape, or ruffles bound with crape and headed with folds Walking-dresses are cut so that the skirts will clear the ground.

"S. A. R."—Trim your blue and black silk (which were so stupidly gored with a seam up the back) upon the seam with broad ribbon crossed, and bows in the intervals, or with bands of gimp, studded with bows. You can open your "Pompadour" overskirt upon the back, or loop it up, or add a *Watteau* plait or other things. A lace shawl can be very prettily draped over a short walking-dress. See other answers.

"SALOR JACKET."—Certainly, you can wear a black silk sailor jacket and black sash very nicely with different dresses. Pale buff is the best color in gloves to wear with all other colors.

"L. E."—Cut your striped silk skirt short, ruffle it with the same, alternating with black. Trim your basque to match, and wear it with the skirt *en suite*. Two yards of Donna Maria gauze makes a vail. It is $1.50 per yard.

"H. C."—A linen suit (Gabrielle) made ready for embroidery, for a girl of ten, would cost you about $6.

"JENNIE."—Make a skirt of your light silk, and upperdress of the black, as you propose. The underskirt would look best ruffled, if you have enough—upper-skirt also. Capes are not worn much this season—short, loose jackets have taken their place. White gloves are worn, but not much. Black lace bonnets are very general. You had better wait until the young gentleman himself proposes a visit, and, in the mean time, drop the correspondence, which is probably only a waste of time. Young gentlemen are not long in making known their intentions, if they have any.

"ADA."—Colgate's Michigan "Poncine" soap is excellent for whitening and softening the hands, especially after doing housework or gardening. One of its ingredients is exceedingly fine pulverized pumice-stone; and the other ingredients, together with the care used in the making of all the toilet soaps of this manufacture, render it very effective.

"ALBION."—Hoop-skirts are very small (seventy-five to eighty inches at the base), nearly straight, but shaped so as to form a small bustle at the back. They are nearly imperceptible in wearing, but add much to health and comfort. Backs of dress-waists are cut narrow. "China crape" is the old-fashioned Canton crape, used for shawls.

"LIZZIE."—White dresses braided with black, and finished with black belt or sash and collar, make very suitable house dresses in mourning, and are a decidedly pleasant and necessary change from all black, in summer.

"ELLA FONTAINE."—A black alpaca can not be trimmed more effectively than with quilled plaitings of the material, headed by cross-cut bands of black Lyons silk velvet. Delicate shades of silk are very fashionable this season, but they require a trimming of rich lace. Hiawatha is pronounced as spelled.

LENA AND CORA, Mo.—Decidedly the young lady should have called upon you, *first*, in company with the sister whose acquaintance you had already made.

Lenō, trimmed in colors to suit your complexions, and white *pique* would be cheap and durable, and lady-like for you, for summer dresses. You should make them *en suite* and then wear a lace shawl with them for a change. The only wraps worn are linens or water-proofs, as a protection in traveling, or from the rain. Lace shawls are allowed to drop in the center of the back, nearly to the waist, and are then held in by the sash which is worn over them. This arrangement transforms them into a very graceful *tunique* overskirt. We should advise you to wear high straw hats, with long gauze vails, light walking-boots of black French morocco, stitched with white and cut high, and kid-made gloves of Lisle thread, buff, or white. The latter can be washed like a pocket-handkerchief.

There is nothing so cheap or so pretty as white muslin for evening dresses. Plain silk, blue or pink, would be very pretty with white muslin overdresses.

"DEAR DEMOREST—Please suggest a few ideas to a country-girl for a pretty and inexpensive toilet—am short, slight have dark eyes and hair, complexion ditto. 1st. How make a suit of black and white striped silk, fourteen yards, three-quarter width? 2d. What would be stylish for another of darker and less expensive material? 3d. Could you furnish me with a pattern of overdress and waist combined, suitable for skirts of different material? 4th. What would make a pretty wrap for a summer evening?

"MAUDE."

Ans. Ruffle your striped silk, bind it with black, and make a black silk overdress. This will leave enough for a short, loose jacket, which cut up on the back, and trim to match the skirt.

2d. Gray leno or gray mohair would make you a pretty suit, and either could be made expensively or cheaply, as you choose.

3d. Yes.

4th. A scarf of some striped material, or of scarlet or blue cashmere, or the new cashmere talma, with rich fringe border.

"EDITOR LADIES' CLUB—1st. What is the color of the bloodstone?

"2d. Is the turkois a light or dark blue, and what is its value?

"3d. What is the proper mode of emphasizing an epistolary correspondence?

"3d. What is the price of rubber gloves? N. E. J."

Ans. 1st. Dark red.

2d. Light. Depends altogether upon size and quality. It is not a costly stone, unless exceptional in these respects.

3d. The use of language which most simply and forcibly expresses your meaning. Underlining is very boarding-schoolish and very bad style.

4th. $1 per pair.

"A NEW SUBSCRIBER."—Patent Valenciennes edging can be bought twelve yards for fifty cents, but it is doubtful whether it would pay to hire the time to make the purchase, and the expense of transportation. We do not know of any perfect system of teaching what you require. Every master has a method of his own.

"JOSIE."—Superphosphate of lime is bought at a druggist's. It is often given in small quantities, in milk, to children who are slow of teething.

"NELLIE A. S."—Trim your light mohair with bands of golden-brown silk, and make it with a skirt and Polonaise, the latter trimmed to simulate a vest, and having side *paniers*.

"MAUD L."—You will find your questions answered in the fashion department. Gored *pique* and linen dresses are prettiest for a boy of ten months. A little straw turban bonnet, and trimmed with band of blue ribbon, would do nicely for him.

"HATTIE."—A dark complexioned person could wear a solid green like sample inclosed, particularly if it was trimmed with black, or was worn with black silk overskirt. The white underskirts that are sold in the stores are all gored, and all tucked in the gores; they look very nicely, though ladies making them at home may find tucking gored skirts trouble. The tucks are less than half an inch in width, and are set-in clusters.

"MISS LIZZIE F."—We can not answer letters of mere inquiry by mail. There are many things that will keep moths out of furs and other goods, but gum camphor is as good as anything. Reduce it to powder, and sprinkle in the box, or between the layers of clothing, and in addition fold your furs in newspaper, and tie the box securely; this will keep them. Your questions have all been answered in the "Ladies' Club" and fashion departments of this and the June number of the Magazine.

"XANTIPPE," WILSEYVILLE, O.—Your idea respecting your "shot" silk, and white muslin, are very good indeed. You would find it difficult to match your silk; don't try—gore it walking length, flounce it with your surplus material, and wear it with white muslin overskirt, and white muslin *small* shawl, ruffled, and caught down at the back by a sash of the silk, or of ribbon striped in the colors. The bonnets would do admirably.

A NEW PREMIUM—A SPLENDID PARLOR CHROMO.

WE have the pleasure of announcing that we have made such arrangements as will enable us to offer as a premium to every subscriber to the MONTHLY or YOUNG AMERICA the first and most popular Chromo Picture of the season, and superior to most chromos in fineness of tone, perfection of drawing, and delicacy of coloring. The regular price of the chromo has been five dollars. We have secured the entire number of copies issued however, and offer them exclusively as a premium to each subscriber for the MONTHLY or YOUNG AMERICA, which represent not more than half their value, and adds the Magazine as a free gift. Here is one chance in ten thousand for making a valuable wedding present at the smallest possible cost. No young wife should be without the Magazine, and with it she may have the gift of an elegant parlor ornament worth double the whole cost.

The Household

STRAWBERRIES.

JUNE and July are the season of strawberries that everybody loves, and which are such a God-send to the housekeeper, after the comparative scarcity of the spring months.

STRAWBERRIES WHOLE—*A fine receipt.*—Take an equal weight of pounded loaf sugar and fruit, place the latter in a deep dish and lay half the sugar over it, shaking gently, so that it will touch the under side of the fruit, which must have been picked perfectly dry. Cover the dish and put it in the ice-box—not touching the ice. Next day make a thin, clear syrup of the remainder of the sugar, put in one pint of red currant juice to every three pounds of berries, and, in this, simmer them gently for about fifteen minutes, or until sufficiently jellied. Choose the largest scarlet berries, and not too ripe.

STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE.—We should apologize for repeating this receipt, did we not know that there are yet barbarous people who make a thin, sweet cake as a base for strawberry short-cake. Such desecration should not be tolerated.

Light, tender biscuit-dough, rolled half an inch thick and baked in square, shallow pans a light brown, forms the proper foundation. Split and cover thick with large, fresh strawberries, and these, again, thickly with white powdered sugar. Lay on the top the other half of the cake, and pile high with strawberries and sugar. Over the whole pour a pint of thick, rich cream, and the dish is ready for the table.

DRIED STRAWBERRIES.—Put ten pounds of strawberries into a jar, sprinkle among them four pounds of white sugar. Let them stand until the next day, then scald them and put them back into the jar. On the third day, put another pound of sugar over them and scald them again; pour out on plates, or dishes, and dry them in a cool oven, or the back part of the range. They must be kept in tin cannisters, and will make a very good dessert dish in winter.

STRAWBERRY JAM.—Separate the hulls from the berries, for each pound of berries weigh out three-quarters of a pound of pounded sugar, put the berries in a deep dish, sprinkling the sugar among it, and let them remain ten or twelve hours, then boil them together half an hour very slowly.

RASPBERRY JAM.—This should be made in the same manner as strawberry jam. Let it boil, after it commences to do so, fifteen or twenty minutes; another way is to bruise together a quart of raspberries, and a pint of currant jelly; boil them slowly six or seven minutes, stirring them; then put into close pots. This will keep two years.

STRAWBERRIES IN CANS.—Half a pound of sugar to every pound of berries; scald them together, fill the cans while hot, and seal at once.

STRAWBERRY JAM.—Boil the strawberries gently until thick, and very much reduced; add loaf sugar, three-quarters of a pound to a pound of fruit, and stir constantly, until it is reduced to a paste. Put in small jars, and cover with egg paper—that is, paper covered on the under side with white of egg,—and tie down a second paper over them.

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A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

How I Came to Send for "Beecher's Sermons."

GENTLEMEN—A few months ago a stranger was in town on business, and I made his acquaintance, at first, only as a business man. He was master of his work—rather rough and short, but prompt. When your business with him was done, he was done with you. The cigar which was always in his mouth rather seemed to indicate his standard of associations. In the evening I called at his hotel just to pass the compliments of the evening. Instead of finding him in the bar-room, I found him in his own room. He had just made up his statements, ready for mail, and to leave in the morning. He was reading the memoirs of Johnson—spoke of it as affording him great pleasure, and read to me some fine passages which he had noted. I was somewhat surprised that what seemed to interest him most were some selections which glowed with religious thought; and, still more, that many of them were statements of personal experiences of a very high and unusual character. He had also noted statements which showed a striking oneness in the leading ideas of the different denominations.

"Now," said he, "this is the way I spend my time when my business is done. Probably you have not taken me to be very much of a Christian man; but I tell you I find solid comfort in this way."

"I confess," said I, "I am a little surprised to find you taking your highest pleasure in such things, but I am exceedingly happy to see it. It is not, I am sorry to say, very common with men of your business. I generally look for them in bar-rooms or saloons. I came in just to say 'good-by;' but really I shall be delighted to spend the evening with you."

"Now I don't belong to any church, and I don't know that I am a Christian in the general sense of that term, but I do love the ideas and sentiments which I find in such books as this and the Bible."

"As to belonging to the church," I replied, "that does not make one a Christian. It is merely the external sign of being one, if he really *is* one. I have been trying for several years to reduce the idea of becoming and being a Christian to a very simple statement. The grand bottom difficulty is that men feel guilty; that feeling must be removed, or happiness is simply impossible. Nothing but forgiveness, and a belief that it is forgiven, can do this."

"Yes," was the quick reply, "that is it. I understand this. It comes right home to my heart. Jesus promises to forgive, and I believe he has forgiven me. That makes me happy—makes heaven. I am really glad you have come in. Now throw off your overcoat and don't be in haste to go. I don't often meet with such company. I did not know before that any one felt as I do—a guilty man, sorry for my sins, and simply taking God's word for my pardon. That makes me happy and humble. I don't think ministers generally understand the difficulties of business men. They don't seem to have much sympathy for us. I carry with me Beecher's sermons—buy one every week, and read them with intense interest. He seems to understand just how I feel, just what difficulties I have to contend with, and always has something to say which cheers and encourages me to try and live a better life, and trust in Jesus. I would not be without these sermons for any consideration."

"Indeed," said I, "what paper do you take which reports them?" for I had not seen them in pamphlet form.

"They are published in pamphlets every week, and cost me only ten cents a copy." Then turning to his valise, he handed me a copy, with the text, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven," etc.

I then asked, "Have you ever heard Beecher?"

"Yes. I always go to hear him when in New York. Have you heard him?"

"Yes, often. Several years ago I was in New York fitting out my eldest son for a sea voyage. He was my eldest darling boy—a noble-hearted, promising son—the pride and hope of the family. Wicked associates had seduced him, and he became so involved that his only chance of recovery was in going to sea. A berth had been engaged for him, as common sailor, on board a fine clipper bound for a voyage round the world. A thousand parental feelings were struggling in my bosom. Fond hopes had been dashed, pride wounded. I loved the fine young man. I pitied him. He had told me the story of his temptations and struggles, and confessed the wrongs he had done, and begged my forgiveness. A younger brother had just parted from him with utter anguish and a flood of tears. A fond mother and loving sister were at the dreary home, with hearts wounded and bleeding.

"The scene of the parting there was fresh in my mind. The ship was to sail on Monday morning. On Sunday, with a friend, we went to Plymouth Church. In his prayer, Mr. Beecher seemed to know that I was there with my son—seemed to understand all the painful circumstances—just how I and my family were suffering—just how the young man was feeling. Had he known all about the case, he could not have prayed more definitely for us. The prayer was so timely, so earnest, so tender, and apparently so personal, that I was melted to tears. Every yearning feeling then struggling within me said *Amen*. My son sobbed like a child. Neither he nor I have forgotten that prayer. There I raised a 'memorial of the mercies of God' to me. I have heard Mr. Beecher so often since that time that when I read his sermons I seem to see him as he stood before me then. So that reading his sermons is almost like hearing them."

"Now," replied my friend, "I wish you would read this sermon to me, as I have not found time yet to peruse it."

After the sermon, the prayer was read. He wept; I wept. He said *Amen!* I said *Amen!* Both felt that we had been lifted up, a good way, into the higher life—made better, and greatly encouraged to a new effort to lay up "*treasures in heaven.*"

I noted down your address, bade my friend "good-by," and, with a hearty shake hands and "*God bless you,*" we parted. Here *I* set up another "memorial of the mercies of God."

"This is the history of my recent letter to you, requesting a copy of the *Christian Union* and Beecher's Sermons. They have come; have been read by others than myself and family. I am scattering the sermons, and shall before long be able to send you a list of names.

Old-school, or rather old-fashioned Presbyterians (for we have, thank God, no more Old and New Schools) read them, and say: "Beautiful! We have had some prejudice against Mr. Beecher; but, if this is the way he preaches, we should like to get the sermons. Wish our ministers would preach such good sermons. What do they cost?"

I find, also, that these sermons are taken and read by men who, out here, have but little interest in our churches and ministers. They are read by judges, lawyers, and men who are generally regarded as having no religious feelings or interest. They are on a great mission. God speed and multiply them! Yours respectfully, J. D.

Centreville, Ind., Jan. 17, 1870.

The above letter narrates a genuine experience. It was received a short time since by J. B. Ford & Co., of this city, publishers of the *Christian Union* (which is Beecher's paper) and *Plymouth Pulpit* (which is Beecher's sermons). They print the letter because they believe it an exponent of many similar cases needing similar aid. They may be addressed at 39 Park Row, N. Y.

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

As a work of art, a fine chromo is now acknowledged to be the most desirable ornament to adorn the home, short of the original painting from which it is taken. But a chromo, to be at all desirable, must not only be drawn by an artist, but must be printed in an artistic manner, which necessarily includes from fifteen to eighteen colors or printings. The process is now well understood by artists in the line, and such results are obtained as make the best chromos quite equal in beauty to fine paintings, and, in many cases, a real improvement on them, especially in the flesh-tints and delicate shadings.

Having much interest in the development of this branch of art, we have long wished to give to the patrons of our Monthly a fair specimen of the artistic beauty and effect of a good chromo. We are, therefore, much gratified in announcing our complete success in securing, and now offer a very fine chromo as a premium to each subscriber to either the Monthly Magazine or Young America—a chromo which will not only prove a valuable prize to those who obtain it, but must procure for us an extended increase in our already large and successful subscription list.

The chromo which we offer is printed in eighteen colors, and a beautiful subject, taken from a cabinet-picture which cost $300, and good judges have pronounced the chromo superior to the original painting, and quite equal to any of the best chromos that have been sold at $5.00.

We have also secured a much larger chromo, quite equal in every particular, and a real work of art—a beautiful parlor picture, richly worth $10, which we propose to offer as a premium for two subscribers to the Monthly, and one of the subscribers to receive the chromo valued at $5; or, we will give the large chromo to any person sending a year's subscription to the Monthly, at $3, and Young America, at $1.50, making only $4.50 for the two subscriptions and a beautiful parlor chromo richly worth $10—certainly the cheapest and best way to obtain a good chromo ever offered—"A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The chromos are now on hand, and will be promptly sent as soon as the subscription money is received. Our readers may rely on receiving a beautiful work of art.

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INHABITANTS OF THE GLOBE.

THERE are on the globe about 1,288,000,000 persons, of whom 860,000,000 are of the Caucasian race; 552,000,000 of the Mongol race; 190,000,000 are of the Ethiopian race; 176,000,000 of the Malay race, and 1,000,000 of the Indo-American race.

There are 1,000 different religions, and 3,642 languages spoken.

The yearly mortality of the globe is 33,333,333 persons. This is at the rate of 91,544 per day, 3,829 per hour, 60 per minute. So each pulsation of our heart marks the decease of some human creature.

One-fourth of the population dies at or before the age of 7 years; one-half at or before the age of 17.

Among 10,000 persons one arrives at the age of 100 years, one in 500 attains the age of 90, and one in 100 lives to the age of 60 years.

Married men live longer than single ones. In 1,000 persons, 65 marry; and more marriages occur in June and December than in any other months.

Professions exercise a great influence on longevity. In 1,000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70, 42 are priests, orators, or public speakers; 40 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 32 soldiers or military employés, 29 advocates or engineers, 27 professors, and 24 doctors. Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of those of others die the soonest.

There are 335,000,000 of Christians, 5,900,000 Israelites, 60,000,000 Asiatic religion, 160,000,000 Mohammedans, and 200,000,000 pagans. In the Christian churches there are 170,000,000 who profess the Roman Catholic faith; 75,000,000 who profess the Greek faith, and 80,000,000 the Protestant.

DESCRIPTION OF PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

POSTILLION SASH.—This is a very pretty ornament, to be worn with a round waist. Our model is of black silk, trimmed with machine-fluted ribbon, held by a narrow velvet sewed through the center. The trimming may be varied to suit the taste of the wearer, or to correspond with that on the dress with which it is to be worn. The Postillion should be laid in two deep box-plaits, so that the width, where it is attached to the belt, will not exceed five inches. The side sashes are set on plain, and the over sashes laid in shallow plaits.

THE SHIRLEY BASQUE—Is one of the most stylish of this class of over-garments that we have presented this season. It is cut half-fitting, quite square in the back and rounding in front, with a shallow scollop on each side. It is particularly adapted for summer wear, having no sleeves, but, in place of them, circular side capes, which are attached to the shoulders, and fall gracefully over the arms. It can be made to wear *en suite*, or in a black silk to complete a costume. If for a suit, the trimming should correspond with that on the dress; but silk should be trimmed with black lace and narrow folds of *gros-grain*.

WE call the attention of our readers to the extraordinary inducements we offer in our new list of premiums, both for single and club subscribers, for 1870-71. In most cases they will find that the premiums exceed in value the whole cost of the MAGAZINE. We are quite sure our readers will agree with us in the assumption that no other publication can compare with ours for liberal and valuable premiums.

ONLY subscriptions sent in after the issue of the July number of the MONTHLY are entitled to the premiums on the new list.

The reader will please remember, that each subscriber in a club at $3.00 will be entitled to select one of the first premiums at the time of subscribing, but the person sending the club, *whose name should be one of the number*, will be entitled to the CLUB PREMIUM ONLY.

WE want an enterprising and active agent or canvasser in every section of our country. There is hardly a place so behind the age as not to appreciate the advantages of taking DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, and it needs only an active and determined effort to secure a list of subscribers in every Post district in the United States. Our extraordinary premiums to single subscribers will take people by surprise when they understand that they are *bona fide* in every particular, and, in most cases, worth more than the whole cost of the MAGAZINE; and the club premiums will be called for from every city and town in the United States.

FACTS FOR ADVERTISERS.

THERE are now just about 5,000 periodicals published in the United States, which include all the various kinds of newspapers and magazines.

Out of this 5,000 there are only about 25 that have the circulation of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, not more than 20 that have the number of yearly subscribers, and not one of all of them that has as many first-class readers, and the only one with an equal circulation that has been established as long as ours which has increased during the last year.

OUR ADVERTISING PAGES.

WE aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers; to exclude whatever is pernicious, at whatever sacrifice; and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely as represented.

Advertisers will please understand that the extent of our circulation renders it necessary that they should send in their advertisements by the twenty-first of the month to secure insertion in the following issue.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

Ordinary pages, 75 cents per line solid agate space. Four lines or less, $3. Page next to reading-matter, $1 per line. Business Notices, solid agate space, $1.25 per line. On ordinary pages no extra charge for cuts or display.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Splendid and Extraordinary Premiums.—An extra fine parlor Chromo, printed in 18 colors—can not be distinguished from an oil-painting, and worth $5—given as a premium to each yearly subscriber to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, at $3, or to DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA, at $1.50; or, for both together, a large and splendid Chromo worth $10, and quite equal in size and beauty to the oil-painting from which it was taken, and which cost $500; or, for two subscribers to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, the two Chromos are given. Address DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, 838 Broadway, New York.

Interesting to Ladies.—I am totally blind, and have been from childhood. Some time since I concluded to purchase a sewing-machine. In making my selection it was necessary for me to procure the simplest, as well as the lightest running, and the easiest managed machine. After testing the various machines, I was fully convinced that the GROVER & BAKER had all these required qualities combined. I purchased one, and in a very short time could hem, fell, tuck, and do all kinds of sewing with the greatest ease. One of the many great advantages I find that the GROVER & BAKER has over all other machines is, you can sew from the finest to the coarsest fabric without change of tension. I cheerfully recommend it to all who desire a first-class machine.

MRS. RACHEL WOOD,
803 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

A New Work for the Family. "LIFE AT HOME; OR, THE FAMILY AND ITS MEMBERS." By Rev. William Aikman, D. D. S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, N. Y. Price, $1.50.—What are the right relations between husbands and wives? and what between parents and children? and between brothers and sisters? What is due from one member to another? All these questions and a thousand others are answered by the author, in this excellent work. In these times of domestic discord and marital incompatibility, the present work is timely, and will do great good.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER RATE BOOK AND DIRECTORY, published by Geo. P. Rowell & Co. This is a large volume of nearly 500 pages, and embodies a large amount of valuable information to advertisers, and much interesting matter to a casual reader. Interesting and brief biographies of a large number of the most eminent advertisers, together with many of the prominent publishers, make it a good book for general circulation, while its statistics, which have been carefully compiled, render it almost invaluable as a book of reference to all who have any intercourse or business with the press.

THE *Illustrated Floral Guide*, published by W. H. Lyman, of Amherst, Mass., price 15 cts., is an elaborate compilation for the purpose indicated by the title, and should be in the hands of all possessing a garden-plot. Its information will enable them to render home beautiful at a small expense, with a knowledge of all the new and rare foreign and native seeds, roots, flowers, plants, and vegetables.

5,000 Sewing-Machines of the best kind to be given away to the friends of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Who speaks first?

A GENUINE LUXURY.

THERE is no greater luxury than the regular use of a fine, pure, cleansing, yet delicate soap. Try the pinky white balls which are sold everywhere for five or ten cents, as the case may be, and then change to a cake of, say, Colgate's "Cashmere Bouquet," and you will realize at once the pain and pleasure involved in so simple an act as washing your hands. Colgate's soap has become a household word. His Laundry Soap does not spoil summer dresses; his toilet soap improves instead of injuring the complexion—it is, in fact, an indispensable household luxury.

SONGS OF SEVEN. By Jean Ingelow. Cabinet Edition. This beautiful Poem, got up in elegant style on fine heavy tinted paper, and beautifully illustrated with steel and wood engravings, and accompanied with original and appropriate music by the best composers, in a fine cover—blue, cream and gold—and gilt edges, making a very appropriate gift-book. Price only 25 cents. Mailed post free on receipt of price. Address

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,
838 Broadway, N. Y.

THE RAVEN. By Edgar A. Poe. And

SONG OF THE BELL. By Schiller. Got up in the same beautiful style, comprising original music, elegant steel and wood engravings, etc., etc. Price 25 cents. Mailed post free. Address as above.

Or, the whole three for 60 cents.

COLGATE & CO.'S
Aromatic Vegetable Soap

Is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of Ladies and Infants.

Sold by all dealers in Perfumery and Toilet Articles.

A GREAT OFFER.
HORACE WATERS,
No. 481 Broadway, New York,

Will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs, of six first-class makers, including Chickering & Sons, at extremely Low Prices for Cash during this Month, or will take from $5 to $25 Monthly until paid; the same to Let, and rent money applied if purchased.

5,000 Grover & Baker Sewing-Machines to be given away. The best Sewing-machine for all kinds of family sewing. The most elastic stitch, the simplest machine, the most reliable and the most popular machine in the market, for only twenty subscribers to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE at $3 each without any other premiums, and thirty subscribers with premiums, varying from $2 to $10 in value to each subscriber. Everybody who wants a sewing-machine can secure one on these easy terms.

HULL'S
TRANSPARENT
GLYCERINE SOAP.

Containing nearly 40 per cent. of Glycerine. For the toilet, and children, the best beyond comparison.

Sold everywhere,

And by Manufacturer, 32 Park Row, N. Y.

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TAKING THE OATH.

These groups, suitable for wedding presents or ornament, will be delivered, with all Express charges prepaid, at any point east of the Mississippi, on receipt of the price—viz.: from $10 to $25. Send for illustrated Catalogue and Price-List, to

JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Ave., New York.

NICOLAS HELMER,
LADIES' HAIRDRESSER
(FROM PARIS),

Manufactures all kinds of Switches, Chignons, Curls, etc., at the most reasonable rates.

Patrons ordering from the country will please send a sample of their own hair, and specify their orders carefully. Satisfaction guaranteed in regard to price and style of workmanship.

33 SIXTH AVENUE,
Near Fourth Street, NEW YORK.

IMPORTANT TO MILLINERS.
A. BASSFORD
Has the largest variety of Novelties in
PARIS FLOWERS

In the city. He Imports his goods direct, and can sell as low as any.

Polite and attentive Saleswomen in attendance, who branch and rearrange to suit the fancy of patrons.

The Specialty is TO SUIT MILLINERS IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

Fresh Goods and Styles every month, per Steamer.

721 BROADWAY,
First floor, up stairs,
Opp. A. T. Stewart & Co.'s, NEW YORK.

Audubon's Birds of America, splendidly Chromoed and given as a Supplement in each number of YOUNG AMERICA. The July number now ready, with a variety of entertaining features and a fine Chromo of the Birds as a Supplement. Boys and Girls, do not fail to see the splendid July number of DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA. Back numbers as specimens, with circular, mailed free, on receipt of ten cents. Yearly, $1.00, with a beautiful premium. Address W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, No. 838 Broadway, New York City.

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EAST HADDAM, CONN.

On the Connecticut River, near the Hartford & N. Y. steamboat landing. *Gives to* YOUNG LADIES *a thorough knowledge of music.* For catalogues and particulars, address D. S. BABCOCK, Prin., East Haddam, Ct. REFERENCES—*Wm. Hall & Son*, 543 Broadway, N. Y.; *J. W. Schermerhorn, A. M.*, 14 Bond St.; *Rev. S. W. Robbins, Rev. E. C. Gardner*, East Haddam, Conn.; *J. L. Peters*, 128 Broadway, N. Y.

$9.95 of New Sheet Music, 35 cts.
Howe's Musical Monthly, No. 10, contains:

Leben Waltzes, *Faust.* Berlin Kinder Waltzes *Keler Bela.* Merchant's Waltzes, *Gung'l.* 10 other pieces. "I saw Esau kissing Kate." "Far, Far upon the Sea." "Rock the Cradle, John." 9 other popular songs.

12 Songs, usual price, 35 cts. each, $4.20. 3 sets of Waltzes, 75 cts. each, $2.25. 10 other pieces, 35 cts each, $3.50. Extra fine paper, matched to bind with other first-class sheet music. Terms, $3.00 per annum, in advance. Clubs of 7, $18.00. Single Nos. sent post-paid for 35 cts. Back Nos. supplied. ELIAS HOWE, 103 Court Street, Boston, and all Music and News Dealers.

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Fourteen years have *proved* it efficient in securing "THE RIGHT TEACHER IN THE RIGHT PLACE."

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The Highest Premiums

AT THE LEADING

FAIRS AND EXHIBITIONS

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UNITED STATES AND EUROPE,

INCLUDING THE GRAND PRIZE,

The Cross of the Legion of Honor,

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HAVE BEEN AWARDED THE

Grover & Baker Machines.

POINTS OF EXCELLENCE.

Beauty and Elasticity of Stitch.

Perfection and Simplicity of Machinery.

Using both threads directly from the spools.

No fastening of seams by hand and no waste of thread.

Wide range of application without change of adjustment.

The seam retains its beauty and firmness after washing and ironing.

Besides doing all kinds of work done by other Sewing-Machines, these Machines execute the most beautiful and permanent Embroidery and Ornamental Work.

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An Illustrated Pamphlet, containing Price Lists, with samples of both the Grover & Baker Stitch and the Shuttle Stitch in various fabrics, will be furnished on request.

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KNOX FLUTING MACHINE.
Patented November 20th, 1866.

PRICE:

4 inch Machine,	$10.00
do. Extra Rollers,	5.00
6 inch Machine,	15.00
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This Machine is unsurpassed for simplicity—thereby never getting out of order—ease in workmanship, economy of time, labor saving, and less trouble than any other now manufactured. It is recommended by the following parties now having them in use, as being the best in the market.

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KNOX & JACKSON,
880 BROADWAY.

HOWLAND'S
Knife-Sharpener.

The best article for the purpose ever invented. A necessity for every table. Simple, Cheap, and Ornamental. It can be used by a child, and will give satisfaction to all who purchase. Manufactured from a combination of emery and porcelain—a substance so hard it can not be worn out. For sale by all Hardware and House Furnishing Stores.

Price 75 Cents, or $6 per Dozen.
Agents wanted everywhere.

F. TRAVER & CO., Ag'ts,
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LADIES' GEM.—A combination of Scissors Sharpener, Ripper, and Button Hole Cutter, and also convenient as a Pencil Sharpener and Nail Cleaner. Suitable for the Work-Basket, Portmonnaie or Vest Pocket. Price 25 cents, sent by return mail. Package of 1-2 doz. for $1 00.

JOHN B. ALDEN & Co., Chicago, Ill.

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Importers and Jewelers,

Manufacturers of Silver Ware, Services of Plate for private families, churches, associations, military companies, etc.

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Watches, of all first-class makers in Europe. Gold, Enameled, and Etruscan Jewelry. Stone, Cameo, and Coral Jewelry. Jet and Tortoise-Shell Goods. Fine Military Equipments on hand, and manufactured to order, comprising Swords, Belts, Sashes, Flags, etc.

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Paintings and Marble Statuary, Artistic Bronzes, Clocks and Mantel Ornaments, Fans, Opera-Glasses, Dressing-Cases, Writing-Desks, and rich toilet articles, etc., etc., form the largest collection in this country, and are open to the inspection of the public; together with our rich assortment of Chandeliers and Gas-Fixtures of entirely new and elegant designs, to suit private residences, stores, or public places.

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Our assortment of Sheffield and American Plated Ware and Cutlery is at all times very extensive and complete.

BALL, BLACK & CO.

HENRY BALL, WILLIAM BLACK,
EBENEZER MONROE.

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Kimmel & Forster.

August 1870

MME. DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHIONS.

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ostumes for August, 1870.

MME. DEMORESTS MIRROR OF FASHIONS.

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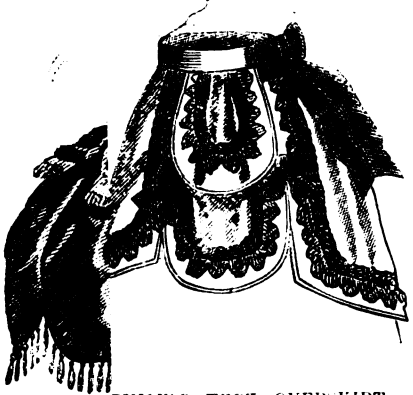


OPHEL RINCESS TECK OVERSKIRT.

LEONORE OVERSKIRT.

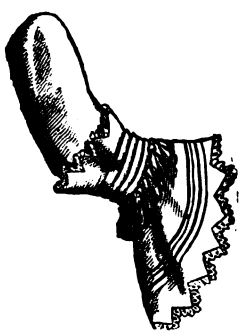
JULIET OVERSKIRT.

HILD VIVIA MANTELET.

GENEVRA BASQUE.

FANNIE JACKET.

LADY



CORINNA SLEEVE.

JENNIE POLONAISE.

MABEL DRESS

CHILD'S

NELLIE APRON.

HATTIE OVERSKIRT.

DIANA OVERDRESS.

IER OF 1870.—*See Page 245.*

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Seven times Four.

HENRY TUCKER.

1. Heigh - ho!
2. Heigh - ho!
dai - sies and but - ter - cups, Fair yel-low daf - fo - dils state - ly and tall; When the wind wakes how they
dai - sies and but - ter - cups! Moth - er shall thread them a dai - sy chain; Sing them a song of the
rock in the grass - es, And dance with the Cuck - oo - buds slen - der and small! Here's
pret - ty hedge - spar - row, That loved her brown lit - tle ones, loved them full fain! Sing
two bon - ny boys, and here's moth - er's own lass - es; Ea - ger to gath - er them all.
"Heart, thou art wide, though the house be but nar - row," Sing once, and sing it a - gain.

3.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,

4.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,

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STYLISH TOILETS FOR AUGUST, 1870.

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THE RIVALS.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH

I.—BABY-BOY.

[To be followed in the September number by "The Baby-Girl."]

REJOICE in my bliss, ye who love me,
Rejoice in the crown of my joy!
I am proud with a pride that is holy,
I am proud of my glorious Boy!
My Baby is sturdy and ruddy,
So much of him! Oh, what a charm
To hold him, and feel as I hold him
Such a weight of my wealth on my arm

YOU should have seen him, my Baby—
Before his third moon had grown old
He knew where my mouth and my eyes were,
As bees know the honey-cup's gold.
And if I looked tenderly on him,
With never a word, it may be,
How sweetly his little mouth offered
The roundest of kisses for me.

HIS hair has the hue of the Autumn
When turning from ruddy to pale,
That glorious leonine tawny,
Where vigor and feeling prevail.
It waves in half-curls on his shoulders,
Whose whiteness awhile it may deck;
He laughs from his eyes when I lift it
To hide a red kiss in his neck.

HIS big plumpy arms, how they hold me,
I'm breathless with bliss and the tug:
I clasp him and bind him as tightly,
That armful of sweetness I hug.
The eyes of my Baby are tender,
And then, will I say, they are blue;
But anon they are gray and searching,
And are looking me through and through.

HE speaks in the language of silence;
I know what he says, as I know
What is meant by the smell of the lily,
And the rose's ineffable glow.
He speaks in a gurgle and warble,
His meaning is clear, with no word,
As the song of the brook or the blackbird,
Or rustle of rain on the sward.

I KNOW that my Baby's a poet,
He croons such a rhythmical lay,
Flings a kiss to the dawn, like a lover,
While song is the soul of his play.
He sees a mysterious semblance,
In all that is shining and sweet,
To something he knew in his Eden,
Or longs for, expectant to meet.

LET my love be his Eden, his heaven,
O Father, who gave me the prize!
Let hope and remembrance be blended
In bliss on the breast where he lies!
Rejoice, and rejoice, ye who love me,
Rejoice in my tremulous joy;
I am proud of my armful of sweetness,
I'm proud of my glorious Boy!

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DR. GRAY'S PATIENT.

BY MRS. DENISON.

AUNT Attie Starbright was the sweetest and handsomest old maid that ever the sun shone upon. Everybody loved her; I don't believe she had an enemy in all the wide world; I am sure she had none in Rosebank, our own sweet village that snuggled amidst the hills.

Who can tell why some people never marry? Vivacious, charming, even up to forty, she was the very one to storm hearts. If she ever had offers, she kept the matter close, but I enjoy my own private opinion that she was often importuned to change her state of single blessedness. The word is no misnomer in her case—it was blessedness with her all through life.

Picture to yourself a fair, sunshiny face, with the gladdest, most innocent blue eyes you ever saw, with curls on each side the ample forehead white as silver, with a smile that made you happy for hours after you missed it, with a low, gentle voice as sweet as music, and there you have the aunt Attie whom the children, and, I do believe, the very dumb cattle, loved. Her flowers, trees, birds, and sunshine always seemed the brightest in Rosebank. Everything she did, looked, and said, was refined into something rarer than common. Her bread, meats, pastry, were always better to me than any I tasted elsewhere.

The only marvel was that Lurline Starbright had lived to be nineteen and had never been to Rosebank before. We all wondered what the gay, fashionable, beautiful young creature would think of aunt Attie, and tried in numberless ways to find out

Somehow, after she came from her city home, we fancied there was a shadow on aunt Attie's face—that her laugh was not as clear When we asked after her niece, she always said,

"Lurly is not very well; she came out here to get rested. By-and-by, I hope she will come among you. She plays and sings sweetly, and I do want to see the color in her cheeks, poor child!"

"I'll bet she's crossed in love," said Mandy White, who was not over choice in her language, and some way we all came to that conclusion.

THE DOCTOR AT THE DOOR.

But to my story.

"Doctor Gray," cried a clear, cheerful voice, one morning.

The doctor stopped old "President"—a grand old horse he was, too—and looked out. Aunt Attie stood at one of the bedroom windows: she seemed anxious.

The cottage, standing back among lilac-bushes and morning-glories and flowering vines, was indulging in its usual bath of summer sunshine. The hearts of the luscious flowers seemed glad as the soft warmth flushed their red and purple bosoms. The air was all redolent of country fragrance; young clover, reddening at the first breath of June, among the short grasses; here and there a rose bursting out of budhood, smiling and blushing, while the gum of the spruce-trees fell like amber tears down the smooth, straight trunks of the pines, contributing their share of spicy aroma to make glad the young season so coyly approaching.

"Good morning, aunt Attie," said the doctor; "fine day, isn't it? Your garden is as fragrant and beautiful as ever."

"Then come in to the parlor, if you can wait, and look at it from there, I've something to speak to you about."

"I've got to go up to Linton's. His daughter is just about going. If it will do as well, I'll stop as I come back."

"Oh, certainly; poor Mrs. Linton! How sad it is—this is the fourth child, and now she must go."

"Yes, it's very sad," said the doctor, and touched old President.

Then aunt Attie bustled into the next room, where her niece was getting ready for breakfast.

"I thought I heard you talking with somebody," said the girl, languidly.

"Yes, Lurly, an old friend. How do you feel *this* morning?"

"As miserable as ever," sighed the young creature, the white lids drooping over the great blue eyes.

Aunt Attie went down-stairs, perplexed. The doctor was at the door.

"All over," he said, in a quiet, softened tone; "the child has gone home."

"Poor mother!" sighed aunt Attie, her eyes full of tears.

"And what did you want of me?"

"To talk about my brother's child."

"Ah, the young lady," and there was just the suspicion of a flush in the doctor's cheek. He was thirty, and unmarried.

"She worries me," said aunt Attie. "I don't know as I make her happy, she's so used to grand things."

"Is she ill?"

"That's just what I want to know," said aunt Attie, her voice full of genuine distress. "She mopes, is unhappy, I believe, and has no appetite."

"Oh, something we shouldn't meddle with," laughed the doctor, a little nervously.

"Nonsense; I know what you mean—but it isn't that—no indeed. I'm afraid it's disease, and still she won't have a doctor. You don't know how it distresses me to have her sleep so heavily in the morning, looking like a corpse, almost. It's really sad, and she so young. It appears to me that she don't take an interest in anything."

"Well, what do you propose to do?"

"I propose that you shall see her, of course. But it must be done out of the regular routine way. You must call in this evening like any ordinary visitor. I'm really afraid if I don't do something she'll die on my hands. I love her too well to see her fade away, dear little Lurly!" and her voice lingered on the name tenderly. "I don't like any of the family as I do her. Belle is haughty, Mimmie a butterfly, but Lurly was always a loving, tender little thing. She's more of a violet than a rose. Will you come?"

The doctor was a handsome man, and admired beauty. He had seen Lurline but once—and then it appeared to him that her face was as that of an angel.

"Of course I'll come," he said, rising—"I should like to study this rare case. A young lady of wealth and fashion flitting to the country after a round of dissipation, and getting up strength for another season—"

"Now stop, doctor, don't be sarcastic," said aunt Attie; "if you saw and knew her as I do, you would feel as much interested in her welfare."

"Possibly more so," thought the doctor to himself, and took up his hat, conscious that his sarcasm had partly vailed other feelings.

Evening came, and aunt Attie had wiled her beautiful niece into the parlor. In the sweet face of the girl one could read unutterable weariness. She had bestowed but little care upon her toilet, but the snowy wrapper, the blue ribbons, a certain absence of all effort to appear well, gave her a soft, touching beauty. The doctor came; he was a man of genius—polished, handsome, susceptible to the finest influences, a lover of purity and goodness, and an almost worshiper of beauty. Like aunt Attie, he was the favorite of old and young. Time would fail me to tell how many nets had been thrown for him. Like a wary fish he had escaped them all, and, strange to say, his heart had not yet been deeply touched.

Without seeming to do so, he probed the young girl's case skillfully. A glance from him sent aunt Attie from the room on some pretext or other. Lurline sat at the open window; her glance wandered listlessly. She had not thought it worth her while to exercise her powers of conversation, but occasionally had said a brilliant or a witty thing.

Now, however, was the doctor's time. He drew his chair nearer to the young girl. He was a bold man in a good cause. He knew

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society, and, in spite of herself, he drew her out. Under that quiet exterior, he saw a reserved power that marked this girl as quite different from the generality of worldlings. He forced her, without her knowledge, to be herself. When he took his departure, aunt Attie met him at the door.

"Well?" she said, an expectant look in her eyes.

"I think I understand her case."

"Oh, doctor, and is she very ill? I have been trying to think if there was ever any insanity in our family. I don't believe there ever was"

'She is keen-witted enough," replied the doctor, smiling.

'You should see her when she is in good spirits."

"She *is* so, sometimes?"

"Occasionally, and then I want everybody to be by. She can be *so* brilliant, dear child! But you have not told me what ailed her."

"I can not yet—you must wait," he replied.

"Is it serious?"

"It might be, if not attended to," was the reply, as the doctor's face grew grave.

"Can you cure her?"

"I think I can."

"Heaven bless you, Doctor Gray! You have lifted a weight from my heart. When will you come again?"

"In a day or two. I have left no medicine. I must study her case further. Good-evening, madam."

"Dear me, how mysterious!" muttered poor aunt Attie, when he had gone; "I'm afraid it's hereditary, whatever it is," and she went in the parlor. Lurline sat there in a revery. She had let all her curls down, and they floated over neck and shoulders, lifted by the soft summer breeze.

"Well, dear," said aunt Attie, as she bustled about, "what do you think of our doctor?"

"Doctor—what doctor?" asked Lurline, lifting her mournful eyes.

"My child, he was here to-night—you have been talking with him."

"Oh, yes! Was that the doctor?" and her face took on more vivacity of expression. "I had quite forgotten who had been here. Has he a large practice?"

"Only physician here," was the reply.

"I wonder if you'll mind, aunty, if I go to bed. I feel so tired."

"No, dear, you're to do just as you please while you are with me."

The girl stood, holding by the open door.

"Aunty, how kind you are to me!" she said, in her low, plaintive voice. "I don't deserve that you should be so kind."

"Hear the child!" laughed aunt Attie. "Why, bless your heart, my darling, why shouldn't I be?" She rose from her chair, and kissed her niece on the forehead.

Three nights afterward, Doctor Gray called again, and again Lurline received him indifferently.

On being left alone with her, the doctor set his lips together. The decisive moment had come, and it required no ordinary courage to save her. He laid his hand on her arm—a light touch; but she almost sprang from her chair.

"My young friend," he said calmly, almost solemnly "I am going to speak to you as a professional man. How long since you contracted the habit?"

She grew scarlet, then white as death, bit her lips. Her breath came quicker, but her eyes dropped guiltily.

"To what do you refer, sir?" she asked, with haughty voice and manner.

"The habit of opium-eating, Miss Lurline."

She fairly lightened in her sudden wrath, as she confronted him again; but she met a glance so full of pity, of reproof, that her false courage gave way Her head drooped, her hands were clasped over her eyes, and she burst into a passion of tears.

"You are no gentleman to charge me thus—to come upon me unawares," she sobbed indignantly; "I never asked you to come—I never sent for you. I don't wish your advice," and again her voice was choked with tears.

"I should not be doing my duty to my God, or to you, if I held my peace." He went on in the same solemn voice, and there was reproof in it: "You are young; you move in society where elegance and luxury are in the ascendant. You have a fine, vigorous constitution. What, with all your advantages, your attainments, your pleasures, in a world so gay, could induce you to form this habit?"

"Because I am dissatisfied with all the world," was her passionate reply. "I am sick of life. I am weary of dressing, dancing, and smiling. They are all false—I hate them. I have seen nothing true in my life—nothing real. I despise hollow friendship. For all this I grew dispirited, nervous, till—till—"

"I see it all," said the doctor, pityingly, for it was sad to hear from the lips of one so young. "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

It was a terrible exhibition of Pleasure's boasted triumphs—her poor votary wearied, haggard and wretched, craving a false excitement that only led her feet to walk on burning coals.

"It does not make you happy," he said.

"Happy!" and there was a mocking echo in her voice. She caught the expression of his eyes, and her mood changed. She looked unlovely, hard, cold, cruel; but this was also false, and could not last. In a moment the hot tears were falling, and her voice, weary and passionless, groaned out the words:

"Oh, I wish I were dead!"

"A strange wish," he said slowly, "for one that knows that not one purpoee of her soul is fit for the pure eyes of her Maker."

"You are harsh, sir. Why do you preach to me?" she asked, her whole nature roused.

"I am only true," he continued that same look in his face which called up the blushes to her cheek. "You are steeping your life in crime, degrading the beautiful gifts God has given you, inviting remorse and misery. You can not find happiness, my poor child, in any of these things. It is the gift of God, and you must ask it of him only."

Her face was hidden from him, but the proud heart was touched, melted into contrition.

"I am going, Miss Lurline; forgive me if I have pained you. God knows it was hard to do. Good-night."

"Stop!"

It was the voice of command.

Lurline had thrown her hair back, and now stood upright.

"I want to say something. I want to tell you: I think you are the noblest man I ever saw."

"Miss Starbright!" he murmured, abashed, before her.

"Yes, you fill me with admiration, wicked and ungrateful as I have seemed. Papa sent physicians to me at home. Not one of them had the moral courage to say to me what you have said. You have saved me from myself. I promise you solemnly I will break off this wretched habit. I will live for something besides self. Now good-night."

Aunt Attie was surprised the next morning to see Lurly out in the garden, working among the flowers. The girl astonished her in several ways that day. Light and life dwelt again in that pretty home; roses bloomed inside and outside. Day after day, week after week the miracle went on, and doctor Gray's patient became happy, hopeful, healthy.

Doctor Gray called occasionally—enough to make the gossips talk, however, enough to set Lurline's heart to beating and her cheek glowing.

Lurline went back to her city home a new creature; and not many months after Doctor Gray was closeted with her father, when he told his honorable love, and won his patient back to Rosebank, as his happy, proud, and loving wife.

FOR A GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY G. S. B.

THE hillocks in our morning path
Stretch out a dusky length of shades
Along the level interglades,
And o'er the dewy, scented math.

BUT slowly, as the sun unwarps
His golden clew, the shadows trace
A shortening spiral to their base,
And vanish up the noonward scarps.

SO stretch away the shadowy nones,
So run and shorten as we climb,
Till o'er the barren crest of time
They mingle with the eternal zones.

LOOK up the steeps of fifty years,
How far and high their misty crown!
But, from their summits looking down,
How all the distance disappears!

GRAY travelers from youth's flowery clime,
Gone up with faithful hand in hand
This joyful hour we see you stand,
As in the morning's golden prime.

IN th t far day ye were but twain,
Now are we many: Great or small,
Your marriage ring surrounds us all,
One heart-beat stirs the integral chain.

AND we who greet your fading eyes,
Children and children's children, bring
The love that makes a precious thing
Of the least gift she sanctifies.

THE gray old years, a phantom throng,
Upfloating from their misty beds,
Wave benedictions on your heads,
Still blessing whom they spared so long.

AND fainter shapes of souls forgone
Come hovering in the crystal air,
To mingle with the loves we bear
Their deathless love, in light withdrawn.

AND paler in the purple deeps,
How far, how near, we can not guess,
A soul of purer loveliness
The signet of your bridal keeps.

FAIR angel of Immortal Love,
She joins in light the broken links
We drop in shadow, and, as it sinks,
Rebuilds our scattered home above.

LONG may her beautiful feet delay
Their coming, ere the Master bids,
Welcome as sleep to weary lids
Their silent steps, when come they may!

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THE GOLDEN BOWL.

BY FRANK H. NORTON.

FOUR o'clock in the afternoon of an October day on the avenue. Brilliant equipages trotting leisurely by; carriages with bright and beautiful women; trotting-wagons with fast young men holding well in hand fiery and impetuous steeds; bright yellow and scarlet leaves floating down from the trees and from the vines that clamber up the walls of some of the elegant residences; gayly-dressed ladies moving slowly along the sidewalk, chatting merrily with their cavaliers; lovely children, with hair floating in luxuriant masses, aping their elders and trying to flirt with boys too precocious for their time of life; an organ-grinder grinding out *Ah! force è lui*, on the corner of a side-street; a dozen gentlemen with their hats on lounging idly, cigar-smoking, in the windows of the club-house;—such was the scene.

Presently there came plunging through the crowd on the sidewalk a brilliant, shining little cherub of about five years of age, his golden curls floating over his black velvet jacket, and his sturdy little legs, in their crimson stockings, carrying him safely through the perils of the course as he darted around, between, or through the couples that separated to let him pass, until he dashed straight into the arms of a tall gentleman who had spied him from afar off, and now held him tightly and triumphantly, never minding the little fellow's struggles, until he, indignant at the imprisonment, looked up to see who thus impeded his onward career, and became suddenly quiescent as he beheld a familiar face.

The gentleman was, as we have said, tall, and he was, moreover, undeniably fine-looking; with a clear-cut face, marble-like in its purity, contrasting broadly with the heavy black mustache, and black curling hair that adorned it. His age would have been estimated at about thirty-five, and his relationship to the small runaway was soon made known by that youth's renewing his struggle, while he piped out: "Oh, do let me do, untle Tarlie; I don't want her to tech me."

"Who are you running away from, you young scapegrace?" said the gentleman, still holding him fast.

THE FIRST MEETING.

"I 'unned away from Oofy," was the reply.

"And who the dickens is 'Oofy?'" —and here appeared "Oofy" herself, struggling feebly with the crowd that gave her no latitude, and finally coming to a stand beside the child, holding one hand pressed to her side, and coughing so violently, and looking so weak, as to induce the gentleman to offer her the support of one hand, while he still held fast the arm of his prisoner with the other.

"Oofy" was simply a most charming and beautiful girl, as one could see with half an eye—graceful as a sylph, with a perfect head poised on a throat undulating as a swan's, dressed very plainly but neatly. Her bosom heaved with the excitement of the chase, and a bright red spot on either cheek, adding to her marvelous beauty, gave token of the insidious advance of the foe that was waiting but a few such occasions of unaccustomed exertion to break the golden bowl and loosen the silver cord.

Presently she recovered her strength in a measure, and, as she slipped from the supporting arm of the gentleman, and thanked him in a low, sweet voice, not yet quite firm, she turned to the child, now passive and net a little frightened at the physical disturbance he had created, and said gently: "You ought not to go away so far, Freddie; I am not strong enough to run after you, and I was afraid you might get run over. Come, now, we must go home."

"I'm torry; I won't do so aden," said the little fellow, and placed his hand instantly in that of his nurse.

"Are you quite strong now?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, yes, sir. I was only a little overcome, and I feel quite well now," she replied. And with that she was moving on, when the gentleman said:

"Do tell me your name. Freddie called you 'Oofy,' and I am curious to know what he meant by it."

"Ruth, sir," she answered.

"Sure enough—of course, Ruth—stupid in me not to know it," and, actually touching his hat, the gentleman pursued his course up town, while the nurse and the child walked slowly down the avenue, around the next corner, and were out of sight—not, however, until the gentleman, as he casually turned his head, met a parting glance from the young girl before they disappeared.

Charlie Hawthorne was one of the most exclusive young men in society; and, as he pursued his way, touching his hat and nodding frequently as he met lady or gentleman acquaintance, his reflections on his late interview were rather perplexing. He concluded his consideration of the subject by saying to himself as he entered the club-house: "Confounded pretty girl. Fannie has got a new nurse, I suppose, for the boy. By the way, I guess I'll go round and see my respected sister to-night, and throw over Bob and his euchre-party. It will be a good excuse."

So the euchre-party was thrown over, and, at about half past eight o'clock that evening, Charlie Hawthorne might have been seen seated in the very *recherché* little boudoir where Mrs. Corydon Carter received only her *intimes*, and her relatives, of course. On his knee sat the small runaway who had the honor of opening this story, but clad now in fresh white night-gown and cap, under which peeped out his irrepressible curls, in place of the black velvet and scarlet in which we first saw him.

"Now, kiss me good-night, Freddie," said his mother, as she lifted him down from his exalted position. "You may kiss uncle Charlie, and remember and say your prayers nicely to Ruth."

"I met Freddie and his nurse to-day," said Hawthorne, as the sturdy little fellow closed the door behind him, "and I commend you for your taste."

"Yes, she is nice-looking, and, besides, is really quite a cultivated girl. I can't imagine why she would accept such a position; but she answered my advertisement, and, of course, I was glad to take her. I believe she has been in affluent, or at least comfortable circumstances at some time; but she is very reticent, and says nothing about herself. Don't you go to making her fall in love with you now, Charlie!"

Mr. Hawthorne laughed a dry little laugh, and changed the subject.

Up-stairs, in the nursery, Freddie was down on his little red knees beside his crib, saying: "Now I lay me," while Ruth sat beside him with one hand on his curly head, and her thoughtful eyes peering off into the past or the future—who could tell which?

Mrs. Corydon Carter had never known her brother to be so attentive to her as during the next few weeks. He called at all sorts of hours, and with every conceivable excuse for calling; and he seemed to have taken the most extraordinary liking for Freddie, which he manifested by always insisting on seeing him, and by propitiating that youthful autocrat with gifts of candies, toys, and such other matters of youthful liking as his own dim remembrance of his childish years suggested.

It thus came to pass that he saw a good deal of Ruth Harmer, which, she said, was her name, and gradually his kindness and gentleness of manner drew from the young and forlorn girl her whole story.

Her father had been a prosperous merchant in a neighboring city, and, with her mother and herself—she being an only child—had passed a happy and tranquil life up to the time when the evil hour came. Ruth had been well educated and was accomplished, but had never been very strong; and the chief object of her parents had been to secure her health from danger, and, if possible, enable her to tide over the younger portion of her

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life and reach a period when her constitution should have become sufficiently strengthened to resist permanently the inroads of disease.

With this view Mr. Harmer was gradually gathering up the reins of his business, designing to retire in a year or two, and to travel in Southern Europe for the better carrying out of his purposes with regard to his daughter's health.

In his employ as bookkeeper, cashier, and general confidential agent, there had been for twenty years a man by the name of Vibert, a Frenchman, in whom Mr. Harmer had always placed the most implicit faith, and who knew, far better than the merchant, all the intricacies of the business.

Three days after learning Mr. Harmer's intentions, this man disappeared and was never afterward heard from.

With him departed negotiable securities and money to the amount of more than all the debts of the concern, leaving no other available assets. A stringency in the money-market completed the disaster, and the house of Waldo Harmer failed badly; and, although the merchant threw all his own personal belongings into the hands of the creditors, everything was utterly swamped.

Mr. Harmer was struck with paralysis and died in less than a week after the crash. His wife lived but a few months longer, and Ruth was left without means, and, as it happened, without near relations to assist her.

Naturally proud, and with her heart wrung by this accumulation of misfortune, the poor girl left her native city and came to New York in search of some means to gain a living.

But the condition of her health was such as to preclude her following any pursuit requiring outdoor exercise or deprivation of the comforts to which she had been accustomed; and, as her pride was not false pride, but that true sentiment which sees no ignominy even in servile labor, if it be honestly pursued, she took advantage of Mrs. Carter's advertisement as being most likely to afford her a pleasant and safe resting-place without arduous labor. Her fondness for children, increased by the fact of her being an only child, made this position a most agreeable one to her; and, as Mrs. Carter was a true lady, and treated those who served her as though they were human beings, she could not have made a more happy choice.

This painful story, told in Ruth's simple way and with many tears, produced a decided effect in Charlie Hawthorne's mind, and, for days after hearing it, his brooding and thoughtful condition excited no little curiosity in his acquaintances.

Whether he had got tripped up in some gold operation, was heavily in Erie, or had been "fighting the tiger" and got worsted, were among the anxious inquiries of his solicitous friends. But they got no satisfaction from him; and even his sister, no less solicitous, was utterly in the dark as to the subject of his musings, until, one afternoon, in the same boudoir where we once before found them, and after a protracted silence, Charlie sprung from his chair, saying: "Well, Fannie, I've thought the matter over pretty carefully, and the result is, I have made up my mind."

"What matter, Charlie?" said his sister, surprised at this abrupt address.

"Do you remember requesting me not to make Ruth fall in love with me?"

"Yes, I do," replied Mrs. Carter.

"Well, I've done just the other thing—I've fallen in love with her; and, what's more, I'm going to marry her—if she'll have me."

"You don't mean it, Charlie!" said his sister, dropping her work and turning very red. "Why, what will people think? A man of your means and position marrying a nurse!"

Mr. Hawthorn stopped a moment in his rapid walk up and down the room, and, looking steadily at his sister, said: "*You* know how little I care for what people say. Ruth's being a child's nurse, by accident, for a few months in your family, is no disgrace to her. I love her. She is naturally and by education a lady; she has been unfortunate and is unhappy, and I can render both her and myself happier by the act; and, if she'll have me, I'm going to marry her. So, we'll say nothing more about it. Now, I'm going to hunt her up and tell her so. By-by."

Charlie ran rapidly down-stairs and into the drawing-room, and, as he entered one door, caught a glimpse of Ruth leaving by the other.

To cut her off at the foot of the stairs and lead her again into the drawing-room was the work of a moment; and, when there, Charlie told her honestly and warmly that he loved her and wanted to marry her. He had plenty of means; they would go to Europe, and she should live where she chose or where it best agreed with her health; there was no wish of her's he would not forestall; and, because he loved her, and because she was lovable and good, he would do the most he could to blot out the memory of her past misfortunes and make her future life a happy one.

All this and more he said, as they stood in the bay window, half hidden by the curtains and looking out into the street.

She stood as he had taken her, clasped by his arm and leaning against his side, but uttered never a word, till, chancing to raise her eyes to look at Charlie, she caught sight of some one on the opposite side of the street, and, with a shriek: "That's him! that's Vibert!" slipped gently through his arms and lay insensible on the floor.

Charlie was a man of action; and, fixing his eyes on the gentlemanly person who was sauntering slowly toward the avenue, he rung the bell, told the servant who answered it to call Mrs. Carter and attend to Ruth, seized his hat and rushed from the house.

Keeping his man in view he walked after him at a brisk pace until the latter entered Delmonico's. Charlie entered after, saw his man seat himself at a table and order something, then walked up to the same table and said, in a cool voice:

"Mr. Vibert, I believe."

The gentlemanly person started, flushed a little, and then said in French: "Pardon me; I am M. Brevin."

Still in English, Charlie continued: "You are Mr. Vibert; and you may take your choice of going with me, or being arrested here on a charge which I stand ready to prefer against you."

"Against me! What charge, sir?" said the Frenchman, forgetting to speak in French, however, in his excitement.

"On a charge of embezzling the funds and securities of Waldo Harmer, merchant, about six months ago."

The Frenchman said nothing for a moment, poured out a glass of Cognac from a decanter which had just been brought to him by the waiter, drank it, and then answered: "Very well; I will go. But you must prove this charge. Ah, ha! you must prove it, my impulsive friend."

He settled his account at the desk, and the two left the saloon and walked down the avenue, arm in arm, like brothers.

Presently the Frenchman stopped a moment, and said: "But, my dear friend, where do you take me?"

"To the Justice's Court," was the reply.

"But, my dear friend, it is too late; and, besides, what charge have you to make against me? Who are you, eh? One of the unfortunate M. Harmer's creditors, possibly. Is it so?"

"I am not one of the gentlemen you mention," was Hawthorne's reply.

"Ah! You perhaps represent the heirs of M. Harmer. Precise! I see. Oh, yes! I see. It is the young lady—the young Mademoiselle. Now, my dear friend, let me ask you one little question again. What charge is it you have against me?"

"I shall charge you with embezzlement, with swindling, with fraud," said Hawthorne, excitedly.

"Ah, you will! But you will have to produce the young Mademoiselle in your Justice's Court as a witness. That will be unpleasant. Now I make you a propose—what you call a com-pro-mise. See! If you take me to the court they do not keep me, because I have commit no crime—no embezzle, no swindle, no fraud, no anything but what your lawyers call *breach of trust*—and so I will not get punished after all. But see. I don't want to go to court, so I say to you: suppose I am M. Vibert. Suppose I have—ah! what you say—absorbed the moneys of this M. Harmer and I have made other moneys with them, and I say to you I give to the Mademoiselle five, ten thousand dollars to compro-mise. Will that not be better, my young friend, than to make noise and disagreeable news in the papers, and get nothing? Because, you see, I know the law."

Hawthorne was staggered at this proposal, and chiefly because he began to think the fellow was right in his law, and had, perhaps, committed no offense for which he could be punished. So, after some further conversation, the two parted—the Frenchman giving him satisfactory evidence that he would not attempt to elude him, and agreeing to meet him at Delmonico's the same evening. Then Hawthorne hastened in the direction of his sister's house.

In front of the door, as he approached, he saw the gig of the family physician; and his face paled, and he hastened his steps, as a thought crossed his mind that something might have happened to Ruth.

His fears were only too accurate. Entering, he saw the drawing-room apparently filled with people, and, as they separated to let him

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pass, he saw, extended upon cushions, the form of the poor girl to whom but half an hour since he had told his great love.

All about her were large spots of blood, and a few drops still trickling from her lips told the sad story. Under the excitement of the interview with Hawthorne and the sudden reaction and change of all her thoughts when she saw Vibert, the shock had been too much for her system, and the bursting of a large blood-vessel had been the result.

Opening her eyes languidly as she heard the stir, she smiled, seeing Hawthorne, who knelt by her side distracted with terror and misery. With a great effort she took his hand and laid it on her breast, where, for one instant, he felt the faint throb of the heart beneath; then she struggled to speak, but her voice failed her—the effort produced another violent hemorrhage—her head dropped on one side—and so the "*golden bowl was broken.*"

Charlie Hawthorne did not go to Delmonico's that evening, and never has seen M. Vibert since. A week later, when Ruth lay asleep under the fresh sods in Greenwood, he was on a steamer bound for Europe, and in all the years since he has never set foot in his native land.

NONE THE LESS.

BY RHO SIGMA.

YOU say there's many an easy slip
'Twixt crystal cup and thirsting lip;
But, be it false or be it true,
One thing is sure:—while heaven's blue
Above me shines my life to bless,
I'll drink love's nectar none the less!

YOU say that sudden storms may rise
And dim the blue that decks the skies;
If so it be, then be it so—
'Twill but reveal the bended bow
Whose promise to my heart I'll press,
And drink love's nectar none the less!

YOU say that some rude hand may smite
Or sorrow grieve, or peril fright
The heart that would be brave and bold,
The hand that would be strong to hold;
But, whatsoever may distress,
I'll drink love's nectar none the less!

YOU say that since I seek with zeal
The cup that brings or woe or weal
To all who quaff its beaded wine,
It surely, surely shall be mine;
And though you say 'tis bitterness,
I'll drink love's nectar none the less!

TALKS WITH WOMEN.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

WHAT WILL COME OF IT.

THERE is a great deal of speculation and theory among intelligent men who do not actively oppose "Women's movements," as they are called, in regard to the possible consequences. "Granted that some things are not as they should be," they say, "is it wise to meddle with them? Would not the whole current of human life be changed, the very foundations of society be broken up, if women were allowed a voice in public affairs?"

For example, men are willing to marry now and work for wife and children, because over them they exercise control and authority; but if women were placed on an equal footing with men, had a right to vote, and a right in the income, and a right to themselves, men would not marry at all; they would decide to remain single, use their own earnings for their own benefit exclusively, and leave women to get along as best they could.

Now, with all kindness toward men, it may be remarked, *en passant*, that in a pecuniary point of view women generally, with all their disadvantages, manage to get along very well alone; but there is not the slightest danger that men would ever let them try it.

The instinct in men to marry is stronger than in women, as it should be, and no greater curse could be inflicted upon them, as they very well know, than isolation, old bachelordom, banishment from the society of good women.

The selfish argument, of devoting all a man earns, or can make, to his own benefit, amounts to nothing. He would still have to expend the greater part of his earnings upon women, and would receive infinitely less in return. His solitary room must be taken care of, his solitary meal cooked, his socks washed and mended, his buttons put on, his clothing made, and all this would be done by women who would absorb a large share of his earnings, yet leave him destitute of home, of children, of social respectability and position, of everything that good men most value, and that is most necessary to the permanent happiness of the individual and the well-being of society.

The truth is—and men are not so foolish but they know it—that we can expend but a very small part of the results of our labor upon ourselves. Necessary food and clothing do not cost so much, and beyond that, if we have anything, we must have something else that is human to share and enjoy it with us, and most men would prefer that that something were a woman, and that woman, wife.

There have always been blind men and foolish men who, in every age of the world, believed that every effort at improvement made by women was a distinct attempt to invade their rights—that every exercise of natural, God-given faculty was a usurpation of their functions. They would shut them up in a harem, or burn them on a funeral pile, or sacrifice them to any other form of selfishness and vanity that custom sanctioned, but such an idea of equal justice or equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, never obtained an entrance into their minds, and they can only conceive of an exercise of will on the part of women, in opposition to that of men, their rightful masters.

Women, in their eyes, were made for men, and a woman who is not a submissive wife, a careful, economical housekeeper, is a monster, an anomaly, who ought not to be allowed to live, except perhaps in the capacity of a quiet, despised maiden aunt.

Of womanhood, as an independent fact, they refuse to admit the existence; yet they rail at girls for having no resource but marriage, and make women responsible for the results of circumstances which they are not permitted in the least to control.

They declare that if women become lawyers or physicians, or even deposit a piece of paper in a box, it will unfit them to fulfill their duty as wives and mothers; yet in the same breath they applaud Queen Victoria, the ruler of the greatest nation in the world, as the paragon of wives and mothers.

I know of men like these, who, enraged at the attitude which some women have assumed, visit their indignation in the most cruel and cowardly manner upon their helpless wives and children. I know women who are refused every comfort and almost every necessity of their lives, who have to submit not only to personal neglect and contempt, but to the most bitter taunts and reproaches, when the debated question is mentioned or the advocates of the cause of woman obtain a hearing.

But does any man think that this will stop the march of events or supply the evidence needed of men's superiority? It certainly will not. The blood of the martyrs is the life of the church, and persecution is the evidence, as well as the coadjutor, of a strength that is feared.

The best proof of the truth that underlies the odd and eccentric aspects of the woman question, is the fact that the advanced position is sustained and supported by the most intelligent and enlightened men, while the condemnation comes mainly from the ignorant and debased—men who know that, in a game of equal chances, they would be nowhere, that their only opportunity lies in being members of a privileged sex.

The plea that men or women will change their natures because matters are arranged so that they can act justly toward each other, is too silly for contradiction. The tendency of all things is toward greater justice and equality in human relations; and the difficulties arise not from the exercise of justice and humanity, but from resistance to them, and the lines of duty they mark out.

Would a woman be any the less likely to be a good wife because she held herself responsible to God instead of a man incapable of governing himself—much less her? Would she be any the less a good wife because he confided in her judgment? because she shared his responsibilities? because, in all respects, she was treated as a human being, with an equal hope, equal aim, equal destiny?

If men would be wise in time, if they would put themselves in the place of women for a little while, they would acknowledge the injustice of condemning her to one mode of existence, yet deprive her of the power of obtaining even that; of declaring her responsible for wrong, but incapable of doing right; of demanding from her an active, healthy, intelligent, well-formed race, yet shutting her up from the world and its activities as an exotic or a drudge.

What will come of it, in the long future, heaven knows. The colored man is free to-day, and stands beside his master, spite of the chains that held him. The kind slave-owner suffered with the cruel master. Nature laughs at subterfuges, and never allows a little generosity to compensate for a great wrong.

I do not believe that women generally wish to occupy public positions or enter political life. I think it goes against the grain, with most of them, to even see their names in public print. But

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they must have scope for their capacities, and it is not for men to narrow them down to the kitchen and the nursery, or set the precise boundary to them in any direction. A woman can do no more than God lets her; and, if God is willing, why should man object? This interference with the prerogative of the Almighty is one of the most fruitful sources of human suffering.

If it were true, indeed, as has been asserted, that women were made for men, as men were made for God, then one can only regret, for the sake of everybody, that there should seem to have been such a dreadful mistake all round. Certainly, men fall quite as short of realizing their position toward one, as women toward the other.

Moreover, in that case a woman is soulless, and, therefore, utterly irresponsible. To be consistent, the man should represent her in everything—suffer her punishments, as well as enjoy a monopoly of human privileges.

Taking this view, it was cruel in the Almighty to allow the possibility to exist of one woman being left unprotected or unprovided for by a male atom of humanity; and, in the absence of such direct providential interference, the State ought to constitute itself the legal guardian and protector, surety and provider, of all single women and widows.

But this wicked and blasphemous assertion does not require to be seriously controverted. The woman is the mother, not the daughter of the race; and, if either sex were made for the other, it must have been man who was made for woman—to work for, comfort, and support her in the fulfillment of her important maternal function.

How will men answer to God for the way in which they have performed this duty? Will they say "Lord, you see this woman whom you made with a fine, delicate, and complex organization to be the vehicle of living souls on their passage to the earth, while we, with our rougher natures, were to cherish, protect her, and be guided by her inspirations.

"Well, we have concluded that you did not know what you were about. We have taken advantage of our physical strength to make her submit to whatever we choose to inflict upon her. We have alternately kicked and petted her, until she begins to realize her true position of subordinate to our will and pleasure, and we would advise you not to disturb this state of things, not to put any notions into her head, or allow her to think for a moment that she is not just as dependent and just as inferior to us as we have tried to make her."

What could it be imagined would be the Lord's reply?

"O foolish and blind, do you not see that in debasing this woman you have destroyed yourselves? Would the fountain pollute and render powerless the stream from which it derives its force and vitality? I gave you strength to support and protect this woman in the exercise of her important functions, not to crush her. Her quick insight, her fine moral sense, her spiritual perception, were given to aid in the working out of divine law, not as so many barbs to assist you in piercing and wounding her.

"Your pride and arrogance have roused in her a spirit foreign to her nature, and now you must take the consequences. Instead of loving daughters, true sisters, and faithful wives, you will have to meet opponents whose lack of physical strength will be more than made up by the thousand resources of their ingenuity, by their steadfastness, and by their power to endure. The homes you have neglected will no longer exist; the power you have abused will be, in a measure, transferred; anarchy and confusion will take the place of law and order, for the woman is the conservative and constructive, man the disintegrating element in society, and, with her thrown out of her appropriate sphere of action, the whole fabric of society would lose its balance and totter to its overthrow."

What can we imagine the man, seeing its justice, would say to this charge, and threatened punishment?

As a wise man, would he not reply: "Lord, it is true that we have been in fault, that we have tried to *subject* the woman, even when we loved her, instead of trusting her as a different, but equal half of humanity. But now, how can we remedy the evil? How can we get justice, and avert the threatened consequences?"

And the Lord would answer:

"Man never can avert the consequences of his wrong-doing, or even of his mistakes; but he can use remedial agents that will mitigate them. Men and women must both suffer for their errors, but you can urge your fellows to immediately commence taking steps in the right direction.

"You can withdraw woman from her follies by giving her duties and interests in the schools, and educational movements of the day. You can educate her to cure the sick, to whom she is the natural minister. You can confide to her the details of your charities and corrections, for that is a work in which her heart will be the best guide of her head. You can acknowledge the importance of her functions, and give her means to perfect herself in them. You can resign into her hands the administration of the home and the family, sustain her in it, and endeavor to cultivate the virtues and affections which render the home sacred, instead of making them matters of jeering and ridicule.

"You can resist the spirit of grasping and covetousness, which prompts men to appropriate and monopolize the wealth of the world, to the exclusion of women, and willingly share with them the accumulations of your productive labor, while their energies are absorbed in the domain of use and beauty.

"You can give to woman for her labor the price you pay to man for his labor, and make them both equal before the law, to which they are both responsible. Will you do it?"

But the man turned away, like Nicodemus, and did not answer; and so it is still in doubt what will come of it.

THE TRUTH OF THE "WOMAN QUESTION."

"ONE thing," says Mr. Mill, "we may be certain of, that what is contrary to women's nature to do, they never will be made to do by simply giving their nature free play. The anxiety of mankind to interfere in behalf of nature, for fear lest nature should not succeed in effecting its purpose, is an altogether unnecessary solicitude. What women by nature can not do, it is quite superfluous to forbid them from doing. What they can do, but not so well as the men who are their competitors, competition suffices to excuse them from, since nobody asks for protective duties and bounties in favor of women; it is only asked that the present bounties and protective duties in favor of men should be re-called. If women have a greater natural inclination for some things than for others, there is no need of laws or social inculcation to make the majority of them do the former in preference to the latter. Whatever women's services are most wanted for, the free play of competition will hold out the strongest inducements to them to undertake. And, as the words imply, they are most wanted for the things for which they are most fit; by the apportionment of which, to them, the collective faculties of the two sexes can be applied, on the whole, with the greatest of valuable results."

BELLE, MY QUEEN.

BY M. L. M.

HOW you frolic and dance and play
Over the meadows when all is fair,
Bright thyself as the joyous day,
Wild-flowers twined in thy sunny hair,
Love's own lau h in thy dark-brown eye,
Gushing forth on thy ripe red lip;
Care or sorrow thou knowest not,
Life to thee is a pleasure trip,
Belle, my queen!

SOFT the rich, warm sunlight falls,
Bathing thy little figure rare
In floods of emerald rose and pearl,
Dainty and exquisite, fairy, fair!
The shadows will come, fall fa t enough:
Bask while you can in the golden light,
With never a hint of the pathway rough,
Never a thought of the falling night,
Belle, my queen!

WELL I remember, two years ago,
They brought me a baby, and said 'twas mine,
And I clasped you close in my arms and prayed
To live, to devote my life to thine.
God granted my prayer, I grew well and strong,
And my baby throve with each breath she drew,
Lovely as lilies the grass among,
And dearest of all upon earth were you,
Belle, my queen!

AH, in the long years to come, my pet,
May some sweet influence guide thy fate,
Sorrow and trouble keep far away,
And joy and love on thy footsteps wait.
Of course thy life can not be all smiles;
Tears must c me—it is well they do:
But God in his mercy hold thee safe,
And guard thee all life's journey through,
Belle, my queen!

WHILE I have been thinking about you, dear,
And losing myself in a day-dream sweet,
Where have you hidden? Ah, there you are,
Rolled in the grasses around my feet.
Sweet little truant, what mischief plays
Around those laughing, sunlit eyes?
Innocent mirth of baby days!
Nothing like it beneath the skies,
Belle, my queen!

COME to me, darling, 'tis growing late,
And papa'll be home before us now.
Nay, but we must not make him wait;
See, the sun in the west is low.
That's my beauty! I knew she'd be good.
Put the little arms tight round mamma's neck;
Now sing me the song that I taught you, dear,
As we go in the gloaming homeward slow,
Belle, my queen!

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DRESS OF FRENCH WOMEN.

A HABIT prevails in France, in regard to the dress of young unmarried ladies in the wealthier classes, so entirely different from our own system, that it is worthy of mention. The young ladies, till the day of their marriage, must dress plainly and cheaply; they must not, even in company, wear jewelry, flounces or ribbons to any extent. The mother may carry into company ten times the value that her daughter can. And it is astonishing how the old women of of France do dress. One might very well take the modestly-dressed daughters at their side for a family instructress or a favorite servant. Not only must the daughters dress plainly and modestly, but they must never move out of sight of their mother, or chaperons, nor speak to a gentleman without permission, until they are married. Then the study of the fashions is very apt to become a mania with them; and unless they are gratified to the full extent of their desires, the husband very often becomes a sufferer in more ways than one. A Frenchman, however, can not resist the fascinations of a Frenchwoman, and he generally yields to all her wishes, even if he sacrifices his happiness in other particulars. A more independent, exacting, diplomatic, showy race of married women can not be found.

THE BRIDE.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

FROM the altar gently lead her,
She who now is all thy own;
Let her feel your arm will shelter
When earth's stormy winds shall come.

HOLY vows have just been spoken—
Vows so soft they scarce were heard;
Never let love's charm be broken
By a thoughtless, cruel word.

KISS the bride so lovely, lightly
On her blushing cheek or brow;
Hope's fond star is shining brightly
O'er life's future prospects now.

LET thy arm go gently wreathing,
Like a garland, round her zone;
To thy heart she's gently breathing
Of an earthly Eden—home.

BLESS her! wife and angel-maiden!
Thine till death alone shall part;
Ne'er with grief or sorrow laden
Must thou see her loving heart.

BLESS her, wife! who stands united
To her virgin heart's first choice;
Let her griefs be ever lighted
By the house-band's cheering voice.

TYROLESE MARRIAGES.

AMONG those nations claiming to be most civilized, marriage is considered more of a commercial matter than one of the heart. The Tyrolese appear to be actuated by true sensibility in their wedding customs. An enamored youth beseeches his parents to give him their consent for the choice which he has made. To his request they reply: "Go earn thy wife. To be a good father, a man must be able to get bread for his children." The young man obeys their mandate. Sometimes he has to travel far with merchandise to dispose of, or on some other commission, entailing an expenditure of a long period of time, much trouble and patience. If, after this trial, he still persists in his resolution, the parents consent The father and son array themselves in rich apparel, and with simple presents pay their visit to the future bride. "God bless thee, lovely girl," the father says, "thou remindest me of the days of my youth. I have a son—he loves thee. Wilt thou make my declining years happy?" The girl modestly replies; the young man is introduced. Fresh presents are given, then a frugal repast, then much dancing and merriment, then a triumphal procession to church, then a simple ceremony.

Literary and Art Gossip.

"LA PATTI."—The Marquise de Caux has made great progress in the art of dressing, as is evidenced by her elegant toilets in a recent representation of "La Traviata," in Paris. Among others, all charming, was a *toilet de bal* of white *poult de soie*, garnished with *plissés* and ruches of tulle—the tunic of tulle looped with garlands of roses and white lilacs. The coiffure, elegantly arranged, was literally sprinkled with diamonds. She also wore a rich golden necklace, from which was suspended a superb medallion composed of an exceedingly large black pearl, surrounded by brilliant diamonds, and a magnificent diamond bracelet on her left arm. The greater part of these costly jewels were recently brought from Russia by "La Diva," who was completely loaded with presents by the Czar, and the subscribers to the "Theatre Italien" in St. Petersburg. The subscribers themselves presented her with a *parure* worth $16,000.

"TALKS TO MY PATIENTS; or, Hints on Getting Well and Keeping Well," by Mrs. R. B. Gleason, M. D. This admirable book has just been published by Wood, Holbrook & Co., of Laight street. It is full of practical information for women, couched in the simplest, plainest language. The "confidential" talks to mothers are just what many women need, and a young married woman could not have a better friend put into her hand than these "talks"—so sensible, so practical, so necessary, in the new relation, upon which so many young women ignorantly enter. We recommend it to all wives and mothers, as in many respects, and especially from the medical standpoint, an excellent counselor.

Diamonds of Thought.

SELF-CONFIDENCE.—Never look for your ancestors or your titles in the imperfect records of antiquity: look into your own virtues and the history of those who loved to be benefactors to society.

SELF-EXAMINATION.—Few sufficiently practice the habit of self-examination. Through life man is liable to error, and requires check, rebuke, and counsel. He should personify his own conscience.

FAILURE: ITS USES.—We learn wisdom from failure more than from success; we often discover what will do by finding out what will not do; and he who never made a mistake, never made a discovery.

GOD gave you that gifted tongue of yours, and set it between your teeth, to make known your true meaning to us, not to be rattled like a muffin-man's bell. —CARLYLE.

SERVANTS.—If the master takes no account of his servants they will make small account of him, and care not what they spend, who are never brought to an audit.

VERY TRUE.—There are few men whose friends will build them a monument so honorable or so durable as he builds for himself who plants a shade elm or maple.

GOOD AND EVIL.—Good is slow: it climbs. Evil is swift: it descends. Why should we marvel that it makes great progress in a short time?"

LOYALTY.—Believe nothing against another but upon good authority; nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it.

DIGESTION.—It is not the plenty of meat that nourishes, but good digestion; neither is it abundance of wealth that makes us happy, but the discreet use of it.

KINDER is the looking-glass than the wine-glass; for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only—the latter to our friends.

HONEST industry is, after all, man's only sure dependence for the double blessing of a contented mind and a comfortable livelihood.

INNOCENCE.—As continued health is vastly preferable to the happiest recovery from sickness, so is innocence superior to the truest repentance.

FREEDOM FROM PAIN.—Men are rendered happy by the exemption of pain rather than by the enjoyment of any pleasure.

FUTURE AND PAST.—Either the future or the past is written in every face, and makes us, if not melancholy, at least mild and gentle.

DIRECTION AND PURPOSE.—The thing which an active mind most needs is a purpose and a direction worthy of its activity.

BE SO.—Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scorner, and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive.

LIBERALITY.—Defer not charities till death; for he that doth is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

IT is only those who have done nothing who fancy they can do everything.

Our Spice Box.

A MODEL HUSBAND.

A MAN that's neither high nor low,
In party nor in stature;
No noisy rake, no fickle beau,
That's used to cringe and flatter.
And let him be no learned fool
That nods o'er musty books;
That eats, and drinks, and lives by rule,
And weighs my words and looks.
Let him be easy, frank, and gay,
Of dancing never tired;
Always have something smart to say,
But silent if required.

A QUAINT WILL.—A curious paper might be written about the contents of odd wills. It has often been observed that the character of a departed person can often be well read in his will; but what manner of person Joseph Mulley, of Clapton, can have been it is difficult to say. It is dated 1838, and contains the following curious legacy:—"I give unto my sister Susanna five pounds of money of Great Britain, one long hair-broom, a winney, a dust-shovel, two hard brushes (both to be used at one time), and one pound of the best rappee snuff, which I am sure will complete her happiness in this world and the world to come."

DOING A LAWYER.—A well-known young solicitor obtained a divorce for a pretty and wealthy client. He sent in a bill for $2,000. The next day the lady called on him, and inquired if he was in earnest in proposing to her.—"Propose to you, madam! I didn't propose to you," replied the astonished lawyer.—"Well, you asked for my fortune, and I thought you would have the grace to take me with it," was the calm reply.—The lawyer gave in.

WHAT IS TEA?—Elderly ladies and gentlemen who find immense comfort in a cup of tea need not be alarmed, but the fact is, that, according to chemical analysis, that identical cup of tea contains twenty different articles—namely: volatile oil, chlorophyl, wax, resin, gum, tannin, theine, extractine, apotheme, albumen, sulphur, phosphorus, chlorid of potassium, oxyd of iron, carbonate, sulphate, and phosphate of lime, carbonate of magesia, manganese, and silica.

LATEST FOR BRIDES.—A plain gold bracelet which fastens with a lock and gold key, and which the husband places on her arm at the altar, locking it, and placing the key on his watch chain. The bracelet "can not be removed without the husband's assistance, and thus both are constantly reminded of each other."

WHERE TO HAVE IT.—A debating society at Lyons has been for some time engaged in a discussion of the question: "If you have a 'boil,' where would you have it?" and its members have finally decided, "on another fellow."

A SINGULAR WAGER.—A man with one eye laid a wager that he saw more than another person with two. The wager being accepted, "You have lost," he exclaimed, "for I can see *two* eyes in your face, and you can only see *one* in mine!"

THERE was an old lady went to market, and bought two fish; when she got home, she found she had got *three;* two mackerel and one *smelt.*

WHAT is the cheapest way to purchase a violin?—Go to a chemist's shop, and buy sixpennyworth of sal volatile, and he will give you a *vial in.*

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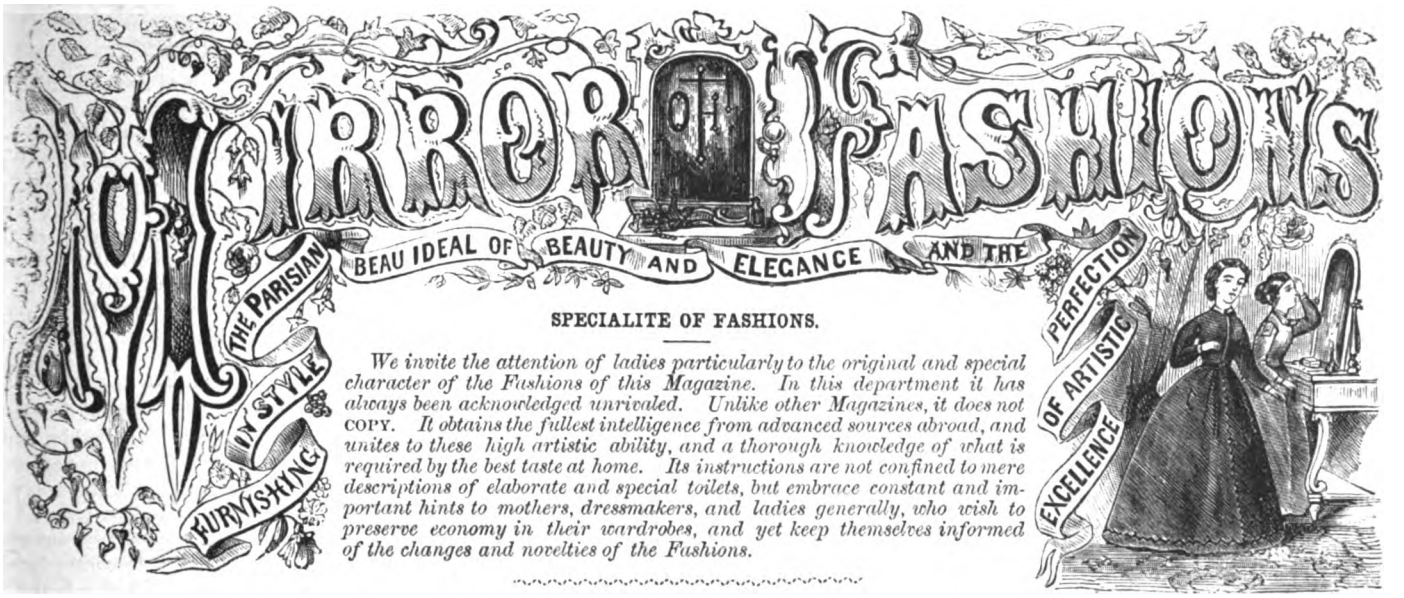
MIRROR OF FASHIONS
THE PARISIAN
BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE
PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE
IN STYLE
FURNISHING
SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.
We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Fashions of this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not COPY. It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by the best taste at home. Its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace constant and important hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, and yet keep themselves informed of the changes and novelties of the Fashions.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

SEVERAL new materials have been introduced this season which deserve mention as genuine in quality and irreproachable in style.

One of these is the *tissu de Roubaix*, and another the *popeline de Roubaix*. There are also self-colored Pongee silks of the very best manufacture, made wide for suits, and reversible twilled *foulards* which are very durable, and display a contrasting color on the under side, which serves for *revers* and trimming.

Tissu de Roubaix takes its name from the place where it is made—a small town ten miles from Lyons, France. It is, in appearance, a cross between China silk and *gaze de Chambéry*. It is soft yet firm, wide (twenty-four inches), and a perfectly pure silken fabric. It is introduced expressly for handsome summer suits, and is trimmed with silk fringe and satin pipings. In bright-blue, mauve, and gray, it is particularly attractive; but the gravity of the latter tint requires brightening with rose-pink or blue in the trimming.

Reversible *foulards* are intended also for suits, but they are stouter and less dressy in appearance than the new tissue. Their principal merit consists in the fact that they can be turned up in *revers*, and show a sufficiently bright color on the under side to form a trimming.

Lace is enormously worn upon all dressy toilets, and the passion is for *real* lace—the fabric in which a fortune could be sunk in the space of ten minutes. Of course, a great deal is worn that is not real, and fresh imitations are being produced every day; but a lady knows to a fraction what all such imitations are worth, and can distinguish them, at sight, better than the male clerks in stores, so that no one would dare to wear them who wished to retain caste.

So great is the demand for real lace that it is rapidly advancing in price, and will probably be held at rates this fall at least a third in advance of last year.

Ornaments of cut jet have been revived, and are largely worn; but jet beadings, and mixtures of jet with fringe and gimps, are entirely out of date. Rich, dull gimps, and *passementerie*, with fringe or lace, are used upon heavy silk, but nothing bright or glittering.

En passant, it may be remarked that ribbons express the same sentiment. Satin has gone out of favor for dress or bonnet trimmings, and dull *gros-grain* has taken its place.

Bonnets are very high, with somewhat broader brims, which are bent down and form a sort of "gipsy" frame to the face. They are gradually approaching larger size, and we look for a startling change, shortly, which will revolutionize their whole character.

We look, also, for an effort to revive long dresses, though that will be retarded by the reluctance of all women to return to them, and the determination of sensible women to resist them if the attempt is made. There is a power in women themselves to shape the cut of their own skirts and sleeves, and they are just beginning to find it out.

Very pretty summer costumes are made by wearing a silk tunic over a flounced tissue or satine cloth dress, and draping a lace shawl prettily over it.

TOILETS FOR AUGUST.

SHORT WALKING-DRESS of white *piqué*, composed of skirt trimmed with an embroidered needlework flounce, plaited, a tunic bordered to match, and a bodice with a square basque trimmed in the same way. A *gros-grain* sash of any color to match the bonnet is worn with this dress. It should be stated that the flounces are headed with a band of embroidery.

FOUR DRESSES of muslin were made recently—two for the house, and two, *en suite*, for the street. The latter were green and mauve; the former, pink and blue. They were all short, and all trimmed with Cluny lace and *gros-grain* ribbon to match the color of the muslin.

A VISITING-TOILET of *grisaille* silk is made with a small *casaque* to match, and trimmed with black velvet. The sash of *gros-grain* is fringed out upon the ends, and the hat of Belgian straw is trimmed with black lace and large white Marguerites with pink roses.

A RECEPTION-DRESS for an elderly lady is of mauve *faille*, trimmed with two flounces of white English point-lace, arranged to form a *panier*. A white lace mantle is fastened down in front and at the back of the waist with bows and ends of wide mauve *gros-grain* ribbon. White lace barbes, with mauve ribbon and two roses, red and white, form the head-dress.

A SUIT OF STONE-COLORED BATISTE, for walking and country wear, is trimmed with flat, single plaitings of the material, attached with cross-cut folds edged with a fine bias of dark-blue cambric. The suit consists of skirt (walking-length), tunic overskirt, and short, loose jacket, open upon the back.

A NEW LINEN SUIT is made with walking-skirt trimmed with a flat, plaited flounce, headed with narrow bands of black cambric with a white edge. The tunic overskirt has false pockets at the sides, surrounded with these plaitings, through which bands of the material or ribbon may be passed to loop it up and allow it to open out, without trouble, for washing. At the back it is open to the waist, forming a full, double *panier*. An underwaist and jacket complete the suit.

Many linen and muslin suits consist simply of skirt and Polonaise—the latter open upon the back and trimmed in a half moon, with plaitings set up on the back instead of falling down toward the skirt, the rows of braid or folds of cambric forming the base instead of the heading.

A VERY HANDSOME LINEN SUIT consists of skirt, tunic, and sleeveless jacket, with an under "French" waist. A plaited flounce borders the underskirt. The rest is trimmed with unbleached *guipure* and mountings of black velvet in bows or loops and ends. Without the velvet, such a suit costs thirty dollars.

SUMMER FABRICS.

THE number and variety of materials, together with their often minute points of difference, puzzle many ladies whose opportunities afford only a limited acquaintance with the changes in materials and fabrics.

Linen—the grass linen and pure linen—lawns, cambrics, and percales, even *piqué* and grenadine, are well understood; but yak cloth, leno cloth, *batiste*, and "seersucker," are to many quite among the regions of the unknowable, and as much Greek as Sorosis, when that mysterious word first fell upon the public ear.

Batiste is a fine, close, neutral-tinted fabric, of wiry silk and linen, which makes up beautifully in the fashionable costumes, with single plaitings and bias folds, edged

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with a color, blue, green or purple.

"Seersucker" will be remembered as a material that was formerly used for men's coats. It is a mixture of Lisle thread and cotton, comes in narrow stripes, and its chief merit is its great durability. It looks no better than fine striped cambric, has less gloss, but washes perfectly, and irons easily. It sells for from twenty to forty cents per yard. A suit, ready made, costs from twelve to thirty dollars.

The "satine" cloth, used instead of *piqué*, by those who prefer it, is all cotton, but it is so skillfully manufactured that it looks as smooth, and almost as fine and glossy, as white satin.

Piqué is simply cotton with a ridged surface, symmetrically arranged to form designs. It costs from thirty cents to one dollar per yard.

TOILETS AND COSTUMES.

(*See double page Engraving.*)

FIG. 1.—A handsome suit, appropriate for either house or street wear. The dress is of twilled *foulard*, striped in chestnut-brown and white, made with a plain waist, coat sleeves, and a skirt entirely without trimming. The tunic overdress is of almond-colored *crêpeline*—a material differing slightly from *crêpe de Chine*. It is open in the front, and looped in the back so as to form two deep points. The trimming consists of a rich *crêpe* fringe, headed with a plaited quilling surmounted by unbleached *guipure* lace. A single-pointed sash-end trimmed with quilling and lace. Round hat of brown straw trimmed with almond-colored *crêpe de Chine*.

FIG. 2.—Evening dress of green *gaze de Chambéry*, the train skirt bordered with three box-plaited flounces seven inches wide, above which are three standing three-inch ruffles. These are all edged with Tom Thumb fringe, and are additionally trimmed and attached with bias folds of silk of the shade of the dress. The overskirt is double and quite square in the back, and forms a round apron in the front, slightly looped at the sides. It is left open in the back, and the corners are tied in careless knots. Trimming of fringe and folds of silk. Square-necked *corsage*, forming two points in the front and a plaited postillion in the back, trimmed to correspond. Sleeves quite full to just below the elbow, where they are finished by a broad ruffle.

FIG. 3.—Dress of striped summer silk, black and white. The skirt is trimmed with one bias flounce, fourteen inches deep, bound top and bottom with black silk, and set on so as to form its own heading. *Confection* of black *gros-grain*, very long and *bouffant* at the back, and describing a point in the front. Wide sleeves, open to the shoulder, disclosing the striped sleeves underneath. Trimming of rich silk fringe surmounted by a very full fringed ruching of silk. Full sash trimmed to match. Heart-shaped neck with chemisette of Valenciennes. *Chapeau rond* of black Neapolitan braid, trimmed with *rouleaux* of *gros-grain* ribbon and black thread-lace, and a large shaded rose, in foliage, set directly in front. Streamers of rich *gros-grain* ribbon.

FIG. 4.—An exquisite evening or dinner toilet. Train dress of lavender *poult de soie*, the front widths of the skirt ornamented with a fourteen-inch flounce *à la Russe*, edged with an inch wide fold of violet *crêpe*. The heading is composed of narrow folds of violet *crêpe* alternating with full pinked ruchings of *crêpe* surrounded by black thread-lace, which are placed diagonally between rows of side-plaitings of lavender silk edged with folds of violet *crêpe*. These side-plaitings are half hidden by black lace. A trimming similarly arranged simulates a court-train, and is repeated on the round *panier*, the flowing sleeves, and around the shawl-shaped neck, which is open to the waist. Chemisette and undersleeves of *point d'Angleterre*. Coiffure of puffs and curls, ornamented with loops of lavender ribbon and clusters of violets.

FIG. 5.—Child's Gabrielle of blue and white striped grenadine, the skirt trimmed round with a feathered ruching of blue silk of the shade of the satin stripes in the dress. A very broad double *Watteau* plait descends from the neck to the waist, where it is confined by a bow. Below, this forms a small round *panier* trimmed with feathered ruching. Square neck and sleeves trimmed with ruching.

FIG. 6.—Train dress of white *gaze de Chambéry*, the skirt ornamented with folds of rose-colored silk and a double feathered ruching of rose-color arranged as seen in the illustration. Overdress of rose-colored silk, very long in the back and gathered toward the top where it is joined to the fronts so as to form a *panier*. The fronts form deep pointed tabs joined with straps and bows of rose-color. Wide flowing sleeves, showing the white ones underneath, trimmed with bands of rose-color. The entire overdress is trimmed with ruching to match that on the skirt.

FIG. 7.—Visiting-costume of black iron grenadine, made over black *taffetas*, the skirt bordered with a flounce fourteen inches wide, over which falls a five-inch ruffle cut in decided Vandykes and set on nearly plain. This is surmounted by another ruffle of the same width arranged in box-plaits. The flounce and ruffles are bound with black *gros-grain*, and the heading is composed of a side-plaiting of *gros-grain*, attached with a bias band of the same. Overskirt with a round apron-front, and forming two very deep points in the back, trimmed to match the lower skirt. A sash at each side and one in the back, cut in points and bound with *gros-grain*. Plain waist and rather close sleeves trimmed to correspond. Bonnet of black lace, ornamented with clusters of shaded violets.

STYLISH TOILETS FOR AUGUST, 1870.

(*See full page Engraving.*)

FIG. 1.—Morning walking-costume of lawn, the lower skirt and half-fitting *sacque* in white with blue spots, and the overskirt of plain blue. The lower skirt is entirely without trimming, and the *sacque* is trimmed with ruffles on the bottom, around the heart-shaped neck, and on the flowing sleeves. Simple, round overskirt, trimmed with a broad ruffle and gracefully looped at the sides. Hat of rice straw, turned up at the back and trimmed with a feathered ruching of blue silk, a bunch of marguerites, and streamers of blue *gros-grain* ribbon.

FIG. 2.—A *distingué* evening toilet in rose-colored *gaze de Chambéry*, the train skirt bordered with a fourteen-inch flounce cut in scollops and bound with silk of the same shade. This flounce is arranged in very broad box-plaits, leaving plain spaces between, each plait being attached with a bow of black velvet, and the intervening spaces headed with a feathered ruching of rose-colored silk. Just above is placed a standing row of black thread-lace. The overskirt, trimmed to correspond, is open and rounded away in the front, and looped on each side with a large graceful bow of black velvet. *Corsage à basque*, forming two deep points in the front, and having a second plaited postillion at the back of rose-colored silk. Square neck, trimmed with ruching and lace. Point-lace chemisette. Flowing sleeves and lace undersleeves. Coiffure of puffs, adorned with sprays of pink hyacinths.

FIG. 3.—Visiting-costume of lavender grenadine made over violet *poult de soie*. Skirt ornamented with a twelve-inch flounce surmounted by a deep puff with a narrow ruffle above. The flounce is edged with a fold of violet silk, similar ones defining the puff, and the ruffle caught with loops of silk. Simple overskirt, trimmed with a corresponding puff and looped at the sides under a bow of violet silk. High waist with a *berthé* formed by a puffing, and close sleeves trimmed to match. Sash of violet silk. Bonnet of lavender *crêpe de Chine*, trimmed with clusters of shaded violets in foliage. Brides of *crêpe de Chine* fastened on the left side with a bunch of violets.

BONNETS FOR AUGUST.

BONNETS, or hats, they are pretty much all one and the same thing, have achieved a remarkable similarity this season in style, color, and material. At least nine out of every ten are black, black lace, or black Neapolitan, with apparently the same lace and ribbon trimming, the same bunch of flowers at the side, the same vail tied at the back.

When bonnets were really a covering, these all-black specimens of head-gear would have been impossible; under the present *régime*, they are adapted as useful, as fitted for duty with any costume.

In accordance with this pre-conceived idea, they are popularly worn with toilets of every description—buff linen and white *piqué*, gray trimmed with black and gray trimmed with brown—until it were not absurd to anathematize anything so small, we would be tempted to wish black bonnets forever exterminated.

In this wilderness of gloom, relieved only by the artificial decorations which are remarkable for their beauty and fidelity to nature, it is quite refreshing to meet occasionally a rice or Italian straw, or a white Neapolitan, prettily mounted with blue velvet, Duchesse lace, a cluster of wild roses, or a branch of pink apple-blossom.

Very few really elegant bonnets are worn at this season. In the country or for traveling they are not needed, and at the most fashionable summer resorts dress bonnets rarely make their appearance except at church, and then they are usually black lace or white.

White lace bonnets are reserved for the most elegant toilets, and are generally of the costliest description. None of the simple little bonnets of white tulle are to be seen that were such a feature of every assemblage or public gathering of ladies some years ago. The few white lace bonnets that are to be seen, mere head-dresses though they are (for they do not partake of the enlarged size of some of the straw bonnets), are worth what would be a half year's pocket-money to some women, being nearly always wholly composed of exquisite lace, arrayed with grace to support the indolent beauty of a great crushed rose, or a trailing wreath of the wild-grape with its delicate blossoms.

The distinction of the season, however, is claimed neither by white bonnets nor black, nor even by the high-crowned hats, for these being obligatory, everybody has them, and when a style is worn by everybody it ceases to be distinctive.

Distinction belongs to none of these, but it may fairly be given to the large hats with flexible brims, worn by ladies at their country seats, instinct in every stately motion with the grace and beauty and protectiveness of that old school which is so fast disappearing even from our memories. These magnificent country hats are called the "Versailles," and well deserve the appellation. They are very *distingué* for a lady about her own pleasure-grounds, but are costly, and unfit for any other purpose.

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BONNETS AND COIFFURES FOR AUGUST.

BONNETS AND COIFFURES.

OUR illustrations of hats and bonnets, this month, are drawn from PAPER models, *our specialty*, and milliners can judge for themselves what a display a set of them will make in a show-room.

They are always made over shapes of the latest fashion, and are much better as exponents of the styles than the ordinary "pattern" bonnets, one of which generally costs more than a dozen *paper* bonnets. Our Fall styles will be ready about September 1st.

Our exquisite coiffures are again drawn from human heads, and were executed by the accomplished artist who designed those in the July number.

No. 1—COIFFURE "JASMINE."—This is especially adapted to a blonde, and was arranged for a fashionable *réunion* in this city. The style of the front is admirably illustrated by our artist; the back is composed of a profusion of light, airy curls falling over puffs similar to those on the sides.

No. 2—COIFFURE "MARIE."—A simple, yet stylish coiffure, which can easily be arranged by any person. Part the hair very far forward and divide it into four strands, rolling them over good-sized "topsies." Place a heavy cable braid down the center. The front is arranged in three perpendicular puffs, with a *frisette* placed between them and the back hair. Short frizzed curls fall over the forehe....

No. 3—THE "BRIGAND."—One of the new shapes, to be trimmed with black thread lace, loops and streamers of black *gros-grain* ribbon, and a large rose in foliage placed on the left side.

No. 4—THE "ROSETTA."—One of the latest styles, made with a diadem front, and a full, loose cap fitting over the high coiffure. The cap should be made of embroidered tulle with ruchings and bows of ribbon, and the *diadème* of puffings of tulle interspersed with flowers. Tie-strings of *gros-grain* ribbon.

No. 5—A FANCHON.—To be made in black lace with a bouquet of flowers set directly in front, a vail falling over the chignon. Tie-strings of ribbon.

No. 6.—A stylish arrangement for the hair of girls from six to nine years of age.

No. 7.—THE SCHOOL-GIRL'S COIFFURE, for Misses from eleven to fifteen years.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED STEEL PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Evening dress of lavender *poult de soie*, made with a new style court train, trimmed round with a wide plaiting of violet silk, edged on both sides with a ruffle of lavender bound with self color. The petticoat is trimmed *en tablier* with ruffles of lavender, which are attached with violet folds and separated by puffings of violet surrounded by black lace, placed on diagonally. Full round *panier*, trimmed with a ruffle matching those on the petticoat. Plaited postillion, bound with violet. Heart-shaped corsage, trimmed to match the train, and flowing sleeves with ruffles corresponding to those on the overskirt.

FIG. 2.—Costume for a young lady in *batiste écru*, garnished with black ribbon velvet. The design can be easily copied from the illustration, making the flounce on the lower skirt fourteen inches deep, that on the overskirt eight inches, and the narrow plaitings three inches wide. Equally pretty in linen or alpaca.

FIG. 3.—A pretty party dress for a child, to be made in pink *gaze de Chambéry*, trimmed, as per illustration, with puffings of white organdy edged with Valenciennes lace and attached with narrow folds of pink silk.

FIG. 4.—Child's dress of white alpaca, with plaitings of blue silk edged with narrow black lace arranged perpendicularly on the skirt. Square-necked waist, ornamented with blue silk *bretelles*, which terminate in the back in two long-pointed sash ends connected by a small postillion. Rather close sleeves, trimmed to correspond.

FIG. 5.—Home dress or visiting-costume of pearl-gray grenadine, made over silk of the same shade, and garnished with full plaitings and bows bound with golden-brown silk. The trimming on the lower skirt is arranged in broad festoons, producing the effect of a very long second skirt. The overskirt has a round apron-front, and is double in the back and gracefully looped in the center and at the sides. The trimming on the waist is continued down the fronts in the form of *bretelles*, and the rather close sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the rest of the dress.

JEWELRY.

WE illustrate this month a handsome and serviceable set of jewelry, consisting of a brooch and ear-rings of bright gold, beautifully chased and enameled in black, with a large emerald effectively set in the center of each of the star pendants. This very new and stylish set can be purchased for $25.

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OUT-DOOR GARMENTS.

SUITS in all washing materials are so universally worn, there is very little opportunity for the wearing of cloaks, sacks, shawls, or mantelets.

Among the "pretty things," however, are long *casaques* of white muslin, drawn back from the front, looped up *en panier* at the side, and trimmed with plaited ruffles, or flutings. These are worn over light silks, and tissues, or complete a very handsome white toilet.

Small mantelets, of both silk and muslin, are occasionally seen; but they can not be called fashionable, as all garments fashionably worn, out of doors, have reference to the style of the dress, and are intended to complete either suits or costumes.

A pretty overdress of *crêpe de Chine* consists of an overskirt and small shawl—the latter looped upon the left shoulder, and dropped under the right arm. A rich silk fringe forms the border. This may be made in white *crêpe*, or a color a shade lighter than the dress. We have seen a light wood color, with wood-colored silk; *capoul* green, with a deeper green, and others.

All the water proofs are now made with sleeves (held by elastics at the wrist), with large capes, and are so ample as to entirely protect the dress.

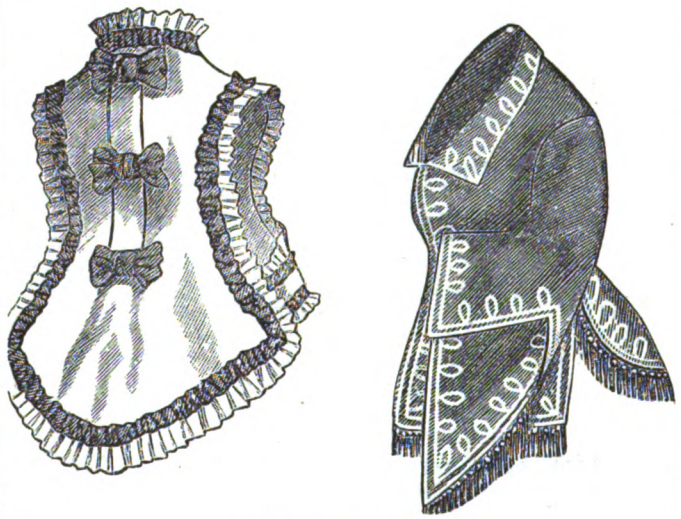
AN ACADEMY OF FASHION.

A LONDON paper urges the importance of an "academy of fashion," or of some power that would act as a critical authority on fashions, and extinguish those that are in bad taste, or which are immodest and meretricious. "A powerful critic of fashion," it says, "a fashion-leader who, with a clear head, an artist's eye, and a good but not prudish character, devoted herself not to set but to criticise 'the fashions,' who performed with effect the duty literary men performed so ineffectually, who could make her 'bad *ton*' a sentence, and then exercise her power with reserve, would be a valuable institution just now in any capital of Europe, and we recommend the post as one worthy of any great lady's ambition. It would require a very curious combination of qualities and accidents, of ability and position, of taste and popularity, but it might, we suppose, be won, like everything else, and the competitors would not be the less eager because they must in a great measure win it for themselves." It may be considered certain that no individual could exert sufficient authority to veto the caprices of fashion; the critical judgment, in order to prove effectual, would have to carry with it the weight of an institution. Leaders of *ton* often originate a fashion, but they rarely can successfully veto one—for fashion has a vitality, a power, an authority, which nothing else can equal, and nothing apparently dispute. People are accustomed to assert the omnipotence of social "opinion," but how futile opinion is against fashion we all know. In some instances attacks upon certain modes have been uncandid; as in the case of the onslaught on crinoline, which, because it annoyed men by taking space, was condemned as immodest, which it need not be, and ugly, which it decidedly is not. The attack failed; and so also did the one on long dresses, because it ignored the only real argugument in their favor, that, where they are allowed full sweep, they lend grace and dignity to the figure. This argument has no weight, however, with regard to street dresses, as they must either be looped up in all sorts of ways, or trail in a manner suggestive of most unladylike denomination.

NEGLIGEE DRESSES.

No. 1—THE "ESMA."—A graceful and comfortable wrapper, cut in a modified "Gabrielle" style, with a gore under the arm and a loose front. Our model is made in blue French cambric, trimmed on the bottom with an eleven-inch flounce attached by a bias band of the goods, leaving a fluted heading above. Flowing sleeves, trimmed to correspond. The flounce, bands, and ruffles, are edged with narrow white braid. To be belted in with a sash of the material, or of silk.

No. 2.—A MORNING DRESS, or walking-costume for the country, to be made in French lawn, or any thin white goods. The round skirt is ornamented with alternate rows of horizontal and diagonal tucks, a fluted ruffle being placed below, on the edge of the skirt, and another, standing, above. Half-fitting French *sacque* with flowing sleeves, trimmed to correspond. To be worn with a silk sash of some becoming color.



FLORENTINE BASQUE.

THIS is especially adapted to organdy or any thin white goods. It is decidedly graceful—the back made in the *Watteau* style, and the front rounded off in the shape of a Zouave jacket and attached to the back, under the arms, without any sleeves. It is intended to be worn over a silk dress with an organdy overskirt, the trimming to be plaited ruffles of organdy, and feathered ruchings and bows of silk, the color of the dress.

THEODORA JACKET.

ONE of the most *distingué* over garments of the season. Our model is intended to be worn *en suite*, and is made in black *gros-grain* trimmed with rich black silk fringe and black satin folds. The front is cut entirely loose and a little longer than the back; but the back is slightly fitted, and is quite pointed. The new style collar and *revers* add very much to the general stylish appearance. The entirely new flowing sleeve is the peculiar feature, and is decidedly the most graceful one that we have presented for some time.

WASH-DRESSES.

A NEW material for wash-dresses is satin jean, all cotton, of as firm body as *piqué*, but finely twilled, and with a gloss like satin. The groun l is white, with polka dots of gay color; or else inch stripes of French blue or green, with rosebuds on the white stripes between. Lawn robes and suit patterns have two grave shades in stripes, or alternating with a chintz stripe. In prints we see white grounds, with small colored or black stripes and figures. Many of these have a border along the selvage.

Many percales are of plain solid colors: *écru*, buff, pearl, gray, dove, and soft Quaker drabs. These can be made up and trimmed with the same, or gay borders or fancy braids. Prevalent among the percales and all wash goods are small chintz figures, checks, delicately-penciled stripes, and suit patterns, similar to those of last season, with perhaps less trimming of borders and ruffles. French chintzes have delicately tinted grounds, on which are white dots with a gay chintz figure in the center.

In finer goods there are twilled *foulards* of better quality than any before imported. These have light grounds with dashes, sprigs, tiny crosses, and many new patterns in prettily contrasting colors. Pearl-gray is dotted with violet, *écru* with green, and tea-color with bright blue.

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JEWELRY.

VERY few persons who admire or deal in precious stones are acquainted with the intimate structure of these valuable minerals, and most persons will be astonished to learn that these bodies, apparently so solid and homogeneous, are often full of minute cavities which inclose a liquid. Sapphires generally contain fluid cavities. Sir David Brewster met with one no less than an inch long, but other authors have seen none more than one-tenth of an inch in diameter. These are usually half filled with a mobile and highly expansible liquid which is considered to be carbonic acid. Sapphires are composed of pure alumina, colored by a metallic oxide. The ruby is also colored alumina. Cavities, we are told, are far less numerous in these than in sapphires, and, moreover, they appear to contain only water for a saline solution. Occasionally a liquid with similar characteristics to that observed in sapphires is to be seen, but not often; and we are thus led to suppose that the stone may be produced by different reactions and under different physical conditions. Emeralds are often full of cavities which contain a liquid that does not expand when heated, and is apparently a strong aqueous saline solution. The diamond is, of course, the most interesting of all our precious stones, the origin and mode of formation of which has always been a great puzzle to chemists and mineralogists. Its structure has already been studied by Goppert, who discovered what he conceived to be organic remains, and hence infers that the diamond is the result of vegetable decomposition under peculiar conditions. Sir David Brewster first noticed fluid cavities in the diamond, and explained the optical peculiarities of some diamonds by their presence.

Cut diamonds sometimes inclose minute crystals of a different mineral, to which circumstance they also owe in part their peculiar optical properties. In the diamond, also, the inclosed liquid appears to be carbonic acid, as shown by its extraordinary expansibility. Only one other known liquid has anything like an equal rate of expansion, and that is nitrous oxide. The occurrence of this body in minerals is, it is said, highly improbable, and it seems, on the whole, that we may be justified in including liquid carbonic acid among natural liquid mineral substances.

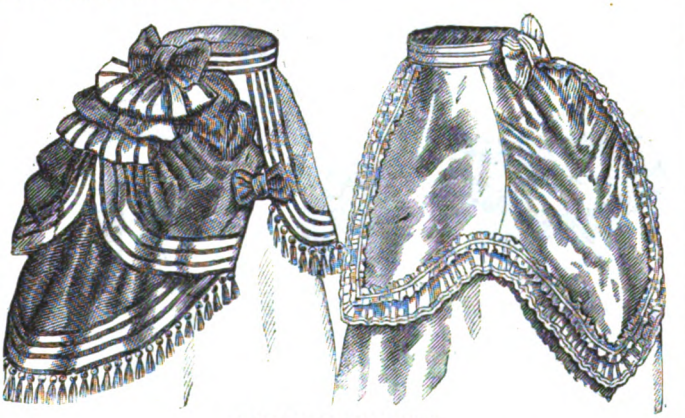
MME. DEMOREST'S Mammoth Bulletin of Fashions, for the Fall and Winter of 1870-71, will be unusually splendid. Ready September 1st.

GRENADINE WALKING-COSTUME.

A STYLISH suit made in black silk and black canvas grenadine, the silk skirt ornamented on the bottom with eight narrow ruffles of grenadine, the upper one attached with a narrow fold of silk, leaving a heading above. The simple overskirt of grenadine, trimmed with ruffles to match, extends only to the hips, and is joined in the front with bands of silk, edged with folds of grenadine, and fastened with bows of grenadine and silk. Plain waist of grenadine made over silk, and trimmed with ruffles arranged as *bretelles*, and bands and bows across the front to match those on the skirt. Close sleeves of grenadine, lined with silk and trimmed with ruffles. The *Parure Eugénie*, illustrated in another part of the Magazine, would be appropriate for this costume.

TRAVELING-SUIT.

A SIMPLE costume, made in light-brown *delège*, consisting of a lower skirt, a full round overskirt, carelessly looped, and a sailor jacket, with *revers*, open on the back and sides. The design can be easily copied from the illustration, the bindings to the flounce and ruffles, and the folds with which the ruffles are attached, to be of silk two shades darker than the dress.



STYLISH OVERSKIRTS.

No. 1.—THE "FERNANDE."—The most stylish overskirt of the season. Appropriate for any material, but particularly handsome in silk, with a trimming of folds and fringe.

No. 2.—THE "STUART" OVERSKIRT.—Especially adapted to white goods, to be trimmed with fluted ruffles. Equally pretty for any material with the trimming corresponding with the rest on the costume.

POMPADOUR FANS.

THE newest fans for ladies are deeper in the center, and appear pointed when closed. In some styles the ivory sticks extend outside of the satin, and have a very pretty effect. Black silk embroidered with gold, with gold sticks over the silk, tinted plush, entire pearl and ivory fans carved like lace, gold openwork over black silk, and pointed ivory, are among the latest importations.

THE PAPER AGE.

WE learn, from the *Paper Trade Recorder*, that paper has recently been prepared under a patent process, which gives it great strength and flexibility, and that it is made into petticoats, into a sort of chintz for bed-furniture, into curtains, into table-covers, and that even an imitation-leather is made of paper which is impermeable to water. The fabrics from which the articles enumerated are made, can be sewed with a machine, the petticoats being "printed in imitation of the fashionable skirts of the day, or stamped out with open-work of such beauty and delicacy as no amount of labor with scissors and needle could imitate;" and, what is really amazing, is the fact that these articles can be produced to sell at retail at *fifteen cents each*. But if petticoats, table-cloths, curtains, etc., can be made of paper, if a material like leather can be produced from this substance, why may we not expect in time to have our coats and trowsers made of it? Why may we not be able to go about "paper clad"—with paper hat, in paper shoes, with paper coat and trousers, furnished without in paper, and fortified in our pocket-books with Uncle Sam's good-looking paper money? The cost, moreover, of such an outfit (without the pocket-book) would be so trifling that luxurious people could have an entire new suit every day, and even economical persons adorn themselves afresh as often as once a week. The "paper age" promises to revolutionize our social habits in not a few particulars.

TELL YOUR WIFE.

IF you are in trouble or a quandary, tell your wife—that is, if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one, her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your mother or sister, and, be assured, light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intuitions, or insights, are subtile, and if they can not see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counseling a man to tell his trouble to his wife, we would go farther, and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by man's full confidence in his "better half."

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CHEMISETTES, AND WHO SHOULD WEAR THEM.

CHEMISETTES and *fichus*, trimmed with strips of insertion, and borders in point lace, are very fashionable. White bodices are nearly gone out of fashion. All the skill of our *lingères* is now expended upon chemisettes of various kinds, to wear with low open dress-bodices.

The shape of the chemisette, of course, varies according to that of the dress-bodice, which is either square, round, or heart-shaped. *Fichus* are worn with low dresses. They are made of muslin, trimmed with strips of insertion in embroidery, and with Valenciennes or Mechlin lace.

The *fichu* is extremely becoming to ladies who are thin and slight, who should, on the other hand, avoid the square-cut bodice, which always makes one appear thinner, and is, therefore, suited to ladies who, with a good, well-proportioned figure, will look well in any style of dress; but if they incline to any extreme of thinness, or *embonpoint*, they must make use of a little art to conceal it.

The very thin will do well to adopt the pretty *fichu* mantles crossed over the bosom in front; also the short loose jacket, just open enough in front to show the full lace *jabot*.

The stout should wear the square-cut bodice, with clear muslin or tulle chemisette, and beware of *bouillons* and other puffed-out trimmings.

It should also be borne in mind that light colors and white make one look stouter; and black and dark colors make one look thinner.

Striped materials, vandyked and spiked trimmings, are becoming to stout figures; and flounces, scollops, and ruches, to those that are the reverse. It is also well known that a short waist makes the figure look shorter, and a long one causes it to appear taller.

LATEST STYLES OF COLLARS, CUFFS, AND BOWS.

No. 1.—PARURE "EUGENIE," a handsome lace set, the collar intended to be worn with a V-shaped neck, and the cuffs to be worn with lace under-sleeves, if the sleeves of the dress are flowing. The materials required for such a set are one yard and three-quarters of *point appliqué*, Valenciennes, or any handsome thread-lace, three inches wide; one yard and a half of narrow lace to match, one yard and a half of narrow velvet, and one-half yard of wider velvet for bows.

No. 2.—PARURE VIOLET, a simple set made in plaited white organdy, edged with lace footing, the collar four inches deep and the cuffs five inches. The materials required are one-half yard of organdy (two yards wide), about ten yards of footing, one yard and a half of narrow velvet or satin ribbon, and a lace barbe, or, if preferred, a bow of wide ribbon. Allow two strips across the organdy for the collar and one for the cuffs.

No. 4.—PARURE "ABBE-GALANT," a chemisette of linen laid in fine plaits, with the stylish collar richly embroidered.

No. 5.—A HANDSOME CUFF, made in linen, with a second one, *en revers*, of plaited linen cambric, edged with

No. 3.—LINEN CUFF, trimmed with check cambric—to be worn with the sailor collar, No. 10.

Valenciennes lace. To be worn with the *Collarette Gabrielle*, No. 8.

No. 6.—CUFF OF LACE NET, edged with Valenciennes, plaited into a lace beading through which narrow scarlet velvet is run. To be worn with Collar *Fernande*, No. 9.

No. 7.—UNDERSLEEVE with embroidered linen cuff, belonging to *Parure "Abbé-galant."*

No. 8.—COLLARETTE "GABRIELLE"—a full ruche of Valenciennes lace finished in the center with a plaiting of *cerise* satin ribbon. Fastened with a bow of satin ribbon to match.

No. 9.—COLLAR "FERNANDE"—a very stylish collar, made in white organdy, and trimmed with full plaitings of wide lace footing edged with narrow Valenciennes lace, a beading of lace with scarlet velvet run through, forming the heading to the plaitings. The back is formed entirely of the plaitings—the upper one standing—and the front is turned back, *en revers*, the ends being continued quite long and fastened together with a handsome bow with fringed ends.

No. 10.—LINEN SAILOR COLLAR, trimmed with bands of checked cambric. Suitable for traveling.

No. 11.—AN ELEGANT BOW for the neck, made in rose-colored silk, the ends trimmed with wide Valenciennes or thread lace, the loops surmounted by a rosette of lace. Equally pretty in deep blue silk trimmed with black thread-lace.

No. 12.—A HANDSOME BOW for the hair, to be made of loops of blue *gros-grain* ribbon interspersed with heads of wheat.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

NOTHING is so pretty for a little girl's "vest" as white muslin, over pink or blue silk—the bows and sash, of course, the color of the silk.

Wash dresses, however, for this season, are in the ascendant, and ought to be for any summer in this climate. *Piqués*, linens, percales, cambrics, are all cheap, all pretty, all durable, and make pretty suits and dresses for both boys and girls.

Boys, until they are five years old, wear little cross over blouses and paletots of linen, and *piqués*, with pants, or short, plaited skirts.

Girls', high-necked, yoked, or Gabrielle dresses, of muslin, *piqué*, or cambric, with apron or over-dress, more or less looped, and ruffled, and decorated with ribbons.

Very pretty excursion suits for boys consist of sailor pants and jacket, made of blue cloth and trimmed with white or black braid. The collar of the jacket is very broad, and deeply pointed on the shoulder; over it a smaller collar, attached to the striped cambric shirt, is turned down. Striped stockings, high boots, belt with leather pouch, and sailor hat, complete the costume.

MME. DEMOREST'S semi-annual "What to Wear; or, full and complete Instructions on Dress and Dress-making," for the fall and winter of 1870-71, will be ready Sept. 1st, with great improvements. Price 15 cents. Mailed free on receipt of price.

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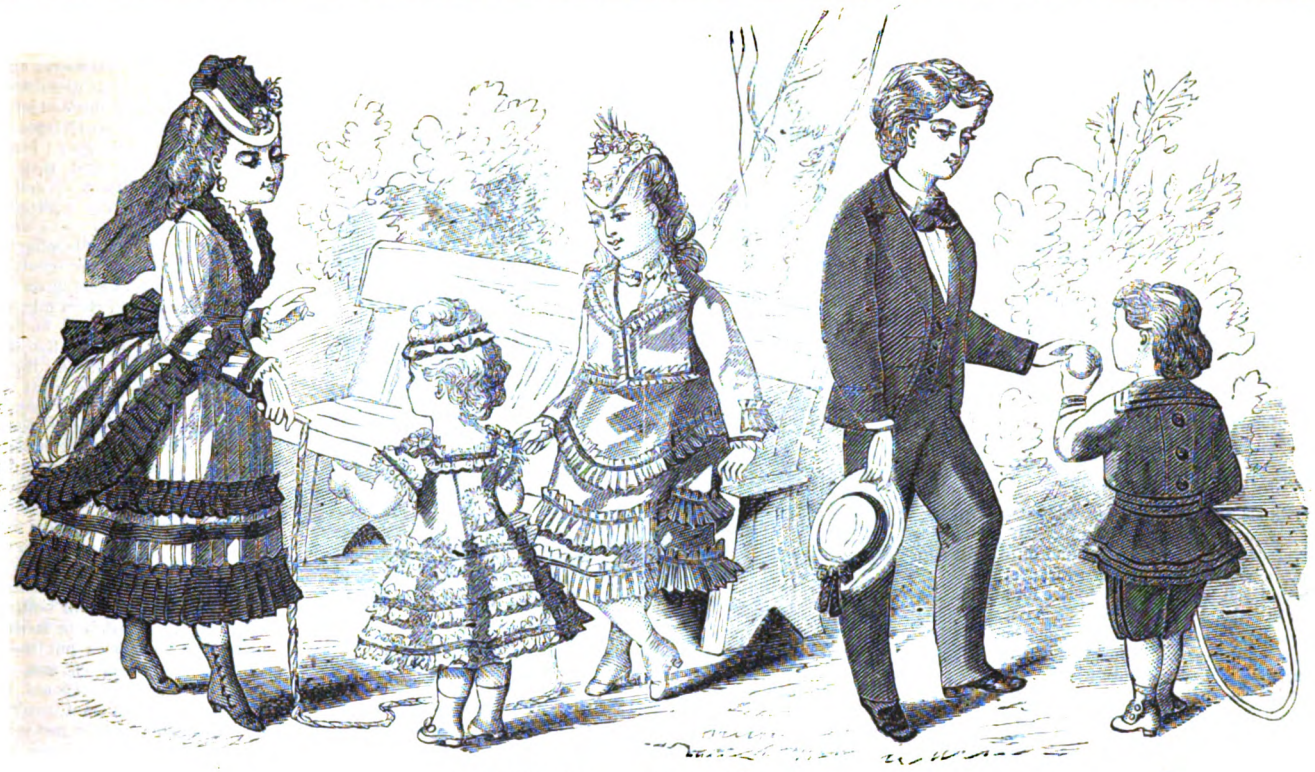

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1870.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1870.

FIG. 1.—A stylish costume for a girl of ten or twelve years. Dress of striped summer silk—light blue and white—with flounces, bands, and ruchings of plain blue silk. Frills of Valenciennes lace at the neck and wrists. Hat of white chip trimmed with Marguerites, and a vail of blue Donna Maria gauze.

FIG. 2.—Dress for a child three years of age. A Gabrielle of the new cut, with a broad box-plait in the back, made in white *piqué*, and trimmed with ruffles of Hamburgh embroidery, set on each side of rows of insertion which are placed over bands of blue cambric. Square neck and short sleeves trimmed to correspond. Hat formed of a *pouf* of blue silk, ornamented with a white ostrich tip.

FIG. 3.—A serviceable suit for girls from seven to twelve years of age, made in brown linen, and trimmed with plaitings attached with scarlet alpaca braid. Simple overskirt looped in the back. Sailor jacket, with *revers*, trimmed to correspond. Straw hat, trimmed with a wreath of field-flowers and grasses.

FIG. 4.—Suit for boys from nine to twelve years of age. Pants, jacket, and vest of gray cassimere. Blue silk necktie. Straw hat.

FIG. 5.—Suit for a boy about four years of age. Knickerbocker pants and belted blouse of gray twilled linen, trimmed with black or scarlet braid. Long white or striped stockings. High buttoned shoes.

SUMMER COSTUMES FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

THE "BLUEBELL."—A serviceable dress made in blue *piqué*, the skirt trimmed with ruffles of Hamburgh embroidery set on in an undulating manner and finished with bias bands of *piqué* stitched on by machine. The waist is cut high and plain, a ruffle of the embroidery forming a deep round collar on the back and *bretelles* in front. Close sleeves, and a rather long sash, trimmed with embroidery. Buttoned shoes of blue kid.

THE "ROSEBUD."—A pretty party-dress made in white Swiss or organdy, and trimmed with ruffles of Swiss embroidery, headed with ruchings of rose-colored satin ribbon. The waist is cut square in front, and the trimming of ruffles and ruching around the neck and down the front is continued on the skirt, simulating a tunic. Short puffed sleeves, with an over-cap of embroidery and ruching. Wide sash of rose-colored satin ribbon. Shoes of pink kid.

LATEST NOVELTIES FOR THE SUMMER OF 1870.

(*See back of double page Engraving.*)

PARTIES wishing patterns can receive them by mail, post paid, by remitting the price. Directions for measuring will be found in the July number of the MAGAZINE.

	PLAIN.	TRIMMED.
Chelsea Basque	60 cts.	$1 00
Child's Linen Duster	30 "	60
Corinna Sleeve	15 "	30
Clarence Suit	30 "	60
Diana Overdress	30 "	75
Ernestine Sleeve	15 "	30
Fannie Jacket	25 "	50
Florence Dress	30 "	60
Genevra Basque	40 "	75
Hattie Overskirt	25 "	60
Hilda Cape	30 "	60
Juliet Overskirt	50 "	1 00
Jennie Basque	30 "	50
Leonore Overskirt	50 "	1 00
Lola Apron	20 "	40
"La Patti" Casaque	75 "	1 25
Lady's Chemise	20 "	40
" Drawers	20 "	40
" Night Dress	20 "	40
" Dressing Sack	20 "	40
Mabel Dress	30 "	60
Nellie Apron	20 "	40
Ophelia Casaque	75 "	1 25
Princess Teck Overskirt	50 "	1 00
Ruby Jacket	40 "	75
Rosedale Basque	30 "	75
Ruthella Mantilla	30 "	60
Vivia Mantle	30 "	60
Walter Suit	30 "	50

THE CORA OVERSKIRT.

(*See Pattern Sheet Supplement.*)

As overskirts are still worn, we give this month one of the latest favorites. The "Cora" is particularly stylish, the carelessly tied knots at the sides imparting to it a characteristic grace. Our model is a *grisaille* silk, trimmed with narrow blue velvet and blue fringe. It is also particularly pretty in organdy or any thin white material, trimmed with fluted ruffles or Valenciennes lace.

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The Household

SAGO PUDDING.—Six spoonfuls of sago, with cinnamon, nutmeg, and lemon-peel, in a quart of new milk. Sweeten to taste. Put in six eggs, and bake with paste.

COMPOTE OF RED CURRANTS.—Make a syrup of a pint of water and five or six ounces of lump sugar, boiled ten minutes. Simmer a pint of currants, freed from the stalks, from five to seven minutes. They are an excellent accompaniment to a pudding of batter, custard, bread or rice, or to boiled rice. A compote of raspberries may be made in this way, or raspberries may be mixed with the currants.

SPANISH BUNS.—Five eggs well beaten; cut up in a cup of warm milk half a pound of new butter, one pound sifted flour, a wine-glass of good yeast; stir them all well together. Set to rise for an hour in rather a warm place. When risen sift in half a pound white sugar and half a grated nutmeg; add wine-glass of wine or brandy, and ten of rose-water, and a cupful of currants, washed and drained. Mix all well, pour into pans, and set to rise again for half an hour. Bake one hour. This is a receipt from a lady from Philadelphia, whose buns were famous for many years.

LAPLANDS—*For Breakfast or Tea.*—Beat separately the whites and yolks of five eggs; add to the yolks a pint of rich cream, a little salt; mix gradually a pint of flour, or more, if necessary, to make it of the consistency of pound cake. Bake in small round tins in a quick oven. These are very delicate.

FINE SPONGE CAKE.—Three-quarters of a pound fine white sugar and two wine-glassfuls of water, and let them boil; seven eggs, leaving out two of the whites; beat them very light, then pour the boiling sugar on the eggs, stirring them until cool; grate the rind and squeeze the juice of one lemon, and half a pound of sifted flour; stir the flour into the sugar and eggs lightly, and bake directly in floured pans twenty minutes.

WHIP SYLLABUB.—Take good sweet cream; to each pint put six ounces of double refined sugar, half a tumbler of white wine, the juice and grated rind of a lemon. Beat the whole well together, put jelly in glasses, and cross them with the frost as fast as it rises.

ICE CURRANTS.—Take large bunches of ripe currants, wash and drain them dry, then dip them into the whites of eggs previously beaten to a stiff froth; lay them on a seive, at such a distance as not to touch each other. Sift white sugar over them thick, and set them in a warm place to dry.

SNOW CREAM.—Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, then stir in two tablespoons of powdered white sugar, a tablespoon of sweet wine, a tea-spoon of rose-water. Beat the whole well together, then add a pint of thick cream. This is a nice accompaniment to a dessert of sweetmeats.

TROY PUDDING.—One cup milk, one cup suet, one cup raisins, one cup molasses, three and a half cups of flour, one tea-spoon soda. Boil three hours, and eat with hot wine sauce.

COSTUME "LA PETITE."

A SIMPLE yet stylish suit for girls of seven years. Our model is made in bright-blue French cambric, trimmed with fluted ruffles of white Victoria lawn attached by bias bands of the cambric. The design can easily be copied from our illustration. Hat of white chip, trimmed with streamers of blue ribbon.

"LOTHAIR" SUIT.

ONE of the latest styles for boys from seven to nine years of age. To be made in gray cassimere, and trimmed with narrow black silk braid.

ALBANY CAKE.—Half a pound of sugar and a quarter of a pound of butter beaten to a cream, one tea-spoonful of cream-tartar, three-quarters of a pound of sifted flour, half a tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in a cup of milk. Mix well, roll it out and cut into small cakes. They should be baked immediately.

JELLY CAKE.—One cup sugar, one of flour, four eggs, and half a tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in a table-spoonful of sweet milk, and one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar mixed in flour. Bake in one long tin, then spread with jelly, roll up, and cut in slices.

GINGERBREAD.—Take one pint of molasses, half cup of melted butter, one cup hot water, one tea-spoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar, one table-spoonful of ginger, flour enough to make a thick batter. Bake in moderate oven.

LEMON PIES.—Take two lemons and slice them, one and a half tea-cups of sugar, half a pint of raisins, and a little water. Roll out the crust, and put in the lemon, roll another crust and lay on the raisins, a little sugar and a little water. Finish with another crust.

HUCKLEBERRY CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one egg, piece of butter size of an egg, half a cup of milk, one tea-spoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, a tea-spoonful of any preferred essence, and sifted flour to make a stiff batter. Put cream of tartar in the flour, soda in the milk, and beat thoroughly. Add last a pint of dried huckleberries, and bake in a quick oven. This is cheap and good.

CREAM CAKES—A CONFECTIONER'S RECEIPT.—One pint of milk, three eggs, a little salt, and flour enough to make a thin batter. Bake in hearts and rounds. This is the outside. For the filling, take half a pint of cream, and two eggs. Boil like soft custard, and flavor with vanilla. A little nice flour paste stirred gradually into the cream while boiling greatly improves it. Cut open the batter when baked, and fill with the custard.

SUGAR GINGERBREAD.—One quart molasses, half pound sugar, three-quarters pound butter and lard mixed, five eggs; sugar and butter creamed. Then add the eggs, quarter pound of ginger, if strong, one tea-spoonful of saleratus dissolved in half a tea-cup of milk. As much flour as will make it the stiffness of pound-cake dough. Baked in a slow oven. A very excellent receipt, and keeps well.

COMPOTE OF GREEN CURRANTS.—Make a syrup of half a pint of spring water and five ounces of lump sugar boiled together ten minutes. Strip a pint of green currants from the stalks, and simmer them in the syrup five minutes.

A SIMPLE BUTTER-COOLER.—Procure a large, new flower-pot, of a sufficient size to cover the butter-plate, and also a saucer large enough for the flower-pot to rest in upside down. Place a trivet or meat-stand—such as is sent to the oven when a joint is baked—in the saucer, and put on this trivet the plate of butter. Now, fill the saucer with water, and turn the flower-pot over the butter so that its bottom edge will be below the water. The hole in the flower-pot must be fitted with a cork. The butter will then be in what we may call an air-tight chamber. Let the whole of the outside of the flower-pot be drenched with water, and placed in as cool a spot as you can find. If this be done over night, the butter will be found "firm as a rock" at breakfast-time, or, placed there in the morning, will be quite hard for use at tea-time. The reason of this is, that when water evaporates it produces cold. The porous pot draws up the water, which, in warm weather, quickly evaporates from the sides, and thus cools it. And, as no warm air can now get at the butter, it becomes firm and cool in the hottest day.

FINE WASHING.—Muslin or lace should never be rubbed in washing. Take white soap in proportion to the muslins you have to wash, shave it down, and boil it with soft water till it dissolves. When cold, it should be as thick as jelly; mix a part of this jelly with soft tepid water, so as to be strong of the soap; let the muslins lie in this for a night, then add boiling water; move them up and down in the water, repeatedly squeezing them through the hands, so as to wash them, but do not rub them. Steeping them well makes rubbing quite unnecessary. If in town, where no bleaching on the grass can be procured, put them into a washing tub, and, having poured boiling water over them, leave them in the air for the rest of the day, and during the night in the water; this has a great effect in whitening them; in either case, after being bleached, rinse them twice through cold water, to clear them completely from the soap, and hang them up to dry before being starched. A piece of lace or any small article can be very well bleached by being put outside the window in the sun, in a crystal bottle of water, having been previously washed and the soap left in it. It is a frequent practice not to boil the starch, but to mix it with boiling water, to hang up the muslins or laces the moment they have been put through the starch and squeezed out, and, when dry and as hard as a piece of board, then they dampen them down (as it is called), leaving one spot dry and the rest wet, so that to stretch them out for ironing, without tearing them, is almost impossible. This mode of proceeding may account for the melancholy frequency of torn lace, and the dull, heavy appearance of beautiful worked collars.

To give them that light, transparent look which adds so much to their beauty, the treatment must be very different; the starch should be mixed in a little cold soft water, and bruised down with the back of a spoon till quite smooth; more water should be added, till it resembles thin milk, then boiled in a glazed-stone pipkin, till it becomes clear and thick, so as to jelly when cold. The muslins and laces should be put through the starch, while it is still warm; squeezed out first in the hand, then gently in a clean, smooth cloth, so as to get as much as possible of the starch out without fraying them in any way. If, after holding it up between you and the light, you find that in some parts it is not sufficiently clear, then beat them between the palms of the hands. It should then be folded up in a damp cloth, and each article put beside it as soon as it has gone through the same process, so that the whole may have a slight degree of dampness when ironed. In getting up fine things well much also depends on the ironing. The ironing-blanket should be thick, so that the work on the collars, &c., should have a raised look after being ironed. Where the blanket is thin, the hard surface of the table flattens the work and injures the appearance. The ironing-blanket should be covered with a piece of thin, smooth, long cloth kept for the purpose, and washed each time it is used. In spreading out the collar, or whatever you are about to iron, see that it lies perfectly even, and that each thread is straight up and down; also that the iron has been carefully cleaned, first rubbed on a piece of old carpet, and then wiped with a cloth; and also that it is not too hot. Singeing is a common fault with the inexperienced, and it is a very bad one; for, even when it is not to such a degree as to burn, which may easily happen with a very thin muslin, still it leaves a yellow shade, which not only destroys the appearance at the time, but is

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very difficult to get rid of. A little practice in handling the irons will soon accustom one to the degree of heat necessary, and, till that is the case, an old pocket-handkerchief, or some such thing, should be at hand to try each iron upon before you venture to iron anything of consequence.

How to Repel Moths.—Moths seldom work in cotton fabrics; but they will riddle furs and woolen garments. The easiest and best method of keeping off these destructive vermin, is to inclose the articles in a cotton sack like a pillow-case, tie it tightly with a strong cotton cord, and hang it at the top of a room. The best place for the purpose is an open attic, where a nail can be driven into a joist or rafter. What is required for preserving furs, is, that they be put where they will be secure from moisture and surrounded by something that the moth will not penetrate. This first condition is met with by hanging them near the top of a room; and the second, by inclosing them with cotton cloth. The moth takes an apparent delight in cutting its way through woolen fabrics, and even a casing of leather is of no avail in the way of protection; but, from some cause unknown to us, the moth never tries "to pierce a passage" through cotton cloth.

Cure for Felon.—Among our exchanges, we notice the following simple method of curing a pest which has been very annoying to the human family for centuries:—"When you first feel the stinging or thumping sensation, procure a small piece of fly-blister, placing it directly over the spot, and let it remain for about eight hours; then remove the same, and you will see the felon, or matter, under the surface of the skin, and which you can remove by pricking with the point of a needle." This is said to be a sure remedy.

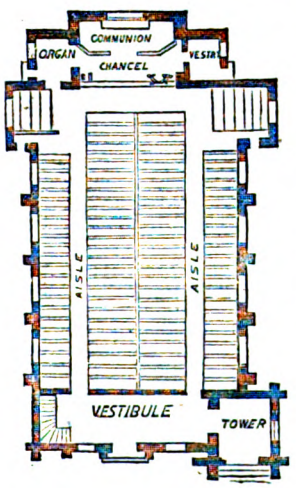
To Destroy Bedbugs.—A lady, who has tried it, sends us this method of exterminating the repulsive bedbug:—"If any of your readers need a sure remedy for bedbugs, they can have mine, and cleanse the house of this troublesome vermin without expense. They have only to wash with salt water, filling the cracks where they frequent with salt, and you may look in vain for them. Salt seems inimical to bedbugs, and they will not trail through it. I think it preferable to all ointments, and the buyer requires no certificate as to its genuineness."

To Clear a House of Vermin.—"Burleigh" of the *Boston Journal*, says: "I tell you, ladies, a secret that may be worth knowing—a new way to clear your house of vermin has been found. So complete is the remedy that men offer to rid premises of these pestilential nuisances by contract. The article is sold under the name of French green, and other high sounding names, but the article is dry green paint. Six cents' worth used about any house will "clear the kitchen" and all the surroundings.

Importance of Airing Beds.—The desire of an energetic housekeeper to have her work completed at an early hour in the morning, causes her to leave one of the most important items of neatness undone. The most effectual purifying of bed and bedclothes can not take place if no time is allowed for the free circulation of pure air to remove all human impurities which have collected during the hours of slumber. At least two or three hours should be allowed for the complete removal of atoms of insensible perspiration which are absorbed by the bed. Every day this airing should be done, and occasionally, bedding constantly used should be carried into the open air, and when practicable, let exposed to the sun and wind for half a day.

DESIGN FOR A VILLAGE CHURCH.

The illustration here given is a design for a village church, with about five hundred sittings. The building, besides the nave and aisles, contains a chancel, slightly elevated above the floor of the church, at the upper end of which is a communion table, inclosed with a railing of quaint design. This chancel contains also a pulpit and reading-desk. In front of the chancel, and a little to the left of the reading-desk, is the font, while just back of the desk, through an arched opening, is seen the location for the organ and choir. On the opposite side of the chancel is the vestry-room. There are four entrances, one on each side through the transept projections, and two large doors in front, one into the vestibule and the other through the tower. The architecture is a modified specimen of the style of the 13th century, otherwise known as the early English. The walls should be constructed of blue quarry stone, with brick or stone dressings; and the roof should be covered with parti-colored slate, in alternate courses of pointed and rectangular butts. In the interior, the floors of the vestibule and aisles are to be laid in neat patterns with Minton's tiles. The pews, with pulpit, reading-desk, and other wood-work, may very properly be of seasoned ash, well oiled, and the walls should be toned down to some agreeable tint, which will harmonize. The roof is to be what is known as open-timbered, showing the construction of the framing,—the timbers to be dressed with moulded angles, and stained with a pleasing tint. The windows are to be of various colored stained glass, arranged in small, neat pattern.



Many churches, erected in different parts of the country, are of very indifferent architecture, and make unpleasing objects in the landscape. This fact is much to be regretted, for the reason that all departures from or violations of artistic rules in the construction of buildings for Divine service, are offences against the growing refinement and religious sentiment of the age. The Christian architecture of the Middle Ages surpassed that of all other periods in the skill of its mechanical construction and the sublime beauty of all its adornments, which were typical of the great purpose to which they were consecrated. Most of the clergy of those times had a taste for, and were well versed in, architectural science, which accounts for the superiority of their church buildings. It is for the purpose of offering some suggestions for the improvement of the public taste in these matters, that the present design is published. It is from the pencil of T. F. Thomas, architect, 341 Fulton st., Brooklyn, L. I.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

There is no greater want in these days, in all the households, than evenings at home. We have lamented the loss of the old-fashioned fire-place, with its cheerful outposts of apples and cider. But they would do little good in these days, when nobody would stay at home to enjoy them. Everybody and every institution seem to have conspired to make it impossible to gather the family at home for a quiet evening. There are lectures and concerts and fairs—to say nothing of opera and theater and ball—which are not quite of the past. If a family belong to the church and do not turn aside to the frivolities, and but occasionally to the public, social, and intellectual entertainments, there are prayer-meetings and conference meetings, there are preaching meetings and special meetings and revival meetings. And then there are reading-rooms, and Christian associations, and unions for Christian work, and the lyceum, and the singing-schools, and the glee club. It is not easy to say which of these institutions of civilization or Christianization should be given up. Rather, the effort of society is to invent and organize new appliances for pleasure and profit. The church adds a lyceum, the literary association a prayer-meeting, or the Christian union a billiard training room. We are not sitting in judgment on these modifications of society, nor are we inclined to write ourselves old fogy by lamenting the degeneracy of the times. Yet one may be pardoned for desiring to find room in these crowded days for so good an institution as an evening at home. Our merchants are princely in the bestowment of their means to build up public institutions for the benefit of the homeless. Would they not do more good, at less expense, by making their homes free to their clerks and employees, and providing for them pleasant social evenings at home?

Beware of Self.—Beware of no man more than yourself; we carry our worst enemies with us.

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THE LADIES' CLUB

THE following letter opens up a question of so much interest to a vast number of women, that we have answered it at unusual length:

"NEW YORK.

"DEAR MME. DEMOREST—I notice a singular faculty which you develop in your answers to correspondents—that of putting yourself in their place, and thus advising them with exceeding good sense and judgment.

"I am a widow of thirty-two years of age, with two children, and nearly five thousand dollars left me by my husband. I wish to enter into some sort of business with this sum that will enable me to make a respectable livelihood for them and for myself. What would you advise me to do? I am only an average woman, with no special aptitudes, and I fear entering into a partnership in a business I do not understand, as that would place me entirely at the mercy of my partner. On the other hand, every day of idleness reduces my capital, as I can not live with my children on the small interest which accrues from it. Now, what would you do in my place?"

Ans. There is always a difficulty in advising a person what to do, as so much depends upon *how* they do it. Any method of earning a livelihood requires strength, patience, and courage, and a woman who has a family to support must bring a double share of all these to her work, as she has her work at home as well as abroad. Fifty ladies' and gentlemen's restaurants, properly managed, are needed in New York, where, instead of show and confectionery at exorbitant rates, nice home-made dishes could be got at reasonable rates, where the smell of rats and roaches would not overpower everything else, and where ladies could go and take their children (when in town on shopping excursions), and pay for what they order, and no more. One such attempt has been made recently by a woman, and is succeeding, and would succeed better if a little variation from the ordinary restaurant style was made in the dishes.

A shirt-making and *mending* house is another institution which would succeed well in the hands of the right kind of woman. Best hands get fifty cents each for making shirts on sewing-machines—good ordinary three-dollar shirts, exclusive of button-holes. The materials cost not more than sixty-two and a half cents. Whole cost, including making, $1.25. These shirts would sell at a handsome profit for $2.00 each, and if the quality of the materials was as good as might be for the sum mentioned, the style and shape good, the button-holes well made and the buttons strongly sewed on, an enormous business would soon be created.

Then there is a "Real Estate Office," which really offers a fine opportunity for an enterprising woman. Men attend to this business now, or rather do not attend to it, and never can, because they do not understand it, at any rate not the city business of house-renting. A woman can see the points three times quicker than a man, and make the most of them when describing them to a customer. A man does not know whether the closets are arranged conveniently for work, or whether the sun comes in the window or down chimney. Let some woman arrange a nice little real estate office like a cosy sitting-room, so that a woman can go into it without smearing herself with tobacco juice, and, our word for it, she will soon have a host of applicants, both male and female.

"ATLANTA, GA.

"MME. DEMOREST—I have heard 'Sorosis' commented upon by the men editors, but always in such a way as to leave rather an unpleasant idea of the association. Sorosis has always been ridiculed as a fast women's club, hence I never took the least interest in it. After reading the last annual address on March 21st, by Jennie June, I am glad to learn my Yankee sisters are banded together for a good and noble object, and I can freely grasp them by the hand and bid them God-speed in the good work.

"Be so kind as to give me the names of the best industrial schools you know of; also give me the address of the best educational paper, and, what I would esteem still more—should you have one at hand be so kind as to send it to me—give me the name of a work on schools of industry. I desire to inform myself as much as possible in relation to industrial pursuits for girls. Under existing circumstances, there is a very great necessity for the opening of more avenues of labor to our sex—I mean honorable and remunerative labor. I intend to make a move in that direction in behalf of the women of this State. So many of us having been, as it were, in a day, deprived of our means of living, I am interested in trying to open the way for my sex to become self-reliant.

"MRS. S. B. H."

Ans. Sorosis is composed of active, intelligent women, conservative, as wives and mothers nearly always are, but fully alive to the needs of their sex and anxious to do their part toward supplying them, both for themselves and others. They are a discreet, dignified body of ladies, and nothing amuses them more than this reputation of being fast and excessively fashionable. There are some very handsome women among them, and collectively they present a somewhat exceptionally fine and striking appearance, but it is from their brightness and activity rather than the insipid smoothness and regularity of mere personal beauty. "Sorosis" started to bring women together, believing that good would come of it, and good has come and is coming of it.

We know of no educational paper or work on schools such as you want. A new industrial school, based on an admirable plan, has just been started (last April), at Brentwood, L. I., by Miss Marwedel, who has had great experience in this work in Germany. We would advise you to write to her. A letter addressed to "Jennie June" will find her, if sent care of this magazine.

"FRED," who is "six feet, dark as a Spaniard, straight as an Indian, dark hair, brown whiskers, black eyes, and of good form, and going to be married in October," wishes directions as to his costume.

Ans. Black dress-coat, black trowsers, white corded silk vest, irreproachable shirt front, smooth and fine, but not disfigured by puffing or embroidery, the band and collar fitted perfectly and fastened in front with a very large, smooth gold button; no necktie. This is the latest Paris style. Your shoes will of course be patent gaiters. White kid gloves. The colors in gentlemen's costume are the affectation of a few fast men; gentlemen never wear them, especially in the society of ladies.

"REBBIE."—A suit for a boy from ten to fourteen years of age should be made by a tailor. A girl of seventeen may wear her hair flowing, or confined in a net, with a braid across the top, in the morning, or arranged in braids, intermixed with curls. Linen, or "wash" poplin make cheap traveling-dresses. Pray don't be guilty of such silly affectation as to call night-dresses "reposing-robes." Yes, they are still made with yokes.

To cure freckles, make a paste of horse-radish, grated, and lemon-juice; add oil of almonds. Keep it on the skin night and morning till it smarts. In a few days the first skin is loosened, and the freckles disappear. It is very much out of place to chat in a gossiping, confidential way with a dry goods clerk when shopping, unless he is a relative or a very intimate friend. No lady would be guilty of it.

A form of answer to a young gentleman who had sent an invitation to accompany him to some place of amusement, would run thus:

Dear Sir or Dear Mr. B.—Your kind note of invitation is received. I shall be very happy to go to B.'s or W.'s concert, or lecture, and will be ready at the time mentioned. Most truly yours,

CARRIE B. SMITH.

Or, instead of accepting, you may decline, with "I regret that my mother's sickness, or a previous engagement, compels me to decline," etc.

"S. M."—The hair charms (diminutive hearts tipped with gold) would cost you about $5 each. We could have them made for you by a very experienced person at a very reasonable rate.

"FRANCES."—Linen or leno would do for a traveling-dress, during this month and next. Make walking length, and trim with flat plaited ruffles. The scarf vail is sometimes worn over the face, of course. Blue or gray would be good colors for traveling. Velvet ribbon is very commonly worn around the neck, but it generally has a "charm" or a locket attached. A necklace is only worn in full dress. "Chain" bracelets are not narrow (the fashionable ones). They are very heavy, and costly. Narrow gold band or enameled bracelets can be bought from $5 the pair up to a much higher figure. The narrow band bracelets are more worn than any others by young ladies. Your grammar is not particularly defective.

"ALICE W."—The "C" trousseau for infants is advertised for $100. It is not complete, but the articles are very nice, so far as they go. You could purchase a plain slip, a shirt and a petticoat, for $10, not much more. We should advise you to send for a box of baby patterns, buy your materials, and have them made up.

"LOTTA J."—Send the money by check or postal order. The whole transaction—sending, bringing, and returning—would occupy a week. The fashionable lace jackets (not real) cost from $15 to $30 each.

"NETTIE."—The frame and materials for a serviceable black lace hat would cost from $5 upward. We could send it to you.

R. D.—Pursue the "Banting" system, and you will quickly reduce your flesh. Eat no sweets, pies, puddings, or confectionery, no farina, grain, or potatoes—nothing but fresh meat plainly cooked, a little green vegetables, bread, and for drink, black tea and cold water. Fruit you may eat, especially uncooked. The price of the abdominal corset is $8.

"A FRIEND."—*Gros-grain* is pronounced gro-grain; *coiffure*, kof-foor. The blue sample is empress cloth. The other belongs to the large family of mixed cotton and wool fabrics which have a new name every season. Such a telescope as you want would cost about $50.

"FRECKLE," No. 2.—See answer to another correspondent.

"BELLE."—French or Irish poplin makes a very handsome traveling-suit, also black silk or pongee, especially the reversible pongee, the under side of which can be used for trimming and *revers*. Twenty yards of material are now required for a suit, and from that to thirty. Twenty-five yards of grenadine would be wanted for a costume, and about seven yards of plain black silk. Trim with ruffles edged with black lace. Wear your hair brushed from the back over rolls, and in curls down the center of the back. To prevent your hair coming out, use a wash consisting of two parts of borax to one of camphor, and one of best olive-oil. Precede by thoroughly cleansing the head with a little spirits ammonia in pure rain-water and castile soap. The chemist's receipt for "golden" hair is twenty drops nitro-muriatic acid to one ounce of distilled water.

"RELLA."—The ring is generally presented when the engagement is made. It is worn on the third finger of the left hand, the same as that upon which the wedding ring is worn, to which it serves as a "guard."

"MINNIE MCM."—A summer silk suit could be sent to you, made and trimmed, for $60. Trim your overskirt with fringe over your striped poplin, and wear with the dress a lace shawl to complete a costume.

"ETTIE."—*Piqué* is pronounced pe-kay; *monsieur*, mo-seer; *parure*, par-ure. It must always be remembered that it is quite impossible to give the pronunciation of French words in English with exactness. The lady speaks first (when a lady and gentleman meet). The best thing you can do when a subject of conversation becomes distasteful, is to start another.

FROM Maine a very intelligent lady writes:

"From fashions in the May number I have, without any other assistance, made me a very stylish and handsome black silk suit.

"The Hyperion Hair Curlers came promptly. They are excellent things for curling baby's hair, which is naturally as straight as a rush, but, with the aid of these neat little things, will curl prettily after being rolled up two or three hours.

"Without a doubt your Magazine will give a lady more ideas which will be useful to herself and family than any other fashion book in this country.

"MRS. H. T. N. H."

"EULALIA."—Our Lily Bloom (in powder) is the best thing we know of for removing the shiny appearance of the face in warm weather. Pale lips show enfeebled circulation; biting spoils both color and shape; girls should be restrained from it. Rub powdered sulphur on the "flesh-worms," made into a paste with a little pure glycerine. Wash off in the morning with a wash composed of borax and camphor water. Trim your white Swiss with single plaited ruffles, and wear your ribbons as sash and shoulder-knots. Use one of our illustrations as model for the waist.

"RUSTIC."—Your question could hardly be answered through the columns of the magazine.

"BETTIE F. S."—*Guipure* is pronounced gu-pure. Yes, we could send you a correct pattern from your own measurement. Jennie June thanks you.

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"AMICUS."—Your description indicates scrofulous disease, and should be treated by a physician. Eat no salt meat or fish, and as little salt in your food as possible. Cranberries would be good for you, stewed, and eaten in the morning; also eat as many grapes as possible. Rub your skin with pure glycerine at night when you retire, and in the morning wash it off with the juice of cucumbers, expressed by boiling, and inclosed in air-tight bottles.

"PEARL."—It would be impossible for a lady to dress neat and tastefully, even in a small village, upon a hundred dollars per year. A Polonaise to match your dress would cost about thirty dollars, provided the silk could be matched, which would be doubtful.

"IRENE."—The best method of developing the form is the plentiful use of cold water and gymnastic or club exercises. No.

"L. E. L."—We should advise a walking-suit of white *berège* for a morning wedding, the suit to be trimmed with a flat-plaited flounce and ruches upon the underskirt, and ruches and fringe upon the upper skirt and jacket. White bonnet, white gloves, white shoes. You might make your Bismarck silk poplin with a trail to wear as an in-door dress one season, and then shorten it for a suit the following spring.

"M. A."—The white horse-hair skirts are fashionably worn instead of hoops, but they are costly, and warm for summer. The hooped skirts usually worn are very convenient and very nice; they are light, only seventy-five or eighty inches at the base, and are shaped out so as to give fullness of outline without the preponderance of a bustle. *Tournure* is pronounced toor-noor.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—Gray, buff, scarlet, pink, and mauve would be becoming colors to you; you could also wear bright emerald green upon black, bright blue with black, but you must carefully avoid the lighter shades of these colors. Pearl-color trimmed with maroon velvet would be becoming to you—garnet and white, pink and black, white and black, or gray and crimson. Calico dresses may be very simply and usefully cut into plain skirt and long basque or blouse, the latter simply hemmed and belted in.

"MRS. P."—Buff and lavender gloves, of the palest shades, would be suitable with your dresses, and a buff pongee parasol, lined with lavender instead of blue. If your white walking-suit is a washing material, Hamburgh embroidery will trim it very nicely. "Hamburgh embroidery" simply means needlework bands of a strong and durable German make. Bronze boots will cost you from $7 to $10 per pair. French morocco, stitched with white, same. Your white kid boots should be reserved for dress occasions. Fine black French morocco, stitched with white in the feathered patterns, are worn with white walking-dresses. Your dress bonnet should be of white rice straw, trimmed with black lace, white *gros-grain* ribbon, and garden bouquet of roses, pansies, and mignonette. Your round hat of brown English straw—high crown, trimmed with cross-cut bands of brown silk, brown ostrich tip, and cluster of pink roses. Trim your brown silk suit with a flat plaited flounce, and velvet and fringe matching in color.

"FLORENCE D."—Cherry-stains may be entirely removed by soaking them in *cold* water while they are fresh; but if *hot* water or soap has been applied to them, nothing will remove them that will not also take out the color from the dress. See answer to "An Old Subscriber," and others. Your hair probably has a hereditary tendency toward turning gray early, and in that case nothing can prevent. Try a wash composed of 2 parts borax, 1 part camphor, 2 parts glycerine, dissolved in a quart of bay rum. Is your pink Chambéry dress for a walking or in-door dress? If the latter, make it long, with an eight-inch flounce; if the former, make it short, with a blouse, and trim with flat, single-plaited ruffles.

"VIOLETTA."—You will find a wrapper very useful for an infant of any age. They are open, not buttoned down at all. The puffings in baby dresses should be at least a third wider than the needlework insertions.

To pickle your peppers, lay them in a brine made with half pound of salt to two quarts of water; keep them in it three days. Then stuff them with whole mustard-seed, onions cut up, grated horse-radish, chipped cauliflowers, small beans, nasturtiums, or anything else liked; ginger is good. Spice the vinegar and pour it over boiling.

"M. L. D."—Braid your hair and wear it flowing occasionally, for *dress*, and sometimes inclosed in a net and tied with a ribbon. A braid, to be worn in front, would not hurt it, but beware how you commence the use of dirty pads and stuffing.

"M. A. P."—Among sensible people etiquette is governed by good feeling, and not allowed to become an arbitrary tyrant. The time for returning a call may be safely left to convenience and discretion—a week, more or less—and you should certainly not say anything upon such an occasion which would lead your hostess to think you had simply done it as a matter of duty. In introducing, address first the oldest, or the highest in position, or the lady, if the parties are of opposite sexes.

A SUBSCRIBER, "L. D. E.," writes:

"When I show my beautiful presents and Magazine to my friends, they are perfectly astonished; for they can not imagine how you can afford to give so much for the small sum of three dollars, and I can not enlighten them."

"A. D. E."—The paper was sent as a premium. Put your knife and fork side by side upon your plate. If the parties expected were simple acquaintances, you would naturally wait till they rung or rapped at the door. The gift of a ring is usually very significant on the part of a gentleman, and you should not accept that or anything else of value unless you intend to be his wife. It would depend upon circumstances whether you should tell a gentleman that you were engaged to another or not; if it was necessary to prevent the cherishing any false hopes, you should do so by all means. A linen, *piqué*, or jaconet walking-suit, and a round hat with a gauze veil, is the proper rig for a pic-nic.

"S. C. D."—We do not answer mere letters of inquiry by mail.

"E. JENNIE R."—Your sample is not Irish poplin; it is Japanese poplin, and costs $1.25 per yard. Good alpaca can be got for 75 cts. per yard; fifteen to twenty yards would be required for a complete suit trimmed with the same. Black silk, quality of sample, would be $2.50 per yard. A brown Irish poplin might be lengthened and freshened up by adding bands and narrow quilled plaitings of *gros-grain* silk matching in color. It would take three yards of silk and cost $10. A gentleman should ride upon the lady's left hand when riding horseback.

"AGGIE."—Trim your white alpaca with garnet or crimson, if becoming to your complexion; if not, with blue or green, or with white fringe and black velvet, or with plaitings of the same and black velvet. Trim your peach-colored silk with black lace, headed with satin folds of the color.

"M. H. D."—You can subscribe for this magazine any time during the year. See the magnificent premium engraving or chromo we send to single subscribers.

"DEAR MADAME—1st. How shall I make a dotted Swiss and a *berège*? Shall they be long or short, with or without overskirts?'

"2d. Are square-neck dresses much worn? If so, what style of chemisette?

"3d. What style of wedding dress would you think suitable for a lady living in the country, who expects to be married in the morning?

"4th. What would be the price of a wreath of artificials, also a set of jet jewelry?

"5th. What would be the price of a linen collar pattern?

"6th. Are curls very fashionable, and is ribbon much worn on the hair?

"7th. Is it well for a young lady to marry before she is twenty? Should she keep her engagement a secret?

"8th. Is it proper for a young lady and young gentleman who are cousins to kiss each other in company? What do you think of a correspondence between a young lady and young gentleman who are neither related nor engaged?

"JULIA."

Ans. 1st. Depends upon what you require them for—read fashions and answers to other correspondents carefully. Overskirts by all means.

2d. Yes. They are worn without chemisettes—the space occupied by velvet and locket.

3d. A handsome poplin suit, that would answer afterward for walking or visiting dress.

4th. From $1 to $10. Jewelry from $5 to $25.

5th. Very nearly the price of a linen collar.

6th. Yes. Yes.

7th. No. No.

8th. Endearments are always in bad taste before people who are not interested in them. Think it is their business, and not ours.

"FLORENCE."—Your white sample is organdy. The *foulard* would cost about $1.25. Trim both with ruffles, binding the *foulard* with blue silk to match the figure. Lay your ruffles in flat, single plaits instead of gathering them.

"C. H. MC."—We can not suggest a method for making a silk like sample presentable. Use it for lining. Gingham is made up into simple suits for pic-nic purposes and country wear. The polonaise pattern is fifty cents.

"COUNTRY VILLAGE."—We could select and send a stock of millinery goods at any cost, from one to five hundred dollars and upward. Use wigging to line belts. Bind the skirts with silk braid, or satin, if the dress is trimmed with it, or alpaca braid. A riding habit should be gored, but left full at the back, which should be two yards in length. *Poult de soie* is rich, plain silk. *Rosa Bonheur* is pronounced Rosa Bon-her; and *gros-grain*, gro-grain.

"MARY."—Green would be as becoming to you as blue. Try a ruffled black grenadine suit, with green sash and green trimmings upon a black hat.

"JUDY."—Your graduating dress should be of tarlatan or white organdy, latter more serviceable. Make it high-neck, partly open, and edged inside with a narrow Valenciennes lace ruffle. Wear a cross or locket at the throat, suspended from a narrow velvet. Sleeves half long, ruffled at the elbow; skirt demi-train, trimmed with two or three fluted ruffles; overskirt open upon the back, trimmed to match with narrow flutings. Very wide white or colored sash, fringed out upon the ends. White shoes, white gloves.

HONOR YOUR BUSINESS.

IT is a good sign when a man is proud of his work or his calling. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault constantly with their particular business, and deeming themselves unfortunate because fastened to it by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this way men fret, and laboriously destroy all their comforts in the work; or, they change their business, and go on miserably, shifting from one thing to another, till the grave or the poorhouse gives them a fast grip. But while, occasionally, a man fails in life because he is not in the place fitted for his peculiar talent, it happens ten times oftener that failure results from neglect and even contempt of an honest business. A man should put his heart into everything that he does. There is no profession that has not its peculiar cares and vexations. No man will escape annoyance by changing his business. No mechanical business is altogether agreeable. Commerce, in its endless varieties, is affected, like all other pursuits, with trials, unwelcome duties, and spirit-tiring necessities. It is the very wantonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling, and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They be long to human life: they are inevitable. Brooding over them only gives them strength. On the other hand, a man has power given him to shed beauty and pleasure on the homeliest toil, if he is wise. Let a man adopt his business, and identify it with pleasant associations; for Heaven has given us imagination, not alone to make us poets, but to enable all men to beautify homely things. Heart varnish will cover up innumerable evils and defects. Look at the good things. Accept your lot as a man does a piece of rugged ground, and begin to get out rocks and roots, to deepen and mellow the soil, to enrich and plant it. There is something in the most forbidding avocation around which a man may twine pleasant fancies, out of which he may develop an honest pride.

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HOUSE FURNISHING.

THE great charm of a home is its individuality, its expression of the tastes, habits, and sentiments of those who own and occupy it.

The great mass of people are debarred from any expression or gratification of their peculiar tastes, except in the most trifling matters, by the want of resources either in or outside of themselves.

It costs more to obtain an old-fashioned chintz-covered lounge, for example, which everybody's soul delights in, than a modern round-cornered, hard-stuffed, pretentious little sofa. Moreover, the lounge must be made to order, while the pert little sofa, which some people think more "stylish," but which is as useless and uncomfortable piece of furniture as one can have in the house, can be bought by the dozen without any difficulty.

If a young housekeeper is clever and ingenious, she can make box ottomans, lounges, sewing-chairs, and toilet-tables out of old boxes, barrels, furniture print, wadding, and a few tacks, prettier than any ordinary articles of the same kind she can buy; but if she can not, or has not the time, and her husband shares her disabilities, they have to depend on what their means will compass in the furniture warehouses; and the stock of the larger number of these is miserably stiff and stereotyped, the same thing over and over, so that the entire dwellings of people of the same class are as much alike as two peas.

In exclusive establishments very fine and very high-priced copies of old-fashioned chairs and tables can sometimes be seen, made in plain white wood, chestnut wood, or maple; but they are put up at fancy prices, and only the rich can afford them.

Labor is very costly in this country, and when a young housekeeper can be cabinet-maker as well as cook and seamstress, she ought to rate her value at least as high as that of a man, who simply acts in one department.

An English journal gives some good directions for the making of several useful articles of household furniture, from which we copy the following:

"The most useful things (especially in a small room) are those that fulfil two purposes, and box ottomans certainly do this well. If bought, they cost not a little; but has it struck many of my readers what capital ones may be made out of old packing cases? I have seen excellent and large specimens made out of Indian camphor-wood packing cases. These were only just long enough to go at the foot of a bed (by which the foot-board formed a back to the ottoman), and held a dress skirt at full length. Their width was about three feet, they were nicely lined, and the top stuffed. A covering of pretty chintz went over all, and very nice-looking and useful pieces of furniture were thus made out of boxes that would by many people have been condemned to a lumber room, or to be broken up. Smaller boxes of this kind are very useful as window-seats, and will hold hats, jackets, work, &c. But now how to make one. Find a box of the shape and size you wish, and see that there are no nails sticking out; if so, hammer them in or pull them out. Line the inside of the box, top, bottom, and sides with common white or gray glazed calico, using brass-headed nails or tin tacks at long intervals, to fasten the calico on with. Then take a piece of the coarsest calico or canvas, double it and measure it with the top of the box; let it be nearly half a yard wider all round. Make it into a bag, leave the end open, and stuff it rather tightly with horse-hair, feathers, or even newspapers torn into the tiniest fragments. Now thread a packing-needle with very strong string, and pass it once or twice straight through this cushion; pull it tight and knot it firmly. Do the same at equal distances of six or eight inches all over the cushion, which will then, if nicely done, look as though padded by anything but an amateur hand; nail the cushion firmly to the top of the box, and so far your work is done. Now as to the covering of the box: this must depend a great deal on the furniture of the room, of course; rep, moreen or damask wear best, but I always think Cretonne chintz is as cheap as anything, and infinitely prettier and more clean, for it washes so well. Take the piece of whatever material it may be that you intend for the top, and wherever there is a knot in the canvas below sew a flat button of any kind to it; when this is done, the covering must be nailed on all round with a broad furniture gimp or fringe and brass-headed nails. The sides are to be covered with the same material, and can either be padded or the stuff put on plain. If this is chintz, it must have a cotton lining, or probably the wood of the box will show through; fasten this on by the same arrangement of gimp and brass nails as you did with the top A really handsome box might thus be made for a drawing-room by covering the sides and top with different pieces of Berlin work, and it would be most useful to hold music, portfolios, &c. For such use the inside lining would look best of chintz.

"I have seen a very comfortable little low chair for a bed-room (just the thing for pulling close into the fire when you are having a chat to your dearest friend) formed from one of those ugly and *un*comfortable cane-seated chairs, with which most bed-rooms are furnished. Any chair will do for the purpose, provided that the seat of it is tolerably broad. Have the legs of the chair sawn off two or three inches; in short, reduce it to pleasant diminutiveness, taking care that the 'hind' legs are shorter than the fore legs. Cushion the seat and the whole of the back thickly and softly with the before-mentioned canvas, stuffed and padded cushions. Make and put over all—seat, back, sides, everywhere—a loose cover of moreen or rep, leaving not one bit of the woodwork to be seen. Fringe, sewn round the seat and back, looks very well, but it is not necessary. Chintz does not answer so well as thick materials; but, should you wish to use it, you can line it with unbleached cotton. When nicely done, no one can discover what was the original state of one of these chairs, such pretty comfortable little things are they. Aye! and is it not a capital way in which to utilise shabby old chairs, no matter of what kind?"

"Cretonne" chintz is a very handsome striped furniture chintz, varying, in England, from eightpence to one (English) shilling per yard. Here it costs $1.25, which is a great difference. It is fashionably used now, however, for curtains, hangings, bed-covers, and the like.

A new lace for curtains is called Nottingham "guipure." It is really a new style and manufacture of the well-known Nottingham lace, and makes very handsome curtains for back parlor and bed-room windows. Ordinary Nottingham lace curtains can be bought from $3 per window, up to $15; the new "guipure" cost from $15 to $20 per window.

Carpets are now very commonly laid upon a yard wide lining, which is made for the purpose. It consists of sheets of thick paper, with wadding between, and is twelve and a half cents per yard. "Pads" for the stairs are made in the same way, and are twenty cents each—that is, for each step. These pads and linings not only make carpets wear much longer, but create the illusion of thick piled velvets, and Royal Wiltons, even when walking upon very ordinary Brussels.

Carpets have been greatly reduced in price this season, and, as a consequence, everybody is renewing. Wilton, formerly $6 per yard, is now $4 and $5; velvet and Axminster, $3, and $3 50; "Body" Brussels, $2 to $2.25; Tapestry Brussels, $1.50; three plys, $1.60; good Ingrain, $1.25.

VIRTUES OF BORAX.

IT may not be generally known how very valuable borax is in various purposes of household use. We find it the very best cockroach exterminator yet discovered—one-half pound, costing but fifty cents, has completely cleared a large house formerly swarming with them, so that the appearance of one in a month is quite a novelty. The various exterminating powders puffed and advertised, have been found not fully effective, tending rather to make the roaches crazy than to kill them. There is something peculiar, either in the smell or touch of borax, which is certain death to them. They will flee in terror from it, and never appear again where it has once been placed. It is also a great advantage that borax is perfectly harmless to human beings; hence no danger from poisoning. It is also valuable for laundry purposes. The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linens so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing-powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to ten gallons of water. They save in soap nearly one-half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used; and for crinolines (requiring to be made stiff), a stronger solution is necessary. Borax, being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen. Its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on the toilet table. As a way of cleansing the hair, nothing is better than a solution of borax in water. It leaves the scalp in a moist, cleanly condition, and the hair is just sufficiently stiffened to retain its place. This stiffness, however, can be readily removed, if objectionable, by washing with water. Borax is also an excellent dentifrice; dissolved in water, it is one of the best of tooth-washes. In hot countries it is used, in combination with tartaric acid and bi-carbonate of soda, as a cooling beverage.

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THE WORLD'S MADNESS.

SCOTT says: "When I look around upon a busy, bustling world, eagerly pursuing and courting disappointment, neglecting nothing so much as the one thing needful—and who, in order to have their portion in this life, disregard the world to come, and only treasure up wrath—it makes me think of a farmer who should, with vast labor, cultivate his lands and gather in his crop and then thresh it out, and then separate the corn from the chaff, and then sweep the corn out upon the dunghill, and carefully lay by the chaff. Such a person would be supposed mad; but how faint a shadow would his be of his madness who labors for the meat that perishes, but neglects that which endureth unto everlasting life. It is a madness the whole race of men labor under, unless, and until, divine grace works the cure."

OLD MAIDS.

NEVER be afraid of becoming an old maid, fair reader. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife, and single-blessedness to wedded life without love. "Fall not in love, dear girls, beware!" says the old song. On the contrary, we hold that it is a good thing to fall in love, or get in love, if the loved object be worthy. No; fall in love as soon as you like, provided it be a suitable person. Fall in love, then marry; but never marry unless you do love. That is the great point. Never marry for a home or a husband. Never degrade yourself by becoming a party to such an alliance. Be an old maid, if fortune throws not in your way the man of your heart; and though the witless may sneer and the jester laugh, you still have your own reward in an approving conscience and a comparatively quiet life.

SNOW-SHED.

THE largest building in the world is the snow-shed on the Central Pacific Railroad in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It is 16 feet high and 22 miles long, covering an area of 1,800,000 square feet, or nearly 44 acres. Over forty million feet of lumber were used in its construction. Where slides or avalanches are imminent, the roof is carried to the cliffs, and bolted to the rocks when practicable, heavy timbers being used to brace and strengthen it. So far, it is said to fully answer the purpose intended. A wooden tunnel twenty-two miles long cannot afford a pleasant prospect to travelers.

ABYSSINIAN JEWELRY.

THE chief novelty in Abyssinian gold is the triple locket brooch. It is a round breastpin, surrounded by a cable twist, very finely executed; a raised center holds two lockets concealed, and the third is placed at the back. Earrings to match are in the same style, but have a handsome pendant fringe, which gives the requisite length.

Another set consists of breastpin, earrings, and handsome gold collar with three pendants. The design is Grecian, and is executed in blue-and-white enamel and pearls, on a ground of Abyssinian gold. The earrings and pendants are finished off with long fringes of gold, and the fineness and elasticity of the collar is wonderful; fine chains connect the three pendants. These gold collars are exceedingly elegant, and are made of various sizes, some being an inch wide, others varying to a single thread of gold. Handsome lockets are suspended to these, and they are ornamented with pearls or with monograms.

A FASHIONABLE COTILLON.

AT a grand entertainment recently, the feature was the "German," done in magnificent style. The *cotillon* was, in the first place, original from beginning to end. When figure after figure, as new as they were complicated and graceful, had been danced, a table heaped up with bouquets of white flowers and piles of spotlessly white favors was placed at one end of the great room, while at the other was a fountain spouting jets of perfumed water, which fell sparkling into a crystal basin adorned with flowers. The waltz was now resumed, and as each couple approached the table the lady took a bouquet, and the cavalier a knot of ribbons; on went the waltzers toward the fountain, where the *danseuses* held their flowers and the *danseurs* their ribbons, beneath the sweet-scented spray; and instantaneously the bouquets became of every brilliant hue—red, violet, blue, gold, and some uniting several colors in their variegated petals; while the favors became of every color of the rainbow. The bouquets and ribbons of the same shades now sought each other, and "the new couples formed by the influence of the magic colors whirled in merry surprise through the room." A word for the uninitiated: the aniline coloring matters, reduced to the finest powder, had been sprinkled over the flowers and ribbons, in no way impairing their whiteness, and the contact of the alcoholic liquid, prepared and perfumed, instantly produced the richest aniline dyes.

A MARK OF DISTINCTION.

THE Spanish Order of Noble Ladies, which has just been conferred on Madame Ollivier, carries with it the title of "Excellency," and confers a rank equivalent to that of Grandee. The cordon consists of a violet ribbon and white stripes, to which a medal is attached. There are at present in France ten other ladies who have the right to wear it—the Empress, the Duchess de Mouchy, the Princess d'Essling, the Duchess de Malakoff, the Countess Walewska, the Marquise de Turgot, Madame Thiers, Madame Drouyn de Lhuys, Madame Barrot, and Madame de Bresson.

Madame Ollivier has won this distinction by adhering to a modest style of dress, in the face of an arbitrary custom which prescribed a *décolleté* toilet. Her simple white or black dress, rich in material, but plain in style, cut always high in the neck, is now known everywhere; and ladies of the highest rank are beginning to follow her courageous example.

WOMAN.

IN a recent speech, Mr. Gladstone, Premier of England, drew a distinction between the word womanly and womanish. Womanly is almost a reverential epithet. It implies goodness, tenderness, fidelity. "Unwomanly rags" was the strongest phrase Hood could find for expressing a garb which unsexed its wearer. An unwomanly woman means a monstrosity; while true womanly pity, or real womanly sympathy, is a something which goes straight to the heart of all who have suffered or are suffering. To be womanly is not inconsistent with talent and genius, though there are many clever women whose womanliness is not pre-eminent. In short, to be womanly should be the first grace of woman; and the epithet, if applied to men, as it is in rare instances, and under circumstances which are exceptional, conveys an impression of goodness of heart, of a nature unspotted by the world, and of trustworthiness unsullied and complete. Womanish is the reverse of all this. It conveys the oriental or brute notion of woman; puppets, coy, frightened, useless, and without soul or brain—creatures to be used as playthings by the superior animal, and to throw aside—beings whose humanity is devoid of all that makes humanity holy; such are the womanish of the sensualists of the East—such is the contemptuous meaning the adjective bears here. To speak of an Englishman as womanish is to hold him up to the bitterest contempt.

COURTSHIP IN GREENLAND.

THERE is something exceedingly melancholy in the accounts which are given in the custom of courtship in Greenland. Generally, women enter upon the blessed estate with more willingless and less solicitude than men. The women of Greenland are an exception to this rule. A Greenlander, having fixed his affections upon some female, acquaints his parents with the state of his heart. They apply to the parents of the girl, and if the parties thus far are agreed, the next point is to appoint two female negotiators, whose duty it is to broach the subject to the young lady. This is a matter of great tact and delicacy. The lady ambassadors do not shock the young lady to whom they are sent by any sudden or abrupt avowal of the awful subject of their mission. Instead of doing this, they launch out in praises of the gentleman who seeks her hand. They speak of the splendor of his house, the sumptousness of his furniture, of his courage and skill in fishing and catching seals, and other accomplishments. The lady, pretending to be affronted even at the remote hints, runs away, tearing ringlets of her hair as she retires, while the ambassadresses, having got the consent of her parents, pursue her, drag her from her concealment, take her by force to the house of her destined husband, and there leave her. Compelled to remain there, she sits for days with disheveled hair, silent and dejected, refusing every kind of sustenance, till at last, if kind entreaties do not prevail, she is compelled by force, and even by blows, to submit to the detested union. In some cases, Greenland women faint at the proposals of marriage; in others, they fly to the mountains, and only return when compelled to do so by hunger and cold. If one cuts off her hair, it is a sure indication that she is determined to resist to the death. All this appears so unnatural to us, that we seek for the reason of such an apparent violation of the first principles of human nature. The Greenland wife is the slave of her husband, doomed to a life of toil, drudgery and privation; and if he die, she and her children have no resource against starvation. The married state is a miserable condition, while widowhood is still more appalling.

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SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR SIX MONTHS SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY.

We will give a choice of desirable premiums for half yearly subscribers, a list of which will be found elsewhere. Or two half yearly subscribers will count as one in getting up clubs. Do not fail to send in your subscription, to commence with the July number; or, if you have already secured the July number, you may send $1.25, and the premium will be sent.

The Chromo Title-page edition of "La Belle Fleurette Polka," and a fine Photograph of the author, in the Rembrandt style, will be given as a premium to single subscribers to Demorest's Monthly Magazine.

INTERESTING TO GETTERS-UP OF CLUBS.

NEW PREMIUM SHAKESPEARE.

We call particular attention to the terms upon which we are able to offer a new and superb edition of Shakespeare, complete in eight large volumes, inclosed in a handsome case.

The books are uniform in size and thickness, printed in large, clear type, and elegantly bound in English cloth, and gilt. They are worth $2.50 per volume, and we offer the set complete for *eight* subscribers, without the first premium, *twelve* subscribers with either the first premiums, selected from the second page of the cover. For twenty-four dollars, therefore, we give eight subscriptions, and a premium worth twenty dollars. A lady may, therefore, if she chooses, get up her club of eight, at *two dollars* each (no first premiums allowed), and add the other eight dollars in money. This would still be obtaining this magnificent addition to the library, at little more than one-third its value.

For twelve subscriptions—that is, $36—we send the Shakespeare, and, in addition, a fine chromo, the pic-nic engraving, or either of the other single premiums, to every subscriber, each premium being worth the subscription price of the Magazine, and in some instances more.

No lady should neglect this opportu ity to add a splendid library edition of the great master to her household treasures.

THE STANDARD AUTHORS.

In addition to our great Shakespeare, we have the happiness of announcing that we have made such arrangements as will enable us to offer a new and enlarged edition of *twelve standard authors*, including Byron, Cowper, Shakespeare, Scott, Moore, Pope, Burns, Josephus, Bulwer, Fielding, and Smollett, the whole twelve constituting a household library of rare value.

These books are two inches in thickness, full and complete editions of each author, beautifully printed and elegantly bound in best English cloth, and gilt, with steel portrait frontispiece. Byron's works contain 1000 pages, royal octavo; Bulwer's, 1034; Pope's, with life, 1000. The entire set, which occupies one whole shelf in a library, is offered for *fifteen* subscribers *without* the first premiums, *twenty-four* with the first premiums; or any one author of the set will be sent for *two* subscribers without the first premiums, and *three* subscribers with the first premiums to the two who do not get the book premium, which is valued at $5.

Or, any one of these standard authors, value $5, will be sent to a single subscriber to both the Monthly and Young America, on receipt of $4.50.

These offers, we can most assuredly say, are unprecedented, and afford an opportunity which intelligent men and women will not be slow to avail themselves of to secure a standard library.

DON QUIXOTE.

We offer also a complete and magnificent library edition of Don Quixote, profusely illustrated, for *three* subscribers, with the first premiums or for two without.

NEW EDITION OF THE AMERICAN COOKERY BOOK.

We are happy to announce to our lady readers that we will send hereafter a complete copy of the new edition of Mrs. Croly's (Jenny June) American Cookery Book, which contains many new and valuable receipts and suggestions, including "favorite dishes of distinguished persons," as a premium to a single subscriber at $3 per year to the Monthly. Mrs. Partington, whose housekeeping is proverbial, says this is the best cookery book she has ever seen.

IMPORTANT TO YOUNG LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

We call the attention of our young lady friends to an arrangement by which we shall be able to send an elegant parlor edition of the admirable work, "The Young Lady at Home and in Society," for *two* subscribers, with the first premium to *one*. It is most useful and interesting to young ladies leaving school and entering society, and we recommend its hints as exceedingly useful in matters of etiquette, physical education, etc. We beg them also to see the amount of new music offered for *one* subscriber, on second page of cover.

OUR CHROMOS.

The handsome chromo, and splendid steel engraving of the Pic-nic, post free, either of which we are able to offer to single subscribers, excite astonishment as well as admiration. How we can do it, is the universal inquiry. The chromos are executed in the highest style of art, are equal to an oil-painting, and make an elegant parlor ornament without cost. Send for one.

We call attention to the fact that imperial photographs of both Mr. and Mme. Demorest are sent to single subscribers, and that we are clubbing our small premiums together, and sending *three* to single subscribers instead of one, as last year.

We also send a most valuable premium in "Mme Demorest's System of Dress Cutting," and "Children's Magic Dress Chart," both of which are included as one premium for a single subscription to the Monthly. Ladies, will any one do better for you?

NEW PATENT KNIFE SHARPENER.

This ingenious little instrument will supply a want felt in all families for a ready, practical article which can be used to sharpen knives quickly and perfectly. It consists of an ornamental little porcelain stand, reversed to admit the convex disks, composed of a mixture of emery and porcelain. By drawing the knife across this central mechanism it is sharpened instantly, much quicker and more perfectly than with steel. We are glad to be able to offer this useful and attractive article of table furniture as a premium for one subscriber.

A SUMMER EXHIBITION.

For the first time in the history of dry goods, a grand gas-light exhibition of summer materials was made by A. T. Stewart & Co., at his great house, corner of Tenth street and Broadway. The display was wonderful in novelty, beauty, and variety. The blending of colors was a study for an artist. The entire force of the establishment was on duty, with bouquets in their button-holes, and received within two hours thirty thousand visitors.

Subscribers will observe that the postage is prepaid on nearly all the premiums, both single and club, except one or two premiums. Our book premiums are extraordinarily liberal, and will undoubtedly astonish our readers.

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

In reply to numerous inquiries, we state that in our offer of premiums we make no distinctions between old subscribers and new ones, so that renewals get the same premiums as new subscribers. Those of our present subscribers who may wish to obtain a choice from new premiums immediately, can do so by sending in the amount for the renewal, and it will be credited from the time their subscription expires, and the premiums forwarded at once.

Every one of our present subscribers should avail themselves of our splendid list of new premiums. A little effort, and, in some cases, a correspondence, will secure a duplicate subscription with your own, and you will find yourself in possession of one of the beautiful premiums which we are offering for two subscribers. Just think of getting a very fine parlor Chromo, large size, and richly worth $10, for asking your friend to subscribe for a Monthly which you can so conscientiously recommend, especially when the additional subscriber gets a premium worth from $2 to $10. We are anticipating a large increase in our subscription-list, and are determined to earn all your generous appreciation by furnishing a Ma azine which will be worth more to you than many times its cost, besides giving you a premium worth all that you have to pay for it. Let us count on getting one new subscriber from each one now on our books, in addition to a renewal.

HALF-YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS.

We have been requested by a number of persons who find themselves unable to subscribe for the whole year at one time, to make some arrangements for half-yearly subscribers.

In order to comply with their wishes, we have decided to offer as premiums for six months' subscriptions at $1.50 each a choice of the following articles:

A package of Diamond Needles,
Perfume Packet,
Children's Magic Chart,
One Dozen Steel Pens,
Letter Scale,
Pocket Diary for 1870 or 1871,
Indelible Pencil for marking clothing,
Pentagraph Tracing-Wheel,
One box of Hair Curlers.

The *School-Day Visitor*, a bright and sparkling juvenile magazine full of good illustrations, entertaining stories, and other novelties for boys and girls. We are offering the *School-Day Visitor*, price $1.25, as a premium for either our Monthly Magazine or Young America, so that you can in this way receive two periodicals for the price of one.

CHROMO LITHOGRAPH BY J. GURNEY & SON.

"Mischievous Pets," after the original by John Carter, of England. Size, 16x20. Price, $10.

Extract from the New York Evening Express.

"Mischievous Pets.—Under the above title Gurney & Son have just issued an exquisite chromographic picture of animal life, by John Carter, a painter, who, in England, ranks only second to Landseer in his particular branch of art. The subject is very happily chosen. A full-plumaged, snowy cockatoo, with golden crest, clings to the wires of a cage, and with head coquettishly turned, with a mischievous eye regards the advances of a playful dog on the floor below him. These pets are evident friends, though each enjoys to the top of his bent such games of playful teasing, where the laughing bark of the dog and the gay chatter of the bird have a musical ring like the voices of children at play. The attitude and expression of the pair are limned with rare truthfulness, while the artist has infused into the two an amount of character that calls for no little praise. In the matter of execution the picture will compare favorably with some of the best of Landseer's works, the color being pleasing and well harmonized, and the facts of texture in the hair of the dog's coat, and the nice sense of featheriness in the bird being rendered with very happy success. Of late years vast strides have been made in the improvement of chromography, and in this work we find all these improvements brought to bear upon a work which calls for almost entire praise."

We have purchased the whole edition of the above splendid picture, and propose to give them as premiums for two subscribers to Demorest's Monthly, with the choice of premiums from our list of first premiums to one of the subscribers. Or we will give one of these valuable chromos for subscriptions to the Monthly and Young America together, thus requiring only $4.50 for this splendid ten dollar chromo, sent post free, and the two subscriptions thrown in. Who ever heard of such a rare opportunity to secure a work of art, at less than half its value, and subscriptions to the best magazines for nothing?

FACTS FOR ADVERTISERS.

There are now just about 5,000 periodicals published in the United States, which include all the various kinds of newspapers and magazines.

Out of this 5,000 there are only about 25 that have the circulation of Demorest's Monthly Magazine, not more than 20 that have the number of yearly subscribers, and not one of all of them that has as many first-class readers, and the only one with an equal circulation that has been established as long as ours which has increased during the last year.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

Ordinary pages, 75 cents per line solid agate space. Four lines or less, $3. Page next to reading-matter, $1 per line. Business Notices, solid agate space, $1.25 per line. On ordinary pages no extra charge for cuts or display.

OUR ADVERTISING PAGES.

We aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers; to exclude whatever

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is pernicious, at whatever sacrifice; and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely as represented.

Advertisers will please understand that the extent of our circulation renders it necessary that they should send in their advertisements by the twenty-first of the month to secure insertion in the following issue.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Interesting to Ladies.—"For more than twelve years a Grover & Baker Sewing-Machine has been in constant use in my family, and it has given complete satisfaction. My wife considers it invaluable in the family, as by it all kinds of work can be done—the finest fabrics as well as the coarsest—with equal facility. After long experience of its excellencies we cordially recommend it to our friends as an almost indispensable article that, in a few years, will more than pay its cost. JOSEPH CASTLE, P. E.,
"Central Philadelphia District of the M. E. Church."

La Belle Fleurette Polka,

BY W. VIENNA J. DEMOREST.

A sprightly composition, full of rich melody and of medium difficulty, with very fine Chromo title. Price 60 cents. Plain title, 30 cents. Mailed free.
Published by C. H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

"La Belle Fleurette Polka."
By W. Vienna J. Demorest.

A sprightly, well-written dancing-piece. The composer is a young lady who evidently has considerable ability. The title-page is a chromo-lithograph, and one of the most beautiful we have ever seen on a piece of music.—*Musical Review.*

"La Belle Fleurette Polka" is the title of a composition just published by Ditson & Co. Its author is Miss W. Vienna J. Demorest, who is one of the most promising of our young American composers The music of this polka is exceedingly pleasant, and its composition reflects much credit on its author. The title-page of the sheet is one of the most beautiful in design and coloring ever issued by any of our music publishing houses.—*N. Y. World.*

"La Belle Fleurette Polka,"
By Miss W. Vienna J. Demorest, daughter of W. Jennings Demorest. Published by C. H. Ditson and Co.

A composition of real merit, full of that vivacious element so essential in pieces of its class. Its title-page is adorned with a handsome chromo.—*N. Y. Tablet.*

"La Belle Fleurette Polka" is a composition of real merit, and one that can not fail to become a favorite with all lovers of good music. It is the production of Miss W. Vienna J. Demorest, a young lady of rare musical ability, before whom seems opening a brilliant future as a composer. The piece is published in a superior style, with chromo title-page, by C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway.—*N. Y. Democrat.*

New Music.—Messrs. C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, have just published a piece of music which is, in some respects, novel and attractive. It is entitled "La Belle Fleurette Polka," composed by W. Vienna J. Demorest, daughter of Mme. Demorest. The music is simple, pleasing, and likely to be very popular. The title-page is elaborately gotten up, the center-piece being a really good representation of flowers, in water-colors. The sheets are held together by a neat binding, and the cover does not have the appearance of a cheap poster, as is too often the case. The whole appearance of the piece is elegant in the extreme.—*N. Y. Globe.*

THE POLKA MAZOURKA

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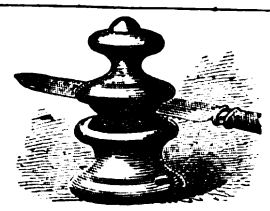

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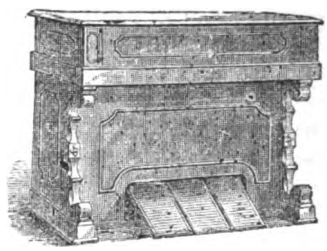

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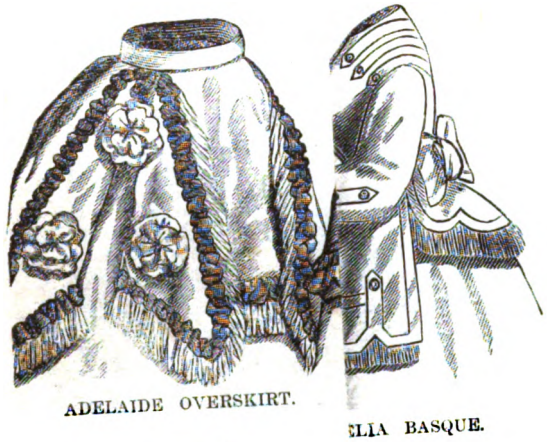

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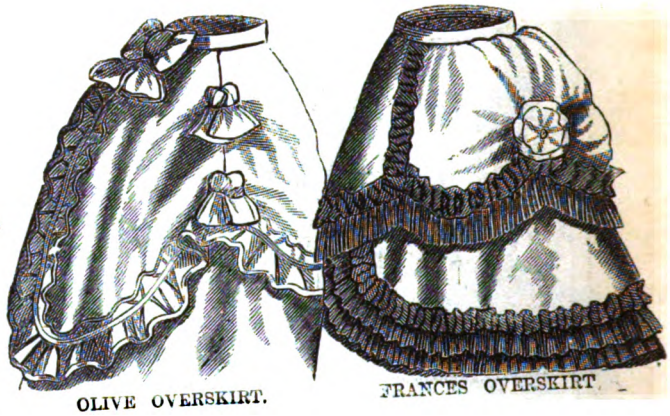

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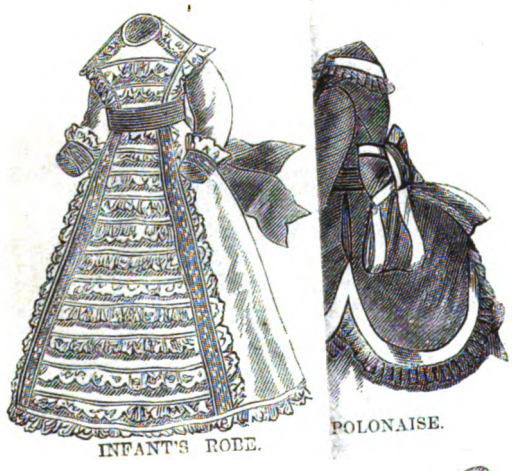

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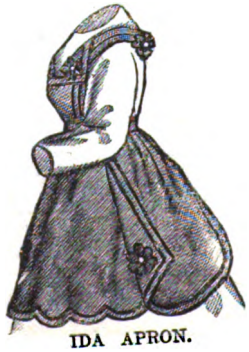

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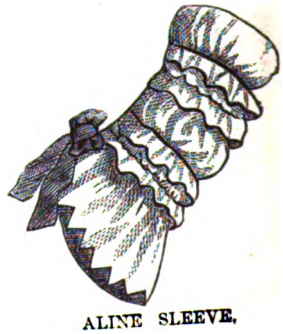

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Golden Sunset Mazurka.

Composed by CHARLES FRADEL.

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Hats and Bonnets for September, 1870.

(For description, see page 277.)

Latest Styles of Children's Costumes for September, 1870.

(For description, see page 280.)

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THE RIVALS.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH

II.—BABY-GIRL.

AYE, sister, I know you are happy,
Your heart is a nest full of joys;
I will not disparage your Baby,
Your plumpest of big, bonny boys.
But *I* have my wee, winsome Nellie,
My beauty, my bright Baby-Girl!
Ah me, I am richer than you are,
As diamond is richer than pearl.

SHE is little, and lovely, and sparkling,
My Baby, my Darling, my Sweet!
She is rounded, and rosy, and fay-like,
All down to her trim little feet.
My Baby has limbs that are purer
Than apple-boughs mantled with snow,
Late snow surprising the blossoms
That tint it with delicate glow.

SHE gives me her arms for a necklace,
And cunningly knots it behind,
And then she must have twenty kisses
Or ever the knot is untwined.
My Baby has delicate fingers,
With as tender a touch, and so warm,
You would say that of zephyrs and twilight
Was fashioned her exquisite form.

MY darling has eyes that are dreamy,
Oh, dark and beautiful eyes,
Serene with the length of their lashes,
Like shadows on sunset skies.
The fays that sprinkle with dimples
Have dotted them in so, at whiles,
That, like whirls on the rim of an eddy,
Her smile is a vortex of smiles.

MY Baby is wholly delicious,
Where latest I kiss her is best;
All sweet as the folds of a lily,
With the dew on its virginal vest.
The dainty wee midget loves honey—
I say to her, catching her glee,
"Oh, where is there honey for Baby?
And where are there cherries for me?"

SHE *looks* me an answer so archly,
As if she would tell me "*I* know!"
And puts up her lips like a cherry,
Like a robin I peck at it—so;
And she clings to my mouth with her kisses,
As a bee in the heart of a rose,
And *there* is the honey for Baby,
Say her eyes, in their vivid repose.

I FANCY my Baby is sleeping,
And softly slip in with a kiss,
When up come her lashes wide open
With a laugh—oh, how merry it is!
Aye, sister, I know you are happy,
Your heart is a nest full of joys;
But *I* would not take for my Nellie
A cage-load of Cupids for boys!

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IF WE KNEW

[We publish the following beautiful poem by request:]

IF we knew the woe and heart-ache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

IF we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

AH, these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by-and-by.

STRANGE, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air!

LIPS from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

LET us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path:
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

MARION THORNE.

BY MAUD MERIDETH.

"WELL, little one, what are you thinking of?"

The child looked up through her tangled locks with great, startled eyes: "I don't know."

"How do you like your home here among the fishers?"

"I don't like it at all; I hate everything here, except"—and the dark eyes softened—"except the sea, and father."

"The sea and father, eh? So the sea stands first, in your estimation, does it?"

"What?"

Her eyes were growing dark again; but under his scrutiny she looked down, and began rolling the pebbles under her little bare feet.

"Little Marion, how would you like to go away from here—go to the great city you heard me speaking to your father of last night?" She looked up eagerly now. "How would you like to go back with me, and grow up a lady?"

"A lady!—a real lady, like one I met on the cliff last summer? Oh, could I ever make a lady, with pretty yellow curls, and white face and hands?—so soft and white, with lots of rings on?—yes, and she had a great gold ring on her arm, too. Could I ever be like that? Oh, I'd go anywhere!"

"Why, you little simplicity! You could certainly grow to be a lady, and wear rings; but even the city could hardly transform these jetty locks to yellow curls But, you know, many ladies are very beautiful that have not yellow curls."

She looked disappointed. "I never saw any but her," she replied, simply. "But I'll go if father will let me. Father is almost always gone, and I get so tired here."

That night Jocob Thorne and his visitor held a long conversation, during which it was decided that Marion should accompany Mr. Allerton to his city home, to be educated.

* * * * * *

"My dear Guy, I am so glad—Why, what on earth—!" began the mother, raising her hands in astonishment.

"Never mind, mother; I'll explain in a minute," as he handed the child over to a servant for the present. "She is old Jacob Thorne's daughter. Don't you remember the fisherman that saved father's life once? Well, I came across him. He owns a fishing-smack, and is gone a great deal. The child's mother is dead, and she is unlike the other fisher children. That hamlet is no place for her. She is the oddest little thing you ever saw. I thought she would interest you, and persuaded her father to let me bring her away. I hope you will like her. You have often wished for a companion, and she may prove one."

"Oh, you impulsive fellow! Judging from her looks, she may prove a Tartar, more likely. How do you know whom you have brought home?"

"Well, mother, if you don't wish to have anything to do with the poor motherless child, I'll send her to school, and, when Helen and I are married, we can see to her ourselves."

"Indeed, my son, you are laying plans grandly, I think. Helen will have a word to say on that matter; but I will see what I can do with her."

* * * * * *

"Guy," said Mrs. Allerton, a few mornings after, "Marion is the strangest child I ever saw. Helen Percy was here yesterday, and wished to see your little *protégé*. She came in so quietly and self-possessed, as though she had been accustomed to her surroundings. During our conversation, I glanced at the child. She sat with parted lips, and hands clasped over her bosom, watching Helen's every motion, fairly entranced. I broke the spell by asking, 'What is the matter, Marion?' 'Oh, she is so beautiful!' she half whispered, artlessly enough; but she could not have won her way to Helen's heart half as quick by any other means."

"She certainly has the greatest passion for beauty I ever saw."

* * * * * *

Several years passed away. Marion, as the adopted child of Mrs. Allerton, was receiving an accomplished education, befitting her station. Time had wrought changes in them all. Guy's betrothed had married another, and he was roaming abroad—an aimless, disappointed man. His friends heard from him but seldom, until at the close of six years. Word came that he was about to sail in the Europa; but the homeward-bound vessel, with its precious freight of human life, was doomed never to reach shore. The mother, who nearly idolized her only son, would have sunk under the blow, had it not been for the ever-hopeful spirit of Marion, who strove constantly to comfort her with the reassuring words, "He is not dead; we shall hear from him here long." But, as months glided away, bringing no tidings of the missing one, they gradually became convinced, though not reconciled to the certainty of his fate, and the sorrowing, lonely mother turned to Marion as her last hope and blessing. At eighteen she left school, and formally entered society. Brilliant, accomplished, beautiful—and Marion, possessing her old passion for beauty, appreciated that gift—as a matter of course, she was the bright particular star of her circle. Two years were passed in an endless round of gayety. Rumor assigned her to one and another of her admirers, but as yet she had given herself to none. But her health began to fail under so much dissipation, and Mrs. Allerton persuaded her to join a party of friends on a European tour, for change of climate, while she would visit with her sister in the South, during her absence.

Two years were spent traveling through England, Germany, Italy, back to France, and from thence to Switzerland again, to spend the last summer abroad among its wild mountain scenery. At the close of a bright day in July, our party arrived at a mountain inn, which already had become the stopping-place for fashionable parties. Besides the loungers watching the arrivals with well-bred curiosity, peering through the blind of an upper room, was the pale, wan face of a world-weary man. As they disappeared on the piazza below, and the merry laughter floated up to him, he sank back into a sigh of envy, and turned away as if to shut out the silvery laugh, and even the sunshine. He had recognized no familiar face, no well-known voice. He was ill, a stranger in a strange land.

"So we have had another arrival, Doctor."

"Yes," said the doctor, bustling in; "and you will be able to go down to-morrow. They are a party from your own America, and among them the most beautiful lady I ever saw. I want you to see her."

"I've no desire, Doctor; I've seen beautiful women all my life," said he, wearily.

"Well, well, go down to-morrow for a little while," said the doctor, bustling out again.

The next morning Marion passed on the piazza a pale, listless man, wrapped in his dressing-gown; but the passing glance between them was none of recognition. He carelessly asked if that was the beautiful girl they were all admiring, that arrived the day before.

"Yes; a Miss Thorne, of New York."

"Thorne! Thorne!" he repeated, as the familiar name brought back memories of other years. "But how foolish of me to be reminded of her by this brilliant beauty. It is only the name. Poor little Marion," he murmured to himself. "And yet it was so long ago. Let me see; why she must be a woman now. Poor little Marion, how she wished to be a lady, and beautiful. Far better for her to remain pure and innocent from the contact of society, than grow up like that proud, cool woman of the world yonder. No unsophisticated simplicity there. Dear little Marion."

On reaching his room again, he was met at the threshold with:

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"Guy Allerton! In the name of the lost Europa, is this Guy Allerton or his shadow?" and his hands were clasped in those of an old friend.

"Call it shadow, if you will; it is all that remains of the substance. Is it possible this is Harry Oakley?"

"Not only possible, but highly probable, my dear fellow. Where have you been hiding all these years? and how came you in this plight? I never was so surprised in my life, as when I casually found that you were in this house sick. Why, man alive, do you not know you have a mother who has mourned you as dead for years? You must give an account of yourself. And you haven't seen your friends yet?

"Friends! Who? Where? To whom do you allude?"

"Then you did not know we all came yesterday—the Blakes, Westerns, Nellie Hastings, and 'our star,' Marion Thorne, your mother's adopted daughter? You're a lucky fellow, Allerton, though you don't look like one just now. Egad! I wish my mother had had the goodness to adopt one just like her, if her equal *is* to be found."

"Oh, you crazy fellow! Do tell me, is my mother here? I am longing for her like a home-sick child."

"No; she is at home."

"I only wish *she* was here. I have not seen any one yet. This is the first day I have left my room."

"Well you must get well immediately, and join our party, of course. We return in September."

For the remainder of that day Guy remained chiefly in his room, seeing no one. Marion, half wild with the thought of his being alive, and under the same roof, had sought to see him; but he sent word he could see no one that day, much to the amazement of his friends, who were longing for an explanation.

This man was little like the Guy Allerton of former days. Bitter, cynical, almost a misanthrope, as men often become after years spent in selfish pleasure, with no thought for the rest of mankind. Did each do more for the good of others, we should have fewer weary, misanthropical men—a burden to themselves and those around them. He sat there, struggling within himself for hours. Conscious of the change that had gradually transformed him, he dreaded to meet the friends who had known him—a light-hearted man, and recognized him a favorite in society. Who would care for his society now, or whose would he care for? Then he thought of his mother, his youth, and his thoughts dwelt lingeringly on the little maiden of the fishing-hamlet—the artless child Marion. Perhaps under her gentle influence he might become a different man. Sweet little sister! and the lines in his face softened, as he thought of her as he last saw her. *Last saw her!* He aroused with a start, and the weary lines hardened again. Had he not already seen her? No doubt now; society had done its work. The child was transformed to the worldly woman.

"All alike; how could it be otherwise?" he muttered. "Time has transformed us all. Thank Heaven! my mother still lives."

Yes, though the pleasures of the world palled upon his taste—proved Dead Sea apples—in his bitterness, that one friend remained. Notwithstanding any transformation, *mother* would appreciate and love to the last all that remained of his childhood's promise; for was he not her son still?

* * * *

"Oh, Guy! oh, my brother! Is it possible you are really before me?" said Marion, as she advanced to meet him the next morning. "I can not realize it. We have mourned you so long. Where have you been, and why did we not hear from you?"

He sat down, and gave, as he expressed it, an account of himself. Just before sailing for home, he met a friend about to visit Palestine, who urged him so strongly to join him that he consented, and wrote home an explanatory letter, which, of course, shared the fate of the Europa. Since that time he had been traveling in the East, and had written several letters, which had never reached their destination. Three months before, on his way back to Paris, he had been stricken with a low fever, and here he had lain ever since. He had written once since his illness, but to no purpose, as the house in New York was closed, and family separated.

"And to think, after all, I should find you here. Dear Guy, I should never have recognized you."

"Am I so greatly changed? I am not the only one; but time has dealt more kindly by you. I can hardly realize that this can ever have been little Marion Thorne, of Ospray Hamlet," said he, thoughtfully, dropping her hand. But she took the pale, wasted hand in hers again, as she said softly—

"But it is the same little Marion, who, if changed outwardly, has never forgotten the one who rescued her from poverty and obscurity, and by whose means she was surrounded by so many blessings. She has never forgotten how proud and happy she felt the first time he called her 'little sister.' Oh, Guy, you are changed sadly. I know not what has caused this. You have led a wandering life; but now come home. You will find the same home, the same fond mother waiting there, and—and I shall be so happy to take you back to her, Guy."

Looking at her glowing, expressive face, with the pure, earnest soul, warm with its sister love, beaming in her eyes, he felt, with a glad thrill that was new to the world-worn man, that home, rest, perhaps happiness, were yet in store for him. His heart gladdened to think she was still *Marion*—the earnest child-woman of old. How unjustly had he judged her!

"Dear Marion, I am sadly changed. My life has been a wasted one—I had almost said a perfect failure. I will go back with you—it is not too late. I may be of some little use to the world yet."

Already was Marion's influence at work. In future years he looked back to that day as the beginning of a new life. He returned with them in September, and was welcomed by his mother as one whom the grave had restored. Under home influences his new life progressed, and he was happier than he had been for years. Happier but for one thing. Marion, his good angel—his incentive to every benevolent act—he loved; loved as he never had loved before. He shrunk, involuntarily, every time the affectionate "Brother Guy" passed her lips. He constantly feared lest some admirer might take her from him, and he should lose her forever. What then? He dared not think. So, one day, tormented by his love and fear, he told her all: how her love was the one hope of his life. In spite of his lost youth, his wasted manhood, the difference in their ages—*everything*—he dared to love her. Then waited trembling for the answer. It came low and sweet:

"Guy, I had not hoped for this. I was settling down content that I might be allowed to be near you, to enjoy your society, and aid you in your good works. I was dreading lest a change might come. I am very happy. You were always my ideal of manhood, Guy."

"But, Marion, all these wasted years—this unprofitable stewardship—"

"Your steps were misdirected, for a time, that you might see and appreciate all the more the nobler life in which God intended you should walk."

"Which I should never have found but for you—my star—my darling Marion!"

ROME OCEAN:

A HARVEST RHYME.

BY JEAN ST. JEAN STEVENS.

An old man sits and thinks to-day,
Though head and heart are growing gray,
Of kisses in a harvest's hay.

'Twas years ago in a foreign land,
And I was young with heart and hand,
And gold and time at my command.

I met at rural ramble gay,
A little girl, with fork, at play
In the vagrant, fragrant hay.

I never saw a child so fair;
She had the dearest gold-shine hair—
Its color dashed with summer air.

Eyes of amethystine ray,
Lips just formed to kiss and pray
And laugh—and fingers stained with hay.

Cheeks like little berries' bloom
A-growing on a baby's tomb—
Oasis-buds in life's simoom.

I stood and watched in wondering way;
My life was changed that rosy day,
While she was gayly making hay.

I knew she was somebody's pet;
I questioned her in words love-set—
I can not recollect them yet.

She paused just long enough to say:
"My name? Rome Ocean, ten last May;
I'm pitching up my grandpa's hay."

And in all my love-lost solitude,
I ne'er have found a similitude
To her matchless attitude.

Oh clond-cloaked summits far away!
Oh, ring of scythes and sickles gray!
Oh, met, and loved, and lost in hay!

Day followed day, love's syrens smiled,
And consciously my heart beguiled—
Oh, how I loved that little child!

But duty summoned me away;
I left the angel once for aye,
In innocence among the hay.

She was too young to be my wife;
And what could she with fashion's strife,
And all the hollow wiles of life?

Nor would her friends of kindred clay
Resign to me their Rose of May—
The sweetest flower 'mid flowers and hay.

I would have loved her as my own,
No purer love was ever shown,—
I love thee yet, my darling one!

Slowly ticked the years away;
I met Rome Ocean gibbet day,
But not Rome Ocean of the hay.

Her name was chained to a crime of blood,
She was neither bad nor neither good;
Her life—it was not understood!

But I looked o'er the sea away,
And I saw her not a woman gay,
But a sinless girl among the hay.

And I sit here alone with gold,
Weary enough of the heart gold sold,
Like other hearts when they get old.

I believe my Heaven has passed away,
In that joyous, pure-love day,
With dear Rome Ocean in the hay.

I'm passing by three-score and ten,
In toils among my fellow-men,
Thinking of what might have been.

Oh, that I were young to-day!
That Rome was just as pure a fay!
And Rome and I were in the hay!

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LIFE IN THE FOREST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BRUNOLD.

HOW beautiful, how splendid, and how fragrant it is in the forest, when the morning red dawns at a distance, and the morning wind moves the leaves, and forces the drowsy trees to awake! The woodpecker begins to hammer, and the golden-crested wren skips by. A squirrel peeps out of its nest, a finch begins to sing, the witwall whistles, the throstle sharpens its beak, and now, suddenly, the tops of the trees begin to redden, dewdrops glitter like diamonds, and, for a moment, there reigns a holy stillness, as if the Lord were walking through the forest—and then the sun rises!

It becomes day, and all begin to sing. Everywhere the voices of birds are heard. It has become a general choir, and the little fawns listen in the deep valley until the stroke of the ax is heard in the distance, and the business of the day interrupts the solemn stillness of the morning. The sun mounts higher and higher, and the burden and heat of the day drive away the solemnity of the early hours. How beautiful it is in the forest!

But a young girl who mounted the hill was still more beautiful—so youthful and fresh, so lovely to look at. From the opposite side came a youth, gayly singing:

"Though I miss the leaf of the tree,
Ever my heart remains with thee."

"Now, if that is only true!" interrupted the maiden.

He laughed; but what he said I know not. It certainly was intelligible, for the maiden smiled at his words very happily, and her eyes beamed marvelously. They sat down beside each other on the grass, hand in hand. Above, in the canopy of leaves, sat a finch, and looked roguishly down with knowing eyes upon the two. He seemed to listen very attentively, and certainly understood all that they told each other, but he will not confess anything. He only sings, as if he wanted to say:

In the forest old is all so still!
What I have heard ne'er tell I will—
Naught need you here conceal.
The forest old sees many a thing
That cheers the heart of birds that sing,
But never will reveal!

The rogue! As if I were not discreet! But what has become of the two young people? Look! The maiden walks here, and the youth walks there, and neither seems to know the other. Is it on account of the forester ascending the mountain whom the maiden hurries so joyfully to meet? It is her father.

She went in the forest alone, I ween;
And, under the shade of the summer—the green—
She sought the red fruit of the strawberry!

But now she stealthily throws a glance aside. The youth is standing on the top of the hill. One step downward, and he will have disappeared. He sings aloud:

"Good-by, O chosen of my heart;
Good-by, sweet maiden—we must part!"

The forester has some business with the woodcutters who are just arriving, and, shaking hands with his daughter, he walks on. But the maiden walks home slowly—sadly. All her cheerfulness seems to have vanished. She presses her hand to her beating heart, and the tears steal down from her eyes, and softly she speaks to herself: "Shall I see him again? Alas!"

There is no fire on earth can glow
As glows that love that none may know.

The sun rose higher and higher. The fresh morning perfume of the forest had long disappeared. Loud sounded the ax of the woodcutter. One tree after the other fell with that peculiar groan, as if the tree, which had for centuries stood green and fresh, was uttering its dying sigh; as if it was taking leave of the companions that had been young with it, and with which it had braved the storm and withstood wind and sunshine. The peculiar cry of woe always trembles through the air when such a majestic tree falls to the earth.

Men were busy in the forest, and only their noon rest interrupted the noise. The animals had mostly become quiet and still, as if they too enjoyed a short rest after hours of walking. The song of the birds only was heard. The crows had flown to the fields in flocks. The leaves of the trees drooped down, and everything breathed fatigue. But not long did this sultriness remain. The sun went down, and it became evening.

The forester's daughter went again to the forest to meet her returning father. But she often bent down and gathered a forest flower to use it as an oracle of love. She picked it to pieces, and her heart asked of every falling leaf: "Does he love me? Does he not love me?" till the last of the leaves, as a happy omen, brings a joyful smile to her cheeks.

"Two years he will stay away. Will he remain faithful to me? Will he gain what he is striving after? And will my father, when he has attained his object, give his consent?"

So the maiden asked herself, and dreamingly she went on depicting in thought the future. Suddenly she started—people approached.

"Good-night, Mr. Forester," said the woodcutters; and they hurried along the wood-paths, whilst the forester kindly received his daughter, and, arm in arm with her, returned home through the forest. The evening grew darker. The flocks of crows returned from the field, and, clapping their wings loudly, flew down in the forest. Then the singers of the woods chanted their evening hymn. The tops of the trees bade farewell to the departing rays of the sun, and the stags and roes hastened to the forest lake. It was peculiarly noisy all around, as if all creatures sought to offer an evening hymn of praise to the Lord. But the sun disappeared. The wood-flowers closed their cups, and the evening breeze rustled in the tops of the trees. Then it grew darker and darker. Stiller and stiller it became.

The evening passed—it became night. All seemed to sleep. But suddenly there was a movement in the forest. A buzzing went through the trees. Strange voices became loud, and peculiar shadows rushed by. An owl screeched; a fox ran swiftly past; the cry of the great horned owl sounded; a troop of stags ran along; and a marten sneaked from a tree. Then the little glow-worms awoke and lit up the moss. Over the moor danced the *ignis fatuus*. On the dark edge of a cloud the moonlight appeared. A supernatural horror overspread the forest.

Certainly in that valley the little goblins were dancing! The forest spirit sped by, and on the lake, where, in the daytime, those white water-lilies shone, it mysteriously became alive. The water-nymphs ascended from the lilies, rocking on the broad green leaves, and rowed to the shore. Then the moon shone so brightly that one could distinctly see the nymphs in the meadow; and over them, in the fir woods, it sounded as if the forest fiend was passing by.

Hearken! hearken! A hasty sound of an ax. Woodcutters were cutting a tree. A shot! Was it a hunter or a poacher? But again all was still. Midnight was near. The owl rushed mysteriously through the air, so that a feeling of dread crept over those in the forest. Slowly and still, like a messenger of peace, sailed the moon on her dark boat of clouds along the sky. But what sound suddenly echoed through the air, breaking the mysterious stillness? It was a horn. The post-chaise approached. Far, far through the forest sounded the horn of the postillion. How charmingly wonderful! The passengers thought it was a station, and were looking drowsily out of the window. They were in the forest—everywhere the thick, dark, dark forest.

But now the road made a turn. A gable was visible. It was the forester's house. Louder blew the postillion; and above, in a little gable room of the house, a maiden started up from sweet dreams. Drowsily she rubbed her eyes. She listened. Had her beloved one written already? On went the post-chaise—the sound of the horn dying away. All was still, and the maiden went to sleep again.

* * * * *

Months have passed away. A fog rests on the fields and bushes and heath. No bird-song sounds—no sunbeam glitters through the branches. Deep stillness reigns through the forest. Here and there a dry leaf falls from the oak and beech trees. The dropping pine-cone breaks, for a moment, the melancholy stillness. A crow flutters from branch to branch, whilst a flock of jackdaws perch on a slanting willow which the lightning has split.

Autumn lies on field and forest, but now the voices of migrating cranes sound on the ear. A flock of partridges streams along the edge of the woods, and far in the high forest sounds the subdued voice of a majestic stag. Everything tells that winter approaches. All prepare for their winter's sleep—every tree, and bush, and the whole forest with its living, cheerful inhabitants. Only the dark-green firs still speak of hope, and refuse to shed their needles. The birds who fear the winter have already gone to the more beautiful South. Men step hastily through the forest: in the fall it is not well to stay in the woods.

The forester's daughter, who formerly hurried so fresh and bold through the woods, to-day glides slowly and sadly along. She does not look around, but keeps her eyes fixed on the ground. Waldmar, the faithful dog, wags his tail at her side, and looks at her with his knowing eyes as inquiringly and as intelligently as if he wanted to say: "Do not let your heart be cast down; spring will come

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again!" But she, as if in answer to those thoughts, shakes her head and brushes a tear from her eye.

A lizard rustles the dry leaves that cover all the ground, a bat glides out of her hole, and a hare runs across the path. The dog barks as if he will run after the game; but the maiden keeps him back and says, soothingly patting his side:

"Quiet, quiet! It can bring me no more harm. In my heart it stands written, and a presentiment has long told me that he did not remain faithful. After two years he promised to return faithful; but the first fall has made his love wither.

"Forest and bush may lose their leaf,
But faithful love, through joy and grief
Remains the same. You ne'er may take
From my sad heart its love, nor shake
My trust until my heart shall break!"

On she goes under the young birch-trees mingled with firs. Already the juniper-berries shine from the mosses. There, in the noose attached to the old pine-tree, a blackbird has just been caught; the poor thing still flutters. The maiden steps hastily toward it, loosens the noose and lets the prisoner fly.

"Take thy liberty again," cried she, aloud; and, looking at the dead birds that she had taken out in her hand: "What pleasure had I otherwise to catch you? And now—"

At this moment a little old mother walks by at the side of a young girl. Both are loaded with brush wood. They greet the maid. But the old woman says, when she has passed and is safe out of hearing:

"She will not hear the cuckoo call next year! Did not that girl live happily in the forest, and had she not handsome hunters in the house?—and she should give her heart to the one who now abandons her! The wind has long ago blown away the blossoms of the hedgerows; but a few of them he has still left on the cheeks of the forester's daughter, and there they bloom on, visible to everyone as death roses.

"Look, child! Thus it is: I saw that love grow and die. The neighbor's boy was continually running to the forest till he had caught the heart of the girl like a bird in a noose. His eyes and his red mouth were the juniper-berries that allured the bird, and his words were the persuasion that charmed it till it was caught. How often did they meet in the forest! I have often seen them. They paid no attention to me, a poor old woman. They that love, seek each other. They met at the house of the boy's mother also. They took leave of each other in the hope that he would return after a few years as a man, able to make provision for his own household. Then, the hope of happily meeting again enabled them to bear the separation. A year has not yet elapsed, and already the youth who seemed so faithful and brave has forgotten the girl and given his heart to the rich daughter of his present master. The wedding will soon take place."

"The villain!" interrupted the young girl. "I would never have believed it of him. But the money!"

They walked on. The forester's daughter looked after them dreamingly. She had recognized the old woman, and would willingly have exchanged a word with her, and yet had not done it. Her heart was overflowing. Grief makes us silent. A cold shiver crept over her, and she felt the approach of evening. Damp vapors rose from the mossy ground, and foggy shadows from the moor. There are fevers that rise in the cold swamp—fevers that seize man till he slowly languishes and dies.

The maiden, with her dead birds on her arms, walks toward her father's house. Deeper sink the shades of evening. The dog becomes restless. Far in the high forest is a great chase, whence subdued sounds ever echo. Soon a shot falls on the ear. Now there is a rustling in the branches, and one hears a panting animal break through the thicket with a mighty bound. The dog startles, and raises his ears. A majestic stag profusely bleeding, comes panting along. Now the animal is at the place where the maiden stands. He raises himself for a mighty bound, utters that peculiar sound which characterizes his dying moments, and dies at the feet of the maiden.

Poor, beautiful animal! How deeply did your death-sigh go to the maiden's heart! How imploringly did your sweet eyes look at her!

She dares not remain, for the chase approaches. Already she hears the noisy pack; her dog, too, becomes restless, and can not be quieted. Shy, flying like a hunted deer, she hurries through the forest to her father's house.

Wilder rages the chase, and a mighty holloa tells that the booty has been found. The gay hunters gather around, and in a short time the chase is finished. It becomes still in the forest, for night begins. The fox, like an unlicensed hunter, roves through the noosing ground. The pine marten slips from his hole. The owl stares with her large eyes down her branch. But the forest remains still. Not even a moonbeam ventures out.

And now the paths are covered with snow, for the winter has come. Again the forest is changed. Under the wide, warm coverlet all seems buried. And yet a new life is already sprouting under that wintry mantle, which is seen by none and suspected by few.

The death-roses on the cheeks of the maiden in the forest house have become more beautiful and of a deeper hue, whilst her cheeks themselves grow paler and paler, and her eyes begin to shine with an unearthly brilliancy. All this bespoke no coming spring for her; these were no signs of recovery.

The wildwood leaves, before thy face
Are fever-flushed, and red;
Thus dying cheeks their bloom recall,
And smiles illume the dead.

The heavenly lustre of the eye
A word of hope excites;
The failing lamp will flicker high
Before expiring quite.

To-day is Christmas. The holy night has come. There is a peculiar solemnity through the forest and over the whole world. It is as if the earth and every creature, shivering with delight, were compelled to shout, "Christ is born!"

The old forester leans on the window of his house and looks out on the forest. The old man looks grieved and melancholy. Does he think of the saying that tells us that the Lord once, in the holy night, had walked through the forest and had blessed the trees, so that since that time they would blossom for an hour in the holy night and shine in the full splendor of spring? Did he hope to see this blooming?

The old man looked with a peculiar gravity out on the forest and up toward the heavens, as if he had much to confide to both. He knows almost every tree in the woodland; many of them he planted himself that have now grown to be vigorous trees. How long may it be before they shall be cut down and he himself placed in the cold earth? Another may take his place who can not love the forest as he does—he, who has grown up in it; whom the forest has known as a youth, as a man, and as an old man; in all of his joy, his sorrow, and his woe.

And to-day the man is silent. He pays no attention to any track of game in the snow. He heeds not the sound of the ax of the wood-stealers, nor the shot of the daring poacher. He stands at a window and stares out into the dusk. Has he no Christmas-tree to light? Yonder, in the little city, each house already glitters. Everywhere shines the Christmas-tree, and the shouting voices of the children are heard, and joy is everywhere.

But the forest lies silent and buried in snow. The stars sparkle and the moonlight penetrates it everywhere.

The old man has disappeared from the window. The fir-trees wave to and fro their heads so full of sorrow, and on all branches lie the flakes of snow.

Night breaks in, and deep in the forest drives the post-chaise; the paths are almost blocked up with snow and the postillion drives slowly, while the passengers are nodding drowsily. Only in one corner of the carriage may be heard a low whispering. There sits a young man with his betrothed on his arm. To-day he brings her to his mother as a most beautiful Christmas present. How much, how infinitely much have the two to tell each other! Now the postillion blows! How delightfully sounds the horn! One passenger, a youth who is going to his home, has awoke. He rejoices at the sound. He opens the window of the carriage, and stares out into the forest so as not to lose anything of the music. Suddenly the postillion stops in the midst of a most beautiful melody. The bright glare of light coming from the forester's house shines on the path through the forest. The horses bend their heads to the light; the postilion, too, has risen in the saddle and looks also toward the house, whilst the carriage for a moment seems to stand still.

The youth bends wide out of the window, while the couple in the corner seem to become roused, and the youth exclaims:

"Certainly, in the forest house the Christmas-tree is burning! Ho! postillion, stop!"

But the postilion turns round in the saddle and says:

"That is no Christmas-tree; those are the lights that the forester has placed around the coffin of his daughter! His child is lying on death's bier!"

At these words a groan is heard in the carriage. The bridegroom had uttered it. Convulsively he pressed his betrothed to his heart, while involuntarily a tear rolls down his cheek, and a reproachful voice in his heart spoke:

"This is thy work! The maiden died for thee!"

The carriage rolls along through the woods. Midnight is near, and they are now descending the hill. The city lies deep in the valley; only a short time and they will have reached it. Seeing home again usually gladdens the heart, and the travelers, too, are filled with delight.

But far in the forest weeps a gray-haired father over the bier of his only daughter.

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BUTTERFLY—LOVE.

BY KARL KRITON.

THE butterfly, from flower to flower,
Will flit for nectar for an hour;
But soon its transient course is run.
It dies, perchance, ere set of sun,
Nor leaves a ray of light to tell
Whence it came or where it fell.

LOVE should not, like the butterfly,
To this, and then to that one hie,
But warning take from its brief race,
And have a fixed abiding-place;
And more, to do its duty well,
Be sure it is reciprocal.

ROBESPIERRE'S STOCKINGS.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE following narrative came from the Marchioness of ——, the principal actor in the drama, whose veracity is beyond all doubt:

It was a cold, disagreeable day in July, 1793; the rain was falling thick and fast, accompanied by a chill wind, and dull gray clouds entirely concealed the blue sky; all nature, in short, seemed in mourning for the crimes of the earth. Everything was very gloomy, too, in Paris; the streets dirty, the houses damp, and the coffee-rooms deserted; it was still worse with the inhabitants, for there was a whispered report of new massacres, and everybody was apprehensive for those he loved as well as for himself. The bad weather gave new force to gloomy forebodings, and still further increased the general disquietude and alarm. People are much bolder in the bright sunshine.

In a little mercer's shop in the Rue des Marmousets, a dirty, smoke-begrimed place, although it boasted the pretty sign of the Two Pigeons, a young and pretty woman, in the costume worn by the common people of that time, seemed a a prey to the keenest anguish. Her pale and careworn face bore the traces of recent tears; her disordered hair, and the uneasy look she cast into the street, were evidence of some corroding care. Every instant she would go to the door, which, notwithstanding the bad weather, stood wide open, and, after looking in the street and seeing no one, she would pass her fingers through her hair, and return sad and discouraged to her seat at the counter.

All at once steps were heard in the distance.

"Oh Heavens! if it is he!" she exclaimed, laying her hand on her heart as if to moderate its beating, and not daring to rise for fear of being again disappointed. A few moments after a man of a certain age, dressed as plain as the young woman herself, walked into the shop.

"Ah! at last!" cried she; and, as she rose to rush toward the stranger, her door again gave admittance to a stout woman whose harsh and vulgar features made a striking contrast with the young and pretty mistress of the Two Pigeons.

"Good-morning, La Giraud; how are you this morning?" she said in a hoarse voice.

On seeing and hearing her, the person addressed as La Giraud seemed as it were thunder-struck, for she fell back pale and horrified on the chair from which she had risen with such alacrity a few moments before.

"Ill, thank you, madame, very ill," she murmured, closing her eyes as if to avoid the object before her.

"What, are you ill?" cried the stout dame, laying hold of one of the cold hands of the woman: "come, my darling, it will be nothing; I will get the neighbor there to fetch a glass of wine for you, and that will make you better."

"If you—"

But on a sign from the stranger the patient, who had murmured rather than pronounced these words, said no more.

"I'll go, citoyen, I'll go," cried he, eagerly, as he hastened away toward the wine-shop.

He came back a few moments after, and, as he gave the glass filled with the rosy fluid which he brought in triumph, he dexterously slipped a note into the hand which the sick woman held out with anguish.

On feeling the paper the color returned to her pale cheeks. And rising, she exclaimed with a joyful voice:

"Your remedy is excellent, La Cornélie; I feel better at only seeing it. If you drank it to my health now I should be all right, I assure you."

La Cornélie gave the young woman a mistrustful look, and turned round to continue her scrutiny of the stranger, but he had disappeared.

"Hum! hum! This is not very clear," she grumbled, with a toss of the head; "all this is not very clear; I'll go and tell Spartacus and he must see about it."

Then taking the glass the young woman offered her, she emptied it at a draught, and after a few words of apology left the shop.

Scarcely was she gone when the young woman sprang to the door, carefully fastened it, and, retiring into a dark room which was used as her bedroom, she lighted a candle, took out the scrap of paper which she had slipped into her bosom, and, eagerly opening it, read as follows:

"Your son is saved!"

Then the note fell from her hand, and, sinking on her knees, "I thank thee, O God! I thank thee!" cried she, raising to heaven her eyes full of happy tears.

"But," murmured she, after a few instants of meditation, "I think Durand's note contained something else; what more can he have to say that interests me?" While saying this she picked up the paper and mechanically opened it; but all at once she turned pale, uttered a piercing shriek, and in anguish let her head fall upon her hands convulsively clasped.

Here is what she had read:

"But you, my lady, you are lost. Your generous ruse is discovered, and your name is the first on the list of persons to be arrested this day."

The marchioness remained for a moment absorbed in meditation or prayer, then rising, with courageous resolution marked in every feature, she threw over her clothes the cloak then worn, left the shop, double-locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and ran toward the Rue St. Honoré, undeterred either by rain, dirt, or the astonished looks of the passers-by, some of whom tried to bar her passage.

Thus she ran on, soaked with rain, and bathed in perspiration, till she came to a very unpretending little house, which was, no doubt, the place she desired to reach, for she stopped quite out of breath, and knocked hard and fast.

A young girl came to answer the knock.

"M. de Robespierre?" asked she boldly.

The young girl looked at her with surprise.

"Citizen Robespierre is not at home," answered she.

"O God, O God! hast thou forsaken me, then?" cried the marchioness, striking her head against the door in despair.

The young girl seemed touched.

"Come in, citizen, come in and rest yourself all the same," said she kindly; "and if I can serve you, I shall be happy to do so. I am Theresa, and citizen Robespierre is very kind to me."

On hearing these consoling words, the marchioness, who had gone into the house, fell at the feet of the generous girl.

"Ah! let me see him! let me see him!" cried she, "and God will bless you!"

"But he is absent," said she, with emotion.

"Then take me to him," said the marchioness, with resolution.

Theresa was silent for a moment.

"Why not?" said she at last, as if talking to herself; "if he scolds me, why, he'll scold me; but at least I shall have done my best to save this interesting woman. Come, follow me quickly," added she, taking the marchioness by the hand; "the citizen is at Versailles; we will take a coach at the Place de la Concorde, and in two hours we shall be with him."

The marchioness eagerly seized the hand that was extended to her, raised it to her lips, and, unable otherwise to express her gratitude, immediately followed her young and charming protectress.

All along the way they had to pass from the Rue St. Honoré to the Place de la Concorde, the marchioness and Theresa spoke not a word, and when they were seated in the humble conveyance that was to take them to that palace, once so brilliant and joyous, now so dull and deserted, both fell into a profound reverie. Perhaps the young woman regretted the generous impulse that had made her consent to brave the displeasure of him before whom all France trembled, whilst the pretended shopkeeper of the Rue des Marmousets wept over the bygone times of which she was reminded by the journey she was taking, and also shuddered at the thought of a future which seemed likely to be so short and so bloody for her.

It was in the midst of these different emotions that our two travelers at last reached the iron gates that led to the former residence of kings, but now the temporary residence of citizen Robespierre.

Doubtless he had visited these places, still so full of stirring memories and vanished glory, only to meditate at ease on the nothingness of all human grandeur.

As soon as they had crossed the threshold of the palace, both the marchioness and Theresa began to tremble, and the idea of turning back presented itself to the mind of each at the same time; but they vanquished this timidity, and the young women conducted her companion into a spacious hall completely deserted, requesting her to wait while she went to ask wheth-

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er the person she wished to see would receive her.

"But in whose name must I ask this favor?" said she all at once; "for I don't know your name, madame."

In fact Theresa had forgotten to ask the name of her whom she was so generously obliging, and what claims she had to such a favor. The word "madame," however, which she used instead of "citizen," showed that she guessed, or at least suspected part of the truth, and she appearod almost as much dissatisfied as surprised when the marchioness answered her with a smile—

"You will say, my pretty darling, that it is the citizen Giraud, mercer of the Rue des Marmousets, at the sign of the 'Two Pigeons,' who solicits the honor of an interview."

Then, all of a sudden, with a toss of the head as if to say that she was well aware these humble appellations concealed others more noble, but more dangerous, she darted off like a bounding fawn through the spacious apartments of the palace.

As soon as the marchioness found herself alone, she looked round with a feeling of terror and dismay, for every spot still bore the traces of the bloody tragedy that had been performed there only a few months preceding. Before her eyes passed the venerated image of that annointed king whom they had made a martyr, and of her who was still awaiting in captivity and sorrow the moment when she should be dispatched to heaven to share with her consort his glorious and immortal crown, as on earth she had shared his throne and his prison.

Unconscious of the lapse of time, the marchioness indulged these cherished but terrible memories, but was at last aroused from her long reverie by the sound of Theresa's approaching footsteps.

"The citizen refuses to receive you," said she, looking down with dejected air. "Adieu, hasten away—I shall stay here a little longer."

For a moment Madame de Tremont was cast down by this answer; but, as usual, her courage soon returned. Besides, what worse could happen? and was she not condemned?

So she picked up a bit of charcoal from among the ashes of a fireless chimmey, and, having no paper, wrote upon her handkerchief:—"I am the Marchioness de Tremont, the queen's friend, and I wish to see you."

"Here, my girl," said she then to Theresa, as she gave her the handkerchief carefully folded, so as not to efface the writing, "carry this quick to the citizen, and you will see that he will consent to see me."

The young woman hesitated a moment, but on seeing the air of authority that had spread over the features of her companion she durst not refuse, and again left her to execute the commission.

She returned in a few moments.

"Make haste up," she said; "the citizen expects company, and has only a moment to give you."

Madame de Tremont did not wait to be told twice, but instantly followed her generous conductress.

They went to the queen's private apartments, and Theresa opened a low door through which the marchioness passed, and immediately found herself in the presence of the person she sought. Theresa retired.

"Well, citizen Giraud, what do you want?" said Robespierre to the marchioness, with a sardonic smile.

"I want justice, sir," answered she fearlessly. On hearing these bold words Robespierre threw himself back in his chair, and shut his eyes as if he wanted to sleep.

"Say on," said he; "I hear you."

The marchioness was again undecided for a moment as she looked on that vulgar, ill-favored countenance, incapable, as she thought, of expressing a good feeling or a generous sentiment. There was something of the cat and the tiger in the man, which made the marchioness of Créquy humorously remark that in his gallantries he resembled a cat that had been drinking vinegar. Then the hypocrisy of treating her like a woman of the lower orders, well knowing who she was, for he affected to call her *mother* Giraud, leaving her standing before him—all this embarrassed and confused her. But, raising her eyes to heaven, she prayed God to protect her, and dissembling her apprehensions under an exterior of firmness and energy—

"You know, sir, that I am the Marchioness of Tremont," said she, "and I will tell you what brings me into your presence."

Robespierre did not even stir. Then Mme. de Tremont continued:

"I might have emigrated, as many of my friends have; but two motives withheld me—the desire to save the property of my children, and the illness of one of them, whom it was impossible to take with me. I am a widow, sir; I am therefore my own mistress, and have abandoned my rank to save us all. A little shop was on sale, I bought it; the deed of sale is perfectly valid, as you may ascertain if you doubt my words; and far from my family, dead to the world, to politics, and to all the past, I live only for my children, and conscientiously discharge the new duties I have taken upon myself. I have been this day apprised that my name is on the list of suspected persons, and I resolved to see you and ask for justice. Shall I obtain it? It is for you to say. But before you speak, reflect well that it is a sentence of life or death that you are about to pronounce."

As she uttered these words, the marchioness drew herself up calm and dignified before the man who was about to decide her fate.

Robespierre remained a few moments motionless, and then appeared to awake from a deep sleep.

"What! are you still here, mother Giraud?" said he, rubbing his eyes. 'Well, then, measure me for a pair of speckled stockings, which I must have; but mind you are quick, for you know I don't like to wait."

And, as he said this, the proud tribune held out his thin lean leg to the noble marchioness, who, quite astonished, knelt down before him, and took the measure for the stockings required.

At this very moment several Conventionals came into the room.

"Here," said he, with one of those smiles peculiar to himself, "here is a worthy citizen who makes the best stockings in the world. I advise you to give her your custom. She lives in the Rue des Marmousets, at the sign of the 'Two Pigeons.'"

Then, with a familiar gesture, he dismissed the marchioness, who neither that day nor after was ever disturbed by the revolutionary tribunal, so that she succeeded not only in bringing up her children, but also in saving their fortune.

THE FABRIC.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

HARK! in rolling clouds of gloom
The rattling of the ponderous loom.

An arm amid the storm doth throw
The gleaming shuttle to and fro.

Warp and woof are deftly spread
Of the lightning's many-colored thread.

Again the blue bird sweetly sings
In the dripping forest openings:

Lo! the fabric hung on high,
Yon rainbow spanning earth and sky!

THOUGHT.—To think properly one must think independently, candidly, and consecutively; only in this way can a train of reasoning be conducted successfully.

TALKS WITH WOMEN.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

"THE PHYSICAL LIFE OF WOMEN."

MUCH has been said and written, of late years, upon this subject, but very little that is at all satisfactory, or that bears upon those aspects of the question most vitally interesting to women.

The truth is, that the works of this class are all written by men, from a sentimental rather than a practical point of view, and not only betray ignorance of facts, from the woman's standpoint, but the direct interest they have in concealing them.

On the other hand, to women themselves the subject is one of extreme delicacy. Of their own bodies, their powers or their needs, they know little or nothing; and, so strictly is the subject tabooed, by common consent, that no work upon the physical wants or relations of women has ever been written by a woman, notwithstanding that it is her province—that it involves questions upon which she alone is competent to express an opinion or form a judgment, and that the welfare of the race is concerned in the result.

The root of the whole matter undoubtedly lies in the wicked and debasing theory that woman was made for man, and must, therefore, accept his will, and his interpretation of all matters in which she herself is concerned. This subverts the whole theory and intention of Divine Providence, which placed in the hands of men and women two forces—one physical, the other moral; the former active and assertive, the latter receptive and emotional; but both necessary—one to develop and utilize the resources of Nature, the other to modify and control the tendency to arrogance and selfishness which must always exist with the exercise of merely human power.

To accomplish their proper work, however, both men and women must have free development and right discipline. If men control the moral faculty in women through the strength of their physical capacity, the Divine purpose is thwarted and the effort rendered nugatory; if, on the other hand, women yield their best instincts and convictions to the demands of the coarser and more

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positive masculine element, they are false to the high trust reposed in them, and must suffer the humiliating and disastrous consequences.

The knowledge of the truth concerning their own physical life is of the highest importance to women themselves. Their astonishing carelessness, ignorance, and indifference, has already fastened upon us a race of miserable, purposeless, imbecile creatures, powerless for good, but plastic tools in the hands of others for evil, and utterly unconscious, apparently, of the object for which they were created.

The influence of the woman, if it is anything, should be saving to man. To that end she is made more beautiful in form, more pure in heart, more gentle and self-sacrificing in her life. Her body is the actual temple of the human soul—it enshrines it, it brings it forth, it stamps it with the eternal seal of humanity. Is it not, then, of the greatest importance that this temple should be worthy of its uses? that women should know, and be taught to avoid whatever will injure, impair, or retard their influence and efforts in the province exclusively assigned them.

At present, women are actuated by the most contradictory considerations, and it is not at all surprising that they produce the most incongruous results. They depreciate their most important function by despising its duties and neglecting its most imperative obligations; they consider the evidence of health as ungenteel and vulgar; the labor necessary to health, as "low;" a love of truth and natural beauty, as showing a want of polite education. Yet all their efforts are devoted to securing artificial resemblances to those natural and womanly qualities which they have deprived themselves of by their folly, ignorance, or neglect.

It is next to the angels to be a beautiful, pure woman—rich in health, strong in love, abounding in charity, large enough to bear with the short-comings of weaker people, severe only in judgment of herself.

But, if such women are to be the rule instead of the exception, they must be taught to respect their own womanhood, and exact from men the reverence that it deserves. They must be taught that they are the helpers and coadjutors of men in the great work of bringing mankind up from its lowest estate to a realization of its high destiny; and that a life of jimcrackery and gewgaws, and toils over a little more or less of puffs and pads and paint, is a sight over which angels might weep.

As sad and fruitless is the other extreme which turns life into a mere charnel-house of dead hopes, selfish sighs and groans, vain wishes for impossible good. Whoever we are, and into whatever position in this world we are born, our principal honor and happiness depend upon ourselves. An individual is an epitome of the race, and it is our business to be as complete men and as complete women as any that have ever lived.

It is not our clothing, or anything outside of us, that is of real consequence—it is *ourselves;* and our first efforts should be directed to the improvement, development, and preservation of ourselves, bodily, mentally, and spiritually. The fashion of a sleeve changes every few months; but the arm is always there, and, if it is round, fair, and strong in a good cause, it matters very little how it is clothed.

Beauty does not consist of magnesia pasted over a dirty skin, or rats' tails twisted into thin, straggling, unkempt hair, or of horse-hair bustles bunched over a flat, broken spine.

It shows itself in clear, honest eyes; it mantles the cheeks with natural blushes; it inspires the light, flexible frame, communicates an electric buoyancy to the limbs, flashes through the bright threads of shining hair, and lives in that perfect possession, knowledge and control of ones' self, which belongs to the highest order of humanity.

What this nation, what every nation wants is mothers—mothers who were first pure, sensible, conscientious, self-perfected women. How few mothers ever think of impressing upon their daughters the fact that beauty, and particularly the personal influence and magnetism of women, depends mainly upon their personal habits! Habits of meanness, of self-indulgence, of trickery, create an atmosphere which is as perceptible to a truthful person as the clouds upon a November sky. The features may be regular, the eyes of the proper color, the company manners attractive, but, if there is not truth and honesty, these will not win affection or sympathy. We are accustomed to speak of such a person as of one who is always thinking of herself; but in reality she is not thinking of herself, but of her belongings. The size of her puffs, or the length of her train, are of infinitely greater importance to her than the cleanliness of her hair or the healthful condition of her skin and body. Upon herself—that is, upon her own organism—she scarcely bestows a thought, while upon the question of whether she shall buy false curls or braids she bestows the anxious thoughts of many sleepless nights.

But it is time to speak of actual details which mar the physical lives of women, particularly in this country, where society is constituted of quite different materials from that of almost any other.

English society, and particularly French society, is composed, it may be said, of married women. They form the basis and bring together the varied elements which grow out of individual and family life. In this country, married women, as if their object had been accomplished on the consummation of that event, retire into the background, and leave the field clear for younger competitors.

The result of this is, that the race of natural young girls is almost extinct. As soon as they are out of school, and even while they are in school, they are already practiced in all the arts which, pardonable as they may be in a woman whose attractions are on the wane, and upon whom no longer depends the welfare of children unborn, are inexcusable in young women, whose special charms of truth and modesty are impaired and overpowered by the attempt to rival the maturer attractions of older women.

The adoption of pads by girls, in order to form an artificial bust, is an outrage upon truth and nature which no sensible mother ought to permit. In the first place, it destroys the functions of the organs, which are among the most delicate and important of the system. It impairs their beauty by depriving them of healthful air nourishment, and adds nothing to the aggregate of attractions, as they are never in harmony with the general appearance.

American girls are characterized by a peculiarly fragile, slender, delicate style of beauty, which has a charm of its own, and the protuberances which belong to the matron, or the stout, well-developed form of a sturdy German or French peasant-girl, are unnatural, and suggest only gross ideas when simulated by cotton padding, or even more artistic inventions, upon the forms of our American girls.

The climate and habits of this country are, at the best, peculiarly trying to women, and render it difficult for them to perform their natural functions in a good and conscientious manner. It is of the highest importance, therefore, that no impediments should be placed in their way—that they should be habituated to a healthful, truthful, pure life, free from nervous disorders, and from all those physical weaknesses which are the consequence of indulgence or neglect.

The possibilities for American women are very great, with or without the suffrage. It is their own fault if they do not wield a powerful influence upon the laws, customs, institutions, and opinions of the future. The best men everywhere acknowledge their rights, personal, if not political, their powers, and the necessity for their co-operation in order to secure great humanitary results.

Let American women set themselves steadfastly at work to render themselves worthy of this faith, this confidence. Let them throw aside falsities, trickeries, and deceptions of all kinds, and come up to the standard of simple truth and honesty.

With less of social demand upon husbands and fathers, we should have less of fierce, worldly strife, less of nervous horror and business anxiety. With woman at her post, competent for her duties and willing to fulfill them, life would assume a very different and much more attractive aspect. Women appear selfish and heartless, who are only suffering from the miserable folly or wickedness which defrauded them of health and strength, and the possibilities of their womanhood.

O mother! whose only anxiety is to see your daughter married, to get her off your hands, do you ever think of the childless, sickly, nervous, neglected, wretched wife she will become? Do you ever consider yourself responsible in the smallest degree for the social fraud you are perpetrating? Did it not commence with neglect in her infancy, go on with the gratification of your vanity in her youth, until all that was natural and true had been crushed out, and complete itself in this thing of paint and patches, which you are trying to pass off on some man as a woman—as a good and honest wife?

For shame! Let womanhood itself protest against this desecration of its altars—let it demand for the generation to come a physical life, simple and pure, free from the dictates of vanity or the tyranny of fashion—a life which will present in the American woman the embodiment of the highest ideals of perfect womanhood—the inspiration and reward of man.

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Our forthcoming BULLETIN OF FASHIONS for the fall and winter season, has been arranged with special reference to the presentation of the greatest possible variety in the styles and trimmings for costumes of every description, and is therefore indispensable to the *modiste*, and a great assistance to ladies who insist upon surmounting themselves the difficulties of constructing a modern toilet.

The amount of trimming worn is this season undoubtedly greater than ever, and neither is it confined to one style. Upon the same costume will be found fringe, ruffles, or flutings, folds, and lace.

Flutings have been revived for summer muslins, cambrics, linens, and the like, and are used almost exclusively for muslin overdresses and the narrow flounces which are now frequently employed to line others of silk. Whether they will be continued in thick materials remains to be seen, but we think we are safe in predicting that, upon the heavier winter fabrics, flat trimmings, velvet, and folds of silk, satin, or the material itself, will obtain the preference.

The later summer fashions, which are worn until at least the middle of September, are very graceful and becoming, and also susceptible of a certain degree of simplicity.

The suit consists of a skirt, and long blouse or Polonaise, the latter looped up carelessly in a single fold at the sides. It is open in front, full at the back, and the sleeves, straight to the elbow and sometimes below it, are finished by a deep ruffle. Instead of the sash, there is a wide, short end, loops, or a bow attached to the belt at the back. The sash and *panier* have almost wholly disappeared.

This style of suit is similar to the one in vogue three years ago, only that the Polonaise or upper-dress is longer, open in front, also at the throat, and has open sleeves, instead of sleeves shaped to the arm.

It is an extremely convenient style for walking-dresses, especially for those persons who like their promenade toilets distinct from their house-dresses. In summer muslins, linens, and *piqués*, it is made very simply, almost without trimming, the beauty depending altogether on the material, the cut, and the style. It will be a favorite design for early fall, because it is especially suited to cashmere, *satin de Chine*, *popline Roubaix*, and all the fabrics selected especially for early fall wear.

It may be perhaps somewhat premature to announce suits of Scotch wool, composed of skirt, Polonaise, and talma, the latter arranged to throw over the left shoulder as an extra wrap, and trimmed like the Polonaise with velvet and fringe, the latter containing the colors of the plaid. But this novelty will undoubtedly be a favorite winter costume.

Broad muslin ruffs had their brief day, and soon died. They spoil and wrinkle so easily, are so incapable of adaptation to various kinds of dresses, as to have lost their popularity as soon as the charm of novelty had died away. A collar or narrow standing ruffle of lace is now generally worn around the neck.

The "Pamela," or gipsy shape, is the latest and most popular in bonnets. It restores the crown and the brim, and has such a quaint, pretty look, that it will undoubtedly be repeated in winter styles. It fits best over curls, but may be worn with a braided *chignon*. It is brought very low upon the forehead.

TOILETS FOR SEPTEMBER.

DRESS of fine-striped (*grisaille*) silk, trimmed with a single plaited flounce (eight-inch) upon the lower waist, and a quilling upon the upper one of half that depth, fastened upon both edges. The overskirt is long, and lightly caught up at the sides, the sleeves antique, the body open, and trimmed to match the skirt. The sash is composed of two loops without ends. The flounce and quillings are composed of the material, arranged in quite a new style. The edges are crimped and laid over narrow, feathered-out quillings of black silk, which project sufficiently to give a mossy finish to the trimming. A lace jacket, and pretty Pamela bonnet of Belgian straw, trimmed with black lace, black *gros-grain* ribbon, and roses, transforms this dress into a very *distinguê* visiting toilet.

A SUIT of black grenadine. Consists of flounces mounted upon a skirt of black silk, and edged with narrow black lace. The long casaque is cut with a skirt separate from the waist, and trimmed with plaited flounces edged with lace to match. The sleeves are flowing, the body open to the waist, and lined with black silk. Full sash of Roman-striped *gros-grain* ribbon, and hat of Italian straw, trimmed with black lace and field flowers.

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AN EVENING DRESS for a young lady is of white organdy, trimmed with plaited flounces, headed with bows made of narrow black velvet, in the center of each of which a Marguerite is placed. This trimming forms the heading to the single flounce upon the lower and the upper skirt, and outlines the square bodice. Black velvet and white Marguerites should be worn in the hair.

It is the fashion with great belles at the watering-places to wear full dress toilets all of one color, and some are most effective. At Saratoga, a very beautiful brunette has distinguished herself in this way, and, without wearing anything unusually costly, has contrived to attract universal attention and admiration. One evening her dress was all white — white tulle — without any admixture of color. Another, all pink, and a third, straw-color; shoes and gloves tinted into the daintiest correspondence with each of these charming costumes.

A VERY PRETTY CROQUET DRESS is of white linen, trimmed with plaited flounces edged with narrow Madeira embroidery. The suit consists of two skirts and short jacket, cut in square lappels. *Chinois* hat, with a little garland of field-flowers twisted round the high crown, and border of black lace, laid on flat.

A RECEPTION DRESS consists of a trained skirt of white *gros-grain*, with a long tunic of white silk, striped in violet and satin, worn over it. Bodice, sleeves, and skirt are richly trimmed with lace, and a necklace and bracelet, consisting of seven strands of pearls, with pearl earrings and brooch, accompanied it.

A DINNER DRESS, sent to a lady of fashion for a grand entertainment, anticipates the style of the coming season. It was composed of apricot silk, trimmed with flounces of the same, headed with feathered ruches in three different shades of color. These ruches were box-plaited and caught down in the middle, which produces a much softer effect. Each of these ruches was lined with white satin, plaited and feathered out also, producing a ravishing effect. This is called the "fuchsia" trimming.

A PRETTY idea for a costume for fall is a very long *casaque* of cashmere *verd du Nil*, made very full, and looped high over a skirt of black silk, trimmed with narrow flounces edged with fringe of the color of the *casaque*. *Chapeau* Louis XIV., with a long green plume falling over the back.

DURING the summer season, no one article in the household is of so much importance, or rather receives so much attention, as the Ice Pitcher. The heads of families are yearly realizing more and more the importance and economy of procuring the best, and, to assist them in making a selection, we this month illustrate an Electro-plated Water Set, of the latest and most approved style. Coming, as it does, from the establishment of Reed & Barton, No. 2 Maiden Lane, is a sufficient guarantee of the quality and workmanship. The pitcher is fitted with their patent lining, which, being in one piece and without seam or joint of any kind, can not possibly leak, and which they will guarantee to preserve the water perfectly pure.

Another improvement is the Tilting Stand on which it is mounted, which entirely obviates the necessity of raising the pitcher. The base serves the double purpose of a tray for a goblet and slop-bowl, and of preserving the table from any moisture that may condense and drip from the outside of the pitcher.

This stand is so arranged that it can be adapted to any pitcher now in use, thus forming a complete and ornamental Water Set.

STYLISH TOILETS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1870.

(*See full-page Engraving.*)

FIG. 1.—A LOVELY TOILET for a *soirée*, the skirt made in white *gaze de Chambéry*, trimmed very high with gathered flounces edged with white Tom Thumb fringe and headed with black velvet. The overdress—consisting of an overskirt, forming three distinct points and a round apron-front, and a basque to correspond—is of lavender *crêpe de Chine*, trimmed with folds of silk of the same shade, each point being finished with a heavy silk tassel to match. The corsage is open to the waist in front, and is completed by a chemisette, plaited *à la paysanne*, of organdy, trimmed with Valenciennes.

FIG. 2.—A HANDSOME VISITING-COSTUME made in black *poult de soie* and black grenadine, the silk skirt ornamented, as per illustration, with flounces and ruffles of grenadine, bound with black silk, and retained with broad silk bands. The trimming, *en tablier*, is slightly raised in the center, forming reversed points. Corsage with square neck and close sleeves, trimmed with grenadine ruffles. *Chapeau* of black thread lace, ornamented with shaded violets in foliage.

FIG. 3.—A CHARMING DRESS for a Miss of fourteen years. The skirt is of summer silk, striped in blue and white, and ornamented with a bias flounce, having a heading of shell trimming, in plain blue silk. Over this skirt is arranged a second one of plain blue silk, trimmed with silk fringe, and tied carelessly on the sides like a scarf, leaving two floating ends. The corsage of blue is of a new style, the fronts laid in plaits like a *fichu*, trimmed with fringe, and continued round to the back to form a sash. Rather close sleeves of striped silk, trimmed to match the skirt, and having a full puff of blue at the top.

BONNETS FOR SEPTEMBER.

ONE of the peculiarities of the New York lady is her bonnet, or her hat, as the case may be. She never wears one out of season: she will not put on her velvet until November, nor her spring straw till Easter. Her hats, for ordinary promenade wear, are the freshest and prettiest to be found anywhere; and her "dress" bonnets strictly reserved for the proper occasions.

This sense of fitness extends itself to other portions of the attire, and renders the New York lady conspicuous anywhere for taste and beauty in dress.

The early part of September is usually but an extension of the heated term in August, and, therefore, until the 15th, summer hats and bonnets (a little wilted) are retained; but after that, felts begin to appear—solid straws, mounted in velvet and gay with feathers, take the place of the light Neapolitans, fancy straws, and lace.

This is just now what we are coming to. Flowers and somewhat faded ribbons will disappear, and in their place we shall have the premonition in scarlet bands and dark glistening plumes, of the high colors and warm fabrics which are the fitting ensignia of our rigid winter king.

Popular favor, which of late has been diverted in several different directions so far as bonnets were concerned, seems to have settled back on the pretty Gipsy as the new idol and the present claimant for ladies' suffrage. There is little doubt that it will be the prominent design of the fall and winter season in straw, trimmed with rich *gros-grain* ribbon, velvet, China crape, and feathers, for fall, and in satin and velvet, trimmed with lace, feathers, and *gros-grain* ribbons, for winter.

The "Pamela," or gipsy hat, or bonnet, is already so familiar to our readers that there is no necessity to particularize by description. Its peculiarity, which involves the adjuncts (cape, crown, and curtain), of an old-fashioned bonnet, without its size, render it somewhat difficult of arrangement with many persons who can not adapt it to the present style of wearing the hair. The difficulty arises generally from not placing low enough over the forehead. Worn low, it fits perfectly over the *chignon*, and especially over the chatelaine braids which are still ordinarily worn.

OUR paper pattern hats and bonnets of the early fall styles will be ready September 1st. Orders attended to with the utmost dispatch.

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HATS AND BONNETS.

(See full-page Illustration.)

No. 1—The Aurora.—A black silk riding-hat, of medium height, with a bell-shaped crown, and a rolling brim. Vail of blue Donna Maria gauze.

No. 2—Chapeau Clothilde.—Of white chip, with a rather high square crown, the broad brim turned up on the right side, and fastened with a cluster of white ostrich tips. A band of light-blue *gros-grain* ribbon, tied carelessly on the left side, retains a blue and white *aigrette*, and is continued in long streamers.

No. 3—The Lurline.—Of black Neapolitan braid, with a high-pointed crown, and a flexible brim. Trimmed with wide deep-blue *gros-grain* ribbon, ornamented at intervals with jet ornaments, and a long blue ostrich feather.

No. 4—Chapeau Fauvette.—A Fanchon of English straw, trimmed with a cluster of early autumn flowers and a narrow black *gros-grain* ribbon.

No. 5—"La Gitana."—An exquisite *chapeau*, of Italian straw, the edge bound with scarlet velvet, and the inside of the front filled in with a full ruche of white blonde. A black vail is fastened in the front by a large white Marguerite, and is continued over the crown to the back, where it is retained by a spray of ivy, a portion of the garland which encircles the left side. Brides, of scarlet *crêpe de Chine*, trimmed with a mossy fringe, continued over the crown, and tied carelessly on the left side.

STYLISH COIFFURES.

Coiffure Camilla.—This exceedingly stylish yet simple coiffure is especially adapted to a brunette with a luxuriant wavy *chevelure*. It is also the most appropriate and convenient style for an *equestrienne*—omitting the braid *en diadème*. The back is arranged in chatelaine braids, which are made to appear thick by crimping—thus avoiding the use of braid *rouleaux*—and simply looped. The front hair is waved and drawn back loosely, and a braid *en diadème* is brought from the center of the back, instead of from the sides in the ordinary manner.

Coiffure Faustina.—An exquisite coiffure, designed for a blonde, and worn recently at a musical reception. The back is arranged in two long *rouleaux*, with the spaces between filled in with light curls and finger puffs, from which depend two long wavy tresses. Encircling the whole is a large cable braid, fastened at the sides with pins having tortoise-shell heads of a rich dark-brown color. The front is arranged in a Pompadour puff and a braid *en diadème*, with short curls falling over the forehead.

Coiffure Ernestine.—A simple coiffure arranged with a crimped waterfall—this style having lately been revived—surmounted by two light rolls extending across the head. The front hair is rolled back perfectly plain from the temples, and three perpendicular puffs are placed over the center of the forehead. From beneath the waterfall two long, light ringlets fall over the left shoulder.

A PRETTY HEAD-DRESS.

The prettiest head-dress is the butterfly bow of satin or lace, which hovers on the front of Chatelaine plaits, with a diamond, coral or amber knob in the center, and from under which falls behind a trail of light flowers, such as jasmine stars or leaves, with gold berries.

FALL FASHIONS.

Underskirts and crinolines, as being prepared for the fall season, are perfectly straight and flat in front, and sustain fullness at the back by a curved shape, or by five volants, spaced between

We recommend the *special guaranteed* makes of black silks, and black alpacas and mohairs for fall suits, as they are sure to be pure in quality, and will give much better wear, as well as greater pleasure in the wearing.

Irish poplins are to be very fashionable this season.

Wide bonnet strings, rich and plain, are adopted by the empress, and "ruled in" for the fall and winter styles.

The new fall and winter bonnet is of the gipsy shape, but somewhat larger than those worn this summer.

American silks have obtained flattering recognition abroad.

Hats of very rich plush, in high colors, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade, are to be very fashionable during the coming season.

Grebe is to be fashionable for trimming, and especially for trimming cloth and velvet suits.

ELEGANT TOILETS, AND STYLISH SHORT COSTUMES.

(See double page Engraving.)

Fig. 1.—An exquisite dinner-dress—the postillion-waist, sleeves, and court-train made in violet silk, trimmed, as per illustration, with ruchings of the same and black thread lace, and the petticoat of lavender silk bordered with a box-plaited flounce, which is surmounted by a circular trimming, *en tablier*, of broad folds of violet silk edged with black lace and ornamented at intervals with lace rosettes. Coiffure of puffs adorned with violets.

Fig. 2.—A neat buff linen walking-suit, for the country, composed of a skirt of medium length and a close-fitting Polonaise. The trimming consists of scolloped bands of the material bound with white braid and set on in squares, as seen in the illustration, those on the skirt inclosing sections of side-plaits. Stylish round hat of English Dunstable, trimmed with black *gros-grain* ribbon and large Marguerites.

Fig. 3.—An elegant carriage-dress of pearl-gray *poult de soie*, the demi-train skirt ornamented with a deep flounce, headed by a fringed ruching of the silk arranged in inverted scollops. Basque, describing a pointed vest in front and a long coat at the back, trimmed with a plaited flounce and ruching to match the skirt. Rather close sleeves, trimmed with ruching and bows. Bonnet of gray *crêpe*, trimmed with *point d'appliqué*, and ornamented in front with blush roses in foliage.

Fig. 4.—A novel and *distingué* evening toilet, made in *gaze de Chambéry*. The petticoat is of white, ornamented with narrow scolloped flounces, alternately black and white, bound with self-colored silk, and surmounted by a very wide puff of white, attached with narrow folds of black silk. The court-train of black is also ornamented with narrow flounces, the heading being a feathered ruching of white silk. Over this is a round postillion similarly trimmed, and ornamented—as are also the sides of the train—with rosettes composed of the two colors and black thread-lace barbes. The sleeves are of white, trimmed to match the train, and the high waist of white has a postillion overwaist of black, with a square neck trimmed with ruching. Coiffure of puffs ornamented with white roses.

Fig. 5.—A handsome walking-costume in reversible *foulard*—ash-gray and maroon. The round skirt is of gray, bordered with an eighteen-inch flounce of maroon headed with a double quilling of the same color. An exceedingly stylish overskirt of gray, trimmed with quillings of maroon, open at the sides and turned back *en revers*. Jacket of maroon with gray ruchings. Gray straw hat, trimmed with full-blown pink roses, a gray ostrich tip, and vail of Donna Maria gauze.

Fig. 6.—Dress for a Miss of thirteen, made in *grisaille* silk garnished with broad bands of blue *taffetas* edged with Tom Thumb fringe of the two colors. The bands are ornamented, at intervals, with bows of blue trimmed with fringe and attached with steel buckles. Only the five lower bands extend around the skirt, but the jacket is cut very long in the back, and is slashed to the waist so as to display a long sash of blue silk underneath. Hat of rice straw, trimmed with a wreath of forget-me-nots and a gray gauze vail.

Fig. 7.—A stylish dress for a young lady, made in *taffetas* striped in green and white, the skirt and sleeves ornamented with rows of plain green feathered ruching. Overdress of plain green, trimmed with a ruching of green, edged with narrow white fringe. Coiffure of braids adorned with bows of green *gros-grain* ribbon.

"WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO MAKE IT"

Is the title of a book of instructions on dress and dressmaking, published by Mme. Demorest, at 15 cents. Dressmakers and ladies generally will find in this manual much useful information, and complete instruction in every department of ladies' and children's dress. It is issued semi-annually, and sent free of postage. Address Mme. Demorest, 838 Broadway, New York.

Crimped waterfalls have been revived—they are much cooler than the chatelaine braids.

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AN AUTUMN TOILET.

THE skirt is rich green silk, trimmed with five ruches, all different shades of the same color. These ruches were not fringed at the edges, but in the centre, and then folded down, which is the new style; the effect is softer, and they are not so perishable as the raveled edges. The train of this dress is trimmed with five narrow pinked-out flounces, of the five different shades of green. The bodice has basques, edged with a ruching, and at the back of the waist there is a large rosette of the different shades of green. The narrow sleeves terminate with three frills and two ruches, which complete the five different shades. A black lace bonnet, with lappets large enough to form a mantille, and a small wreath of shaded autumn leaves, complete the costume.

A NOVELTY.

THE "garden" parties display a novelty in majolica ware for holding fruit similar to the nut-dishes over which emblematic squirrels presided last winter. It consists of deep fruit-dishes, with sugar vase and cream-pitcher inserted in the sides. Strawberries, blackberries, peaches, and other fruits, are thus honored.

PARASOLS.

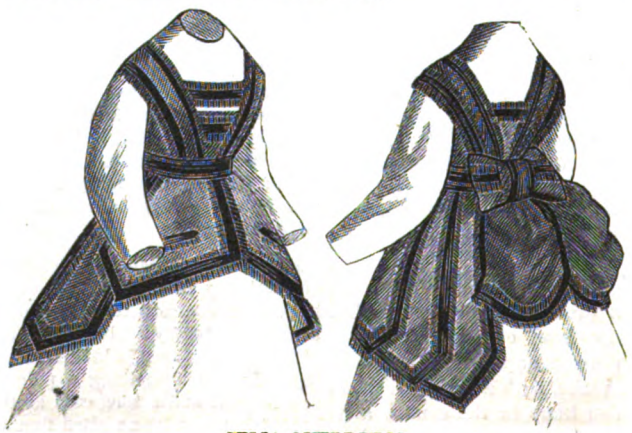
IN parasols the handsomest are of white or of some pale-colored silk, with a lace cover and stick of pearl and gold or coral. Some very pretty parasols are of a thin white silk, lined with blue, cherry, or lilac silk, and trimmed with three narrow ruffles, bound with the color. The color shows through the silk (which looks like a heavy silk grenadine), and has a very pretty effect.

THERE is hardly a lady in this country who can afford to do without DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE; and the most effectual way to convince them of this fact would be to show them only a single copy, with the injunction to examine it carefully and then decide the matter for themselves. We are quite sure that our subscription-list would be doubled, several times over, if we could persuade our present subscribers to speak a word for us among their friends; especially if, in connection with the value of the MAGAZINE, they would call attention to the extraordinary inducements we are offering in the way of premiums. Just say to them that they get in value twice the cost of the MAGAZINE in premiums, and get more than the full value in the MAGAZINE, besides our Chromo pictures and the Pic-Nic Engraving—being among the most astonishing inducements ever offered for single subscribers to a MAGAZINE that would seem to require only to be shown, to meet with a ready response.

No appointment of the table adds so much to its general appearance, as a handsome Tea Service. Since the introduction of Plated Ware, great improvements have been made in the art of manufacturing it, and the prices having become proportionately low, Silver Ware is now looked upon as a necessity rather than a luxury, as formerly.

We illustrate, this month, a set of superior quality and exquisite workmanship, consisting of six pieces—coffee-pot, sugar-bowl, slop-bowl, cream-pitcher, and two tea-pots, one for black tea and the other for green.

The articles are of the improved Electro-Plate, and are guaranteed to be on the best quality of White Metal. They are of an entirely new and elegant design, ornamented with rare and delicate chasing. They come from the establishment of SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & Co., No. 19 John Street.



CELIA OVERDRESS.

A STYLISH little overdress, made short and open in the front, with three quite long tabs on the sides, and a short *panier* back. The material may be black or any colored silk, trimmed with bands of velvet and narrow fringe.

OUTSIDE GARMENTS.

THE POLONAISE.—This graceful garment has become an institution. People wonder now how they ever got along without it. During the latter part of the season, it has been made in every sort of material, but principally in linen, striped silk, and grass cloth, for wear over silk skirts, for street and traveling costume. The change was grateful to eyes wearied with the eternal repetition of stereotyped street suits, ruffles, jacket, and overskirt, overskirt, ruffles, and jacket.

Moreover, an opportunity was afforded for utilizing skirts which the universal suit had rendered useless, and for giving style and variety to the summer wardrobe at comparatively small expense.

A linen or grass cloth Polonaise is very effective over a flounced skirt of black, checked, or fine striped silk; and if it has been made over, or is even somewhat the worse for wear, few are wiser, provided the color is still good, the Polonaise well cut, and sufficiently long to hide small deficiencies.

It must not, however, be too long; there is a medium about these things, which it is better to observe. Neither should they be cut open, or in points at the back of the skirt. They are full, and almost straight in the back, open in front, caught up at the side, closed or cut V-shaped at the neck, according to taste, and made with open or closed sleeves, also according to taste.

Another useful revival this season has been that of the long, plain linen sacks, and circulars with capes for traveling wear. They are very cheap, from three to five dollars each, and the sacks are made in both gray and buff linen, with pockets, closed sleeves, and all the requisite finishing.

It is pretty well determined that long over-garments will be revived for winter wear, and displace the absurd little jackets, which are without dignity, and, though well enough for girls, serve neither for protection nor ornament to older ladies, whose greater repose of manner requires the effect of drapery to give distinction.

We trust the Polonaise and its variations will achieve the popularity they deserve.

A NEW BODICE.

A NEW bodice is worn low and square in front, with a delicate muslin frill all round, and a small narrow necklet of velvet tied behind called the "irreconcilable."

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DESCRIPTION OF COLORED STEEL PLATE.

FIG. 1.—A *distingué* evening toilet in *ciel*-blue *poult de soie*, the train skirt ornamented with two plaited flounces of organdy—the upper one forming its own heading and attached with a feathered ruching of silk. The arrangement of the skirt is very stylish, being short enough in front to disclose an underskirt trimmed with organdy flounces. *Corsage décolleté* of blue silk, with flowing sleeves, trimmed with flounces of organdy and ruching. Overdress of organdy, composed of a square overskirt reaching only to the sides, and a jacket, without sleeves, rounded off in the Zouave style in front, and having a *Watteau* plait in the back, confined with bows of black silk.

FIG. 2.—Suit for a little girl, made in buff mohair, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. It consists of a skirt of medium length, bordered with a plaited flounce, edged and headed with velvet, and a casaque describing four deep points, reaching to the bottom of the skirt, the front simulating a vest. The casaque is trimmed to match the skirt, and has close sleeves, with open ones falling from the shoulders. White chip hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and small Marguerites.

FIG. 3.—A handsome walking-costume made in pearl-gray *foulard*, trimmed with bindings and bows of chestnut-brown silk and Tom Thumb fringe of the same rich color. The skirt is bordered with a 14-inch flounce, edged with fringe, and surmounted by four narrow ruffles, similarly trimmed, three falling and one standing. Placed perpendicularly, at intervals, half on the skirt and half on the flounce, are bands of *foulard*, edged with fringe and attached through the center, where they are laid in a deep box-plait, by bows of chestnut-brown silk. The plain waist and flowing sleeves are trimmed to correspond. An accommodation basque, forming two puffs in the back but perfectly plain in front, and fastened on the left side, trimmed with folds of silk and a ruffle edged with fringe, completes this very lady-like dress. Bonnet of black lace, with a square vail at the back, and a cluster of pink roses in front.

VISITING TOILETS.

FIG. 1.—Dress of lilac-twilled *foulard;* the slightly trained skirt trimmed, as per illustration, with a flounce and ruffles, edged with Tom Thumb fringe of the same color, the ruffles being additionally ornamented by bows of the material, edged with fringe, placed diagonally, at intervals across them. Basquine, of medium length, in front, but quite long in the back and at the sides, the bottom describing three modified points. This basquine is worn without any *ceinture*, and the fullness in the back is formed by two deep box-plaits, ornamented at the top by a bow similar to those on the skirt.

Chapeau of rice-straw, trimmed with alternate frills of lilac and violet *gros-grain* ribbon, a miniature cape of violet, and a violet bow set directly in front.

Fig 2.—Costume for a Miss of fifteen years. Skirt of *foulard écru*, garnished with broad folds of violet *taffetas*. Polonaise of violet *chally*, looped very high on the sides; under loops of ribbon of the same color, and trimmed with a rich silk fringe and a feathered ruching of violet silk. *Bretelles* of silk trimmed with fringe.

Chapeau rond, of English straw, trimmed with folds of violet silk, and a cluster of pink rosebuds on the left side.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE combines the most useful, beautiful, comprehensive and complete Magazine now issued. It employs only first-class writers in all its numerous departments, including Music, Stories, Poetry, Household matters, Architecture, and Gardening; and its Fashions are unquestionably far ahead of all others both for beauty and originality. DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, for handsome typography, high-toned literature, and first-class illustrations, is not excelled by any other. The September number, just issued, is fully up to its usual standard, and fully entitles it to the claim of being the Model Parlor Magazine of America.

"WOULD LIKE IT NOW."

A CORRESPONDENT inquires whether she can get the Chromo *immediately* by sending at once the subscription for next year (1871). Certainly. Send your subscription any time, and you will be credited from the time your present subscription expires, and the splendid premium Chromo will be sent by return mail.

THE DIFFERENCE IN MONEY.

A SUBSCRIBER inquires whether she can obtain the large Chromo by paying the difference in money. Yes. Send *one dollar* in addition to the yearly subscription price, and the "Mischievous Pets," by Gurney, price $10, will be sent by return mail.

ROYAL BALL-DRESSES.

AT a recent state ball, given by command of Queen Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, the Duke of Cambridge, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, the Prince and Princess of Teck, were all present. The princess of Wales wore a blue satin dress trimmed with Brussels lace, headed by tulle ruchings; her ornaments were diamonds, and the orders she wore were the Victoria and Albert, Catherine of Russia, and the Danish order. These bright ribbons and stars on a full dress evening toilet are extremely pretty. Princess Louise wore a cherry-colored silk trimmed with cactus blossoms and variegated leaves, surrounded by white tulle *bouillons*, which looked very pretty beside the blue dress of her sister-in-law. Princess Christian appeared in *verd du Nil* silk, trimmed with satin and lilies, and the Princess of Teck in mauve, tulle, and satin, with Brussels lace, so that the dresses of these illustrious ladies formed a very pleasing contrast to each other.

THE HAIR.

THERE is quite a panic among ladies in regard to their hair—a majority are losing the little they possess so rapidly that, at the same rate, it will take only a very short time to reduce them to the condition of the bald-headed prophet, whom the wicked children mocked. Many are flying to the hair-dressers, eagerly demanding something in the way of a preservative or restorative, and hair nostrums of all kinds flourish.

Really, however, the only remedy is to cut off the hair and wear it short—washing, drying, and brushing thoroughly every day. If that treatment does not restore the hair, nothing else will. Many young ladies have decided to cut their hair short, for one season at least.

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THE FAN.

THE art of graceful management of the fan seems to be one of those either almost lost, or greatly in need of revival among us. The fan, as one sees it generally used, seems to serve but one purpose, that of securing a certain amount of agitation in the air. This undoubtedly is its principal, and, so to speak, primary use; but of the movements to which it can form so graceful an adjunct—the display of a beautiful hand, or a well-turned wrist, or rounded arm—of the language of the fan which beckons, entreats, resists, is coy or prudish, or inviting—we seem to know very little indeed. Travelers tell us of the fascinations of the fan in Italy, but above all in sunny Spain, and traditional accounts of its glories and its uses have come down to us in books; but, in practice, English and American ladies seem to know very little about it. It can not be that the art of managing a fan is considered too frivolous—very little is too frivolous for the attention of a woman, to whom the display of her charms and graces is the object of her existence.

Whatever may have been the cause of the neglect of the fan, it appears that a revival in its use is about to take place. The ornamentation of fans has been found to afford a very delicate occupation, in which artistic tastes of woman can be well employed. It is stated authoritatively that the French Empress has intimated her intention to offer in competition to the female artists of all nations a prize of a thousand francs for the best fan, painted or carved, by a lady under twenty-five years of age.

The most fashionable fans at present are the "Pompadour" and the *Watteau*. The former is brilliant in black silk, gilt, and lace; the latter is painted in exquisite designs upon white silk or white satinwood, and finished with rich cord and tassels in a delicate tint.

SEASONABLE COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—A simple yet stylish *costume d'Amazone*, made in dark-blue ladies' cloth, with a perfectly plain skirt, somewhat shorter than those worn last season. Tight-fitting basque, with postillion back, trimmed with black serge braid and lasting buttons. Linen chemisette and collar. Scarlet necktie. Silk hat, with vail of blue Donna Maria gauze.

FIG. 2.—A charming short costume, the skirt made in stone-colored twilled *foulard*, trimmed, as per illustration, with folds and plaited ruffles of the material, and black ribbon velvet. Polonaise of light-gray cashmere, garnished with black velvet and a heavy gray fringe. Waist and sleeves trimmed with velvet and plaited ruffles of cashmere. Coiffure of puffs, ornamented with a diadem comb of tortoise-shell.

FRENCH BLOUSE APRON.

WE give a pattern this month which will be acceptable to all mothers with children from two and a half to five years of age. The "French Blouse Apron" combines style with utility, as it so completely protects the dress, and can be used, on warm days, without any dress underneath. It is particularly appropriate for white goods, linen, nainsook, jaconet, &c., but is very pretty in buff or brown linen, trimmed with braid for ordinary wear. We give two styles, one high in the neck and the other low, to fit children about four years of age.

THE NEW FEATURE IN OUR MAGAZINE.

THE double page of illustrations of all the newest and most stylish garments worn, will be found of great benefit to dressmakers and to ladies generally. It in fact constitutes a "Monthly Bulletin." Prices for patterns, and full directions for measuring for them, will be found on page 282.

THERE is not one of the premiums which we are now offering to single subscribers which is not worth striving for; but, independent of the premiums, the value of the MAGAZINE as a medium of personal gratification and benefit to its circle of readers, ought to secure for us a very large increase in its distribution.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

(*See page Illustration.*)

FIG. 1.—A stylish little dress made in white grenadine, the skirt ornamented with ruffles edged with narrow black velvet. Waist and sleeves trimmed to correspond, the ruffles on the waist simulating a pointed *berthe*. Ornament at the waist, consisting of a rosette, trimmed with velvet, and four sash ends, trimmed to match the rest of the dress. Hat of rice straw, trimmed with narrow black velvet and pink rose-buds.

FIG. 2.—Boy's suit, to be made in gray cassimere, and trimmed with narrow black silk braid and jet buttons. Pants descending just over the knee, where they are fastened on the outside with three buttons. Open jacket and vest, trimmed to correspond. Hat of light felt.

FIG. 3.—A handsome suit for a girl of eight years, consisting of dress, overskirt, and jacket, made in white alpaca, and trimmed with bands of blue silk and blue fringe. The overskirt has no apron, the side gores are very short and square, and the back is much longer and perfectly plain, without any looping. Ordinary sailor jacket with one dart in front. Broad-brimmed straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and white daisies.

FIG. 4.—Suit for a child of two and a half years. Paletot of white *piqué*, trimmed with narrow black velvet, which can be worn, if necessary, without any dress underneath. Turban of English straw, trimmed with white velvet and a blue ostrich tip.

FIG. 5.—Suit for a boy of four years, consisting of a skirt and jacket, made in white cashmere, and trimmed with bands of blue cashmere and narrow black velvet, as per illustration. Jacket open in front, displaying the white waist underneath.

FIG. 6.—The model from which this dress was drawn was made for a girl of eight years, but the style would be equally as appropriate for a girl of any age up to fifteen years. It was made in *taffetas*, striped in green and white, the skirt garnished with three broad bands of plain green. *Panier* of plain green, edged with silk fringe, mixed green and white. Plain waist, with square neck and without sleeves, trimmed to correspond, and to be worn over a blouse waist of white organdy, trimmed with Valenciennes.

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EULA JACKET.

A SIMPLE sailor jacket, made in white cashmere, and trimmed with pinked edgings of scarlet or blue cashmere, attached with narrow velvet. Very convenient for cool days, to be worn over a thin dress.

A SEWING-MACHINE FOR EVERYBODY.

WE are most happy in being able to offer for 1870-71, the best Sewing-Machine (Grover & Baker's) for *Twenty* subscribers at $3 each.

If you can not complete your clubs so as to entitle you to a Machine, send what you can, and the balance in money, allowing *two* dollars for each subscriber without first premiums, *three* dollars with a choice of first premiums to each subscriber.

For example, with *ten* subscribers at $3 each, making $30, send $20 additional in money, and you will get a $55 Machine without first premiums; or send $30 in money, and you have a choice of first premiums (elegant chromos, or any other premium on the list) for each subscriber.

With *fifteen* subscribers at $3 each, send $10 in money, without first premiums. $15 with a choice of first premiums to each subscriber.

For thirty subscribers at $3 each, we give a $55 Machine, and a choice of all our valuable first premiums to each subscriber, except the one who receives the machine.

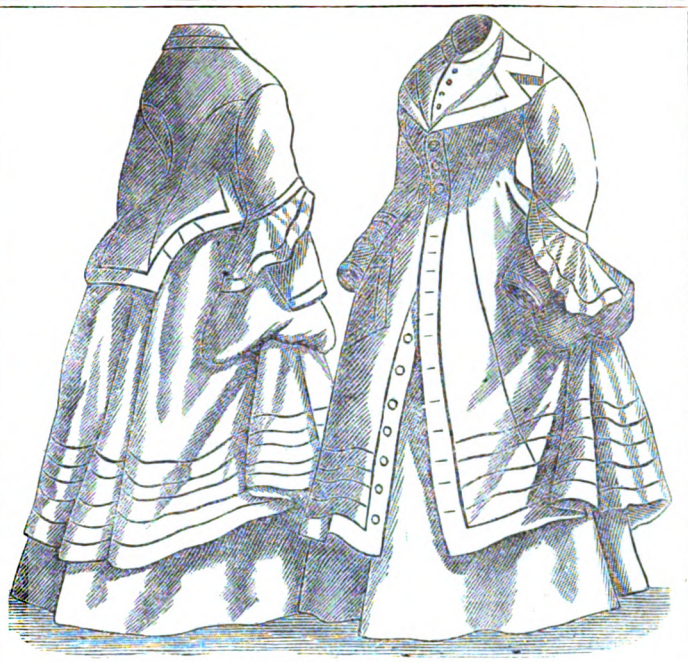
These terms give the machine at actually less than the cost price, with the Magazine thrown in, and when the value of the first premiums is added, it will be seen that we give more than double the worth of the money, without counting the Magazine at all.

Now is the time to secure the best Sewing-Machine for yourself or your wife, or for the wife of your clergyman, or for some poor woman in the neighborhood, who has been thrown upon her own resources.

Ladies, take advantage of this opportunity; you can never have such another.

Any young girl can, in a few days, earn for herself a Sewing-Machine, thus securing for herself an independent livelihood, or a handsome and most useful addition to her future home; and remember that we give the best Sewing-Machine, a Grover & Baker, a machine having a stitch which neither rips, breaks nor draws. Send fifteen cents for specimen copy of the Magazine, with circulars for distribution.

SOME ladies in Paris have formed a society having for its object the reduction of extravagance in dress. Each member promises to spend so much, and no more, on her toilet, and to pay ready money.

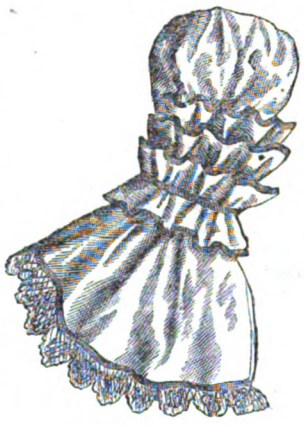


CECELIA BLOUSE.

A FAVORITE style of linen overdress, very much used this season for traveling. The front is cut in the Polonaise style, and the back forms a square basque, with the full skirt sewed on a band underneath. It is cut high in the neck, with the *revers* set on, so that it can be worn, on occasion, without any waist underneath. The trimming consists of bias bands of linen, with brown alpaca braid stretched at either edge, so as to show about one-half its width beyond the bands.

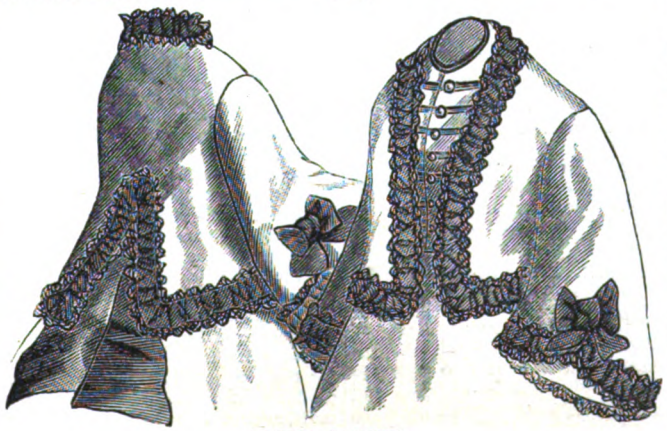
ARLINGTON SLEEVE.

A STYLE of flowing sleeve, appropriate for grenadine, leno, English barege, or any similar material, with the edge of the ruffles bound with silk of a contrasting color. Also pretty in mohair, trimmed with narrow ribbon velvet.



CROSBY SLEEVES

SUITABLE for summer silk, or *foulard*, trimmed with narrow velvet and *guipure* lace, or for grenadine or like thin materials.



ADELIA JACKET.

THIS jaunty jacket, intended to be worn *en suite*, is drawn from a model made in *grisaille* silk, and trimmed with narrow black thread lace and ruchings of bright blue silk. The vest is of *grisaille* silk, garnished with broad bands of blue.

MYRA JACKET.

A BACK view of the jacket of the "Myra Costume." It would be equally as pretty made in black silk, to be worn with any dress.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

CHILDREN'S parties are among the many peculiarities of our present social life. Doubtless children have always more or less had their parties, but the scale and style of them at the present day are quite peculiar. The little guests are summoned two or three weeks beforehand, probably by gilt-edged circulars, and in terms formal and complimentary. They assemble in the evening, and stay well on towards midnight. We shall leave to others the consideration of the moral consequences to the juvenile mind of this early acquaintance with all the forms of fashionable society, and shall confine ourselves to a consideration of the physical consequences which we take to be injurious and undesirable. Children are excited beforehand, and still more at the time. They are dressed insufficiently, they dance themselves into great fatigue, they eat and drink at late hours what would try their digestion badly enough in its midday vigor, and, worst of all, they lose from two to six hours' sleep. The ulterior consequences of this entire disarrangement of their habits and their functions are paleness, languor, and the development of various other ailments, according to the constitutional peculiarities of the children.

By all means let children have their own gatherings, but let them be within reasonable hours. Let food be simple, dress sufficient and warm, and, above all, let not the precious hours of sleep be curtailed just when, by reason of excitement and exhaustion, they need to be extended. What pleasure are children to get out of society when they become young men and women if they are to be satiated and exhausted with formal and late evening parties when they have barely got into their teens?

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FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

IT is an established rule now that dresses for little girls should be made high in the neck—even party dresses of silk or muslin are no exceptions, the special air of gayety and festivity being given to them by bright trimmings, or fancy overdresses.

This, we hope, will prove a long custom instead of a short fashion; for, in this climate especially, where the changes are so sudden and so severe, it is criminal to expose the chest and extremities of a young child to the quick variations of heat and cold; and even in a warm climate a thin covering for the neck is not objectionable—is, in fact, desirable, as it discourages vanity, practically inculcates modesty, and does much to get rid of the false idea that use is not as desirable an element in the dress of woman as in the dress of man.

There are no important changes to mention this month in regard to children's dress; summer styles are still in the ascendant, and fall and winter fashions have not yet made their appearance. Alpacas, and all wool goods in two shades of the same color, have been selected for outfits for girls, now in preparation. The lighter shade is used for the dress, the darker for trimming, or for single flounce, and tunic overdress.

Some very pretty gored dresses have been made for girls from five to ten of *grisaille* silk, and trimmed with ruffles, headed with ruches in bright-blue, green, garnet, or some bright contrasting color. High colors will be worn by little girls this coming season, and some Scotch all-wool plaids, in new and pretty combinations, are sure to obtain a vogue.

The cross-over blouse, belted over the trowsers, or the still simpler plaited linen shirt, buttoned to the trowsers, are the country costumes of boys who have not arrived at the dignity of complete suits. These suits, it may be remarked, *en passant*, are quite manly in style, plain in cut and color, and simply bound on the edge with silk galoon. Braided, be-buttoned, or be-frogged, they lose half their character.

Girls and boys have been wearing the sailor hats indiscriminately; but we think the "little gipsy" will be made in satin and velvet for girls under ten this fall, as it is so pretty and piquant.

PELURE D'OIGNON—the formidable name for the new color—means, when translated into English, skin of the onion.

THE EDWARD SUIT.

INTENDED for a boy from eight to twelve years of age. To be made in brown or gray cassimere, with a darker band up the outside of the pants, the jacket buttoned close in front, and slightly slashed on the sides.

MYRA COSTUME.

A BECOMING little suit, made in *ecru* mohair, trimmed with plaitings and bows of blue silk and bands of blue ribbon velvet. A back view of the jacket will be found on page 281.

Round hat of straw, trimmed with a wreath of field-flowers.

NEW STYLES FOR SEPTEMBER.

(*See back of double-page Engraving.*)

FOR the benefit of those of our new subscribers who may wish to have patterns cut, we again repeat the measures which it is necessary to send in order to insure an accurate fit. Bust measure, taken very loosely around the form, over the fullest part of the bust and over the shoulder-blades; waist measure, taken very tightly; and length of waist under the arm. For overskirts, send the length of the front of the skirts with which they are to be worn, and for sleeves, the length of the inside of the arm. For children's patterns, send height and bust measure.

	PLAIN.	TRIMMED.
Adelaide Overskirt	50 cts.	$1 00
Aline Sleeve	15 "	30
Amina Dress	50 "	1 00
Ada Dress	30 "	75
Clementine Overskirt	50 "	1 00
Camelia Overdress	75 "	1 50
Cecelia Basque	50 "	1 00
Edna Sleeve	15 "	30
Frances Overskirt	50 "	1 00
Gerty Overskirt	30 "	60
Honora Jacket	50 "	1 00
Infant's Cloak	40 "	75
" Robe	25 "	75
" Sacque	15 "	20
" Linen Skirt	15 "	30
Ida Apron	20 "	40
Josie Apron	20 "	40
"La Reine"	75 "	1 50
Linen Polonaise	75 "	1 50
Lillian Overdress	30 "	75
Marseilles Dress	30 "	75
Nellie Overskirt	30 "	60
Olive Overskirt	50 "	1 00
Rowena Casaque	75 "	1 50
Rosie Polonaise	30 "	70
Sailor Suit	40 "	60
The "Claudia"	75 "	1 50
" "Griselda"	50 "	1 00
" "Favorite"	75 "	1 50
Winfield Apron	20 "	40

WE commence our monthly chat with a communication from a subscriber upon the subject of mourning. The custom of putting on black for deceased friends has received a blow lately, from the general adoption of black toilets for street wear, which renders it less distinctive. In fact, unless crape is worn, black is no longer considered mourning:

"A PLEA FOR WEARING MOURNING.—It has been so much the fashion, of late years, for pen and tongue to be used against the custom—let me say the almost *sacred* custom—of wearing mourning, that one must be bold indeed, to ta e up the gauntlet in defense of such a cause.

"Now that Fashion herself has chosen to dress her devotees in the time-honored black—once consecrated to the memory of the dead—and has issued her fiat that only crape and bombazine shall be the distinctive mourning garb, it seems a righteous act to plead the cause of the down-trodden, abused, and yet to many hearts, dear custom.

"The grief-stricken heart of man, from the earliest ages, has sought consolation in the outward manifestations of sorrow. The wearing of dark cloth, the sprinkling of dust and ashes upon the person, shaving the head of its 'crown of glory,' plucking out the beard or neglecting to cut it, neglect of the bath and perfumes, prostration upon the earth, were ancient tokens of grief for the departed.

"Combined with these were the wailing of the women, the enforced silence of the men, the solemn feast, the use of musical instruments—as it may be supposed in wild minor dirges—and the cup of consolation.

"There were many days—sometimes as many as seventy—devoted to the various forms of mourning, days in which 'we did eat no pleasant bread.'

"The good God, who pitieth his children, did not forbid these evidences of distress, save to his anointed priests, who, as ministers in his presence, were too holy to indulge the promptings of the heart.

"Some have said if respect to the dead must be shown by a change of dress, why must the appointed color be black, that most pernicious dye, since in the East red, yellow, blue, subserve the same purpose.

"As to this, it may be said, it does not indeed matter as to the color, only that long established usage has, in all Christian countries, made black the most fitting emblem of woe—a usage which might well date from that day in which the heavens were hung in *blackness*, and the earth was rent, while the Lord of Glory, the King of the Universe, was being 'bruised for our iniquities.'

"Another reason why black seems the appropriate c lor is its lack of attractiveness. It admits of no showy appendages; the most costly dress in black has little to catch the roving eye. Therefore, it is the color best suited to vail the wounded heart which finds so little companionship in the world, and that ever shrinks from being drawn out of its hidden recesses.

"The mourning garb only becomes a burden, only ceases to be suitable, when the wearer, weary of its Lenten bondage, sighing for the gayeties of the carnival, looks anxiously for the Easter morn that permits a return to the 'flesh-pots of Egypt.'

"The roses of Eden could have no charm for Eve when her dead Abel lay at her feet; the cattle on a thousand hills were valueless to Jacob when 'Joseph was not.' David's crown and kingdom were but dust in the balance when Bathsheba's son was dying; and so it must ever be to the end of time. Beauty, wealth, glory, have no charms when the heart is riven.

"O pen, tongue, fashion, spare us the somber garb the world loves not, and leave to the widow and orphan the crumb of comfort the black robe gives in its constant reminder of their precious dead!

"G. P."

"LUCY."—White tarlatan would make a very suitable bridesmaid's dress, trimmed with pink under the puffing, and pink sash. The *bretelles* should be of tarlatan, the overskirt long, and open upon the back. An "imitation" handkerchief ring and chain would cost you five dollars. Ribbon sashes are worn more than any other.

"LULU."—Overskirts are long, but are much less worn than they have been. Trim your pearl-colored alpaca with garnet velvet or satin, and fringe to match the material. Our illustrations give all the modes of arranging the hair. Consult Mrs. Browning, or some other modern poet, for lines for an album. "Glen Iris," "Glendale," "Beach Wood," "Wild Wood," the "Grove," the "Rest" are all pretty names for a country home. One of which we attended the christening lately was named "Hermon."

"INQUIRER."—A hanging basket, a light stand for books and a couple of easy chairs are the prettiest decorations for a bay window. Curtains dividing it from

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the room would be pretty and effective; but they would be in the way, and take away from the sense of largeness and freedom. Moreover, they would be handled so much, that they would soon lose their beauty. Persian hangings would be more suitable than lace. Can not give directions for hanging pictures in a parlor because so much depends upon their size, and the arrangement of the room. Small pictures are generally hung low, on either side of a large one, or in small niches by themselves. Cord is used, but no tassels. The cord should correspond with the upholstery or hangings of the room. Shades and lace curtains are used with perfect propriety upon the same window. When colored cambric is used for a trimming, it is stitched on in narrow bands.

"Mrs. H. M. R."—A hair watch-chain for a gentleman will cost you from $10 to $15; the furnishing of the hair makes no difference in the cost. We could probably have it made for you, more reasonably than any one else, in New York.

"Maud and Mabel G."—We should advise you both, strongly, to cut your hair short, and wear it short for two years to come; it will be convenient at school, give you an opportunity for thorough washing and brushing, and thoroughly restore it, as nothing else will. Horse-radish steeped in buttermilk is a remedy for freckles and tanning. Rub on golden ointment at night, and wash off with this decoction in the morning. Felt in winter, black or brown straw in summer, are appropriate school-hats. Hoops are worn very small. Young ladies should avoid placing themselves under small obligations to gentlemen. Flirting is always fashionable among the unscrupulous and insincere, and with such no recipe is needed for it. Read Shakespeare (commencing with Hamlet), Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, all the works of Mrs. Charles, author of the "Schonberg Cotta Family;" Goethe, Miss Mulhback's historical novels, and some good histories. For modern ideas, read Ruskin, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer and—Demorest. American ladies do not take kindly to colored stockings; fine, unbleached Lisle thread are the favorites in summer.

"A. V. B."—You can get "golden ointment" at any first-class druggist's. Wear your hair loose and flowing; tie it up with ribbons, blue, green, or white.

"Mrs. A. R. G."—No, you are not entitled to a premium. Make your black grenadine into skirt and long Polonaise. One deep flounce laid in single plaits on the skirt; Polonaise quite plain, simply finished with deep hem. Body V-shaped, finished with a plaiting, sleeves finished ditto. The Polonaise is looped up at the sides in a single deep fold.

"Kate and Addie."—For your gray grenadine, with pink spots, see answer to "Mrs. A. R. G." Crape shawls are only worn cut up, and arranged as tunics and overskirts.

"Mrs. E. O."—Dick & Fitzgerald, of New York, have published a work in which directions for tableaux are included. But they need a little practice to be produced effectively.

"Miss Mary M. L. H."—We do not answer mere letters of inquiry by mail.

"Mrs. R. L."—You could use your black velvet to advantage on the purple and white stripe; the rest could hardly be made available. The blue striped goods is what is called "leno." "Hamburgh ruffling" means German embroidery, in bands, which are used for ruffling, and which are very serviceable. *Appliqué* lace curtains are much handsomer, and more expensive than Nottingham lace; the latter are principally used for bedrooms, but they look very well for neat parlors, that are not expensively furnished. They are not suitable for placing over damask; real lace would be required for such a purpose. They are used alone, with shades fitted close to the windows. Mount a broad strip of crimson velvet paper, striped with gold, upon a piece of wood, and you will have a very respectable cornice.

Nottingham lace curtains cost from $5 to $20 per window, real (*applique*) lace, from $15 to $150 per window. Fasten your hair roll to the front of your head, and brush your hair over it. Braid it round a small *chignon* at the back. Send your subscription, and you will get a fine chromo picture, worth double the cost, with the Magazine, or a magnificent parlor engraving, finished in line and stipple, which would cost you ten dollars elsewhere, as a premium. With our inducements to single subscribers, you ought to be able to get your sewing-machine and dictionary both this year.

"Country Girl."—It would be a good plan for you to go into some first-class house for a year, as an apprentice, and afterward work as an "improver," for a year on a small salary. There are already too many young women professing to be dressmakers who know nothing of it but how to put in a needle, and draw it out again. At fashionable dressmaking houses in London, girls pay a premium of twenty pounds to learn the business; then they work two years without any remuneration whatever, and after that give one year for very small pay (five or six shillings per week) as an improver. This is hard upon young girls; but it saves the public the risk of having handsome materials spoiled by putting them into the hands of the ignorant and inexperienced.

"Kate."—*Grisaille* poplin, trimmed with black velvet, or a jasper serge, made into a skirt and Polonaise, and trimmed with black velvet, would make a very pretty traveling suit for a bride in October or November. A useful bridal dress might be made of white mohair, trimmed with white uncut velvet, with satin folds of pipings stitched in, and rich fringe. It would form a handsome evening dress all winter in the country. Brides *must* wear white gloves and white shoes with white dresses. Long bridal veils are worn; none at all is better than a short one. Bridesmaids dress in white, trimmed with colors. The first to kiss and congratulate the bride, after the minister, should be her parents, or nearest relatives, when there is no bridesmaid.

"A Friend and Subscriber."—Your sample is Japanese poplin. Young ladies simply give their names upon their calling cards. Married ladies prefix "Mrs." before their husband's Christian names, unless, as is the case with very many, they prefer to use their own. Guipure is pronounced *gip-pure*. Organdy, *or-gundy*. Valenciennes, *val-en-ce-ennes*.

"Inquisitive."—There is no impropriety, if a lady travels alone, in going to the office of a hotel in order to make necessary inquiries. Experience soon teaches what to do in ordinary cases—the extraordinary ones we are obliged to leave to Providence. You seem to have done about right in obeying your own ideas and instincts with regard to propriety. If your name is upon your trunk, it will be sent to your room upon its arrival at the hotel, and taken from thence, and safely carried to the depot when you leave.

"J. C. H."—$10 is about as small a sum as any man would want to pay from being rescued from old bachelor-dom. It is as small a sum as a respectable clergyman would want to receive. Your formula would answer very nicely, with the addition of the names.

"Dear Mme. Demorest.—1st. I have handsome crimson merino dress, made very plain and full. I wish to change the style. How would you advise me to make it for winter, so as to be neat and inexpensive?

"2d. How make and trim a scarlet wool delaine dress for a child one year old?

"3d. If a gentleman asks permission of a lady to escort her home after night (when the streets are in a bad condition) and does not offer his arm, what would you infer from it?

"4th. What kind of an outside garment or wrap should a lady wear who is short and fleshy? Minnie G."

Ans. 1st. Gore it, trim it with double-standing quillings (single plaited) of the same, and black velvet bows.

2d. Gore, and have it stamped, and embroid r with white silk "star" braid.

3d. That he was either ignorant or rude. A long blouse, or a Talma, with a corner to throw over the shoulder.

The following letter tells a story only too common:

"Dear Mme. Demorest—I have been wishing to write and inclose my subscription money for six months past, but, like thousands of other dependent wives, have had no money, and no means of helping myself. I have six children, so you may imagine my hands are tied; but my husband is worth probably $250,000, accumulated since our marriage, fourteen years ago. I had a small fortune from my father, which I placed at my husband's disposal, and which was the basis of his present prosperity. Now, instead of acting generously or even justly by me, he allows me no regular sum for my wants, and will not even give me so much as a dollar until it suits his pleasure or convenience to do so. Only see how helpless, honest-hearted wives have to really suffer and spend many sleepless nights thinking what way to manage to be for the best; it is often my case, and no earthly way to protect myself, unless I go home to my father, or apply for work, which is impossible with my children.

"I heard a gentleman remark, a few days ago, if a woman did have equal rights, they would soon collect in barrooms, get to smoking cigars, or be at many other evils which they do not now practice. I told him, 'Women would use the same common-sense, and be governed by the same good taste that kept them from such things now, and it would be a good thing if men had a little of both.' He ran his fingers over his head and through his whiskers, and said I wanted to talk, at all events. *Jennie June's* talks will bother more men than one might think for. I wish I was acquainted with her; I might tell her some things that even she, perhaps, doesn't know; for human rights is what we all want and must have, and the only way to get it is to keep on talking in the right way. Your 'protection' article in the July number is just the right word in the right place. I, for one, could not live if it was not for your Magazine, and the encouraging words that fill its columns. I have taken it for six years, and it is the only Magazine I enjoy reading. I often feel as if I could run a business of some kind, if I only had a chance; but here I am tied down—my only hope to make my children happy and see them prosper; 'tis as far as my mind sees before me at present. Your friend,

"Mrs. ——."

"Ida H.," Mass.—There is no redress for a girl who, to use a plain but somewhat course expression, is jilted by a man. In fact, her own feeling ought to be one of thorough contempt and thankfulness for having escaped him—and so it would be, if girls were more independent, stood more upon the dignity of their womanhood, thought a little less of the doubtful honor of being wives, and a little more of the certain credit of being good and useful women. No girl ought to tolerate for a moment this sentimental lovemaking on the part of a man.

If he really loves and wishes to marry her, she will soon know it; if he is undecided, or wishes to amuse himself by a sentimental flirtation, she had better cease thinking of him as a possible lover at once, and preserve her own dignity and self-respect by putting him upon the footing of an acquaintance, and nothing more.

Men feel so sure of obtaining any girl to whom they choose to throw a handkerchief, that a simple act, prompted by a feeling of genuine womanly pride and self-respect, has sometimes surprised them so much as to bring them to the point, and made them feel love, where before they only experienced doubting admiration. Girls must remember that it is they themselves who must be the guardians of their own honor.

"A. M. B."—Lambert & Co., 104 Franklin Street, New York City, will furnish exactly what you want.

"E. B. L."—Your traveling-suit should consist of a skirt and Polonaise, the latter long, full at the back, caught up and drawn back from the front in a loose fold; wide ribbon sash, no *panier*. Trimming, flat, single plaiting of the material, or cross-cut folds, headed by a doubled quilling of the material.

"Mattie."—Your sketches would not be available for our columns. The only way to get them printed in book form, would be to collect them and submit them to a publisher for inspection. If he was willing to publish them at all, he would give you a per centage on each book sold, and take the risk; or he would require you to pay the costs, and give him a certain portion of the profits.

"Dear Mme. Demorest—What does the phrase 'Dressing St. Catharine's hair' mean? I heard it used in a mixed company the other evening, and was unable to discover its application.

"Ignoramus."

It is a French phrase, applied to single women. An unmarried woman is popularly said to have devoted her life to dressing St. Catharine's hair, the patron saint of old maids.

"Country Friend."—Wedding gifts are sent so that they will arrive the evening before or in the morning of the day of the wedding. This gives an opportunity for their arrangement and display.

A French wit was once heard to say he could tell the rank of a lady by the hem of her skirt! The boast was not so exaggerated as it seems, for a lady is always known by the *details* of her dress, which are faultless.

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OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

SARATOGA.

THIS gayest and most delightful of American watering-places has this season experienced a revival of that prosperity which the burning of the old Congress Hotel, and other calamities, seemed for a time to have endangered. The Congress Hotel, under the name of Congress Hall, has been rebuilt in magnificent style, and the "Union" enlarged to a capacity for accommodating eighteen hundred guests. The smaller hotels have also been refitted and filled with guests, and even the boarding-houses crowded to such an extent, that many have had to lodge out, in the small houses around, the persons to whom they could only give table-room.

There is abundant reason for this success in the fact that Saratoga is the nearest and most available inland watering-place to New York City, and contains all the attractions of air, location, mineral waters, and established facilities for enjoyment. It is not a cool place in summer, but the air is high and dry, and the heat is less enervating than in lower atmospheres.

The waters, moreover, are strongly tonic, as well as cleansing and purifying to the entire system, and combine so much variety, that almost all persons are benefited by their use.

There are many Springs, but the most famous are "Congress," the "High Rock," the "Columbian," the "Washington," the "Star," and the "Excelsior." The "Hawthorne" is a new spring, the properties of which are same as those of the Congress, but said to be much stronger. The High Rock is in reality better than either, but is not so much visited by the crowd, because of its want of contiguity to the leading hotels. It is so highly valued, however, by those who are acquainted with its virtues, that they willingly take a little longer walk in order to reach it, and feel well repaid by the beauty of the scene which awaits them, and the pleasure of the draught from the bubbling, sparkling spring.

High Rock Spring is remarkable no less for the purity and strength of its water than for its retentive power. It might be called Adam's champagne. It is the only Saratoga water that retains its virtues in bottles, and which it is a pleasure to drink away from the springs. For this reason its sale and transportation have been positively enormous within the past few years.

The method of drinking the waters of Saratoga is to go to either the High Rock, Congress or Hawthorne spring, sometimes all three, and drink one or more glasses of each before breakfast, finishing with a walk in Congress Park. Then home to breakfast with a tremendous appetite.

About twelve or one o'clock, a glass from one of the iron springs may be taken, "Columbian," or "Washington," and another glass or part of a glass, before tea. The laxative waters, however, should only be taken in the morning.

Very many persons fail to get the good they might out of Saratoga, by the absurd way in which they drink and eat. Sometimes they drink in enormous quantities, sometimes they derange the stomach by drinking all day. Then they indulge to the full a fondness for good eating, and, trusting to the action of the water, eat a kind and quantity of food that would be suicide at home.

To give the water, the air, and change of living all the chances, diet, for the first few days at least, should be rather restricted, and, when the stomach becomes toned up and invigorated, food in larger amounts and of richer quality can be taken without difficulty.

Saratoga is not by any means the resort for the merely fast and fashionable, as some people think. On the contrary, we do not know of any watering-place that attracts so large a number of clergymen, and of quiet, refined, intelligent people, of all shades of opinion.

The hotels are numerous, but each has its specialty. The Union is the most popular, people are *more at home there.* It is most spacious, has shade, and fine grounds, more freedom and less conventionality than others. There also more special efforts made for the comfort and enjoyment of the guests.

The Congress is said to be "old fogy." It is certainly stiff, and there is a want of freedom which is felt by young people more than by the staid old governors and middle-aged matrons who compose the majority of the guests. The Clarendon is quiet and aristocratic; the Columbian is pious, and there are others of a semi-medical character, which monopolize the invalids.

The life may be as quiet as in the most secluded house, and it may be as gay as the most inveterate lover of excitement could desire. At the large hotels, the ladies, and many of the gentlemen, generally assemble on the broad piazzas, on the shady side of the house, after breakfast, chat, listen to the band which plays from ten to twelve, A. M., and the ladies do a little fancy work.

Dinner is at two o'clock, and after dinner comes a drive to "Moon's," then tea, and dressing for the evening, which winds up with a hop, or a ball.

The music, and the wide space given to piazzas, corridors, and grounds are among the greatest attractions of Saratoga hotel life. The children enjoy the space, and grow fat and happy as young birds; ladies sit in the shade, and enjoy the pleasant sights and sounds, relieved for a brief space of the cares and worries of house-keeping; and the young people flirt and dance, as young people do everywhere.

Of the drives, there is only one that possesses any special interest, and that is to Moon's Lake-House, distant about three miles. It is a most charming location; the house, with its wide breezy piazza, lying upon the bank of the prettiest lake in the world, and the sloping covered with fine old trees, intersected by winding paths to the lake, to the artificial fish-ponds, and other attractions of the vicinity.

"Moon's" is famous for its fried potatoes, which are the specialty of the vicinity, and papers of this rather singular delicacy are not unfrequently carried away as *souvenirs.* Nowhere else in the world have they ever been produced in such perfection. The French quarter their fried potatoes; Moon slices them so thinly that they are transparent, and fries them so that they retain their delicacy of color, yet are exceedingly crisp and tender.

The formula is this: The potatoes are first peeled, and put in ice-water several hours; then they are taken out, sliced with a machine, and thrown into pounded ice, to be kept until wanted. When required, they are taken out carefully, and quickly wiped dry upon a napkin, and thrown into boiling lard. When done, they are taken out with a skimmer, salt sprinkled over them, and shaken in a sieve. They are then ready to serve.

An American gentleman once gave this formula to the *chef* of a Russian prince, who had been brought in, as is the custom, to receive the congratulations of a distinguished company on the success of his achievements. On a subsequent occasion a dish, labeled "Saratoga potatoes," was produced; but these to the genuine, to Moon's, were like Hyperion to a satyr, or a satyr to Hyperion.

"Young Moon's"—which is a near branch of the family tree, formed, in fact, by the marriage of a young Moon with Miss French, a village belle and beauty—has this year divided the honors with the old Lake House, and proved its claim to the succession by its skillful preparation of the favorite dish.

Young Moon's is only a stone's throw from the old house, so that visitors to one generally go for a change to the other, while the young people like to obtain a glimpse of the young and pretty mistress of the establishment. This is only occasional, for there is a baby, and the prospect is of an uninterrupted succession in the line of Moons.

It has been very generally remarked that less extravagance in dress appears in Saratoga this season than any summer before, when the number of visitors was so large. Short suits in washing materials presented irresistible attractions, and ladies wore them and left their long trains in their trunks, because they were "comfortable." Perhaps the heat had something to do with it; at any rate, rarely before has so sensible a style of dress prevailed in a place that has the reputation of going such lengths in foolish extravagance.

MME. DEMOREST AND HER NEW TEA COMPANY.

THE following are some of the comments of the press upon this new enterprise, which our readers will see, from the letter which we subjoin from the traveling partner in the firm, is now become an established fact:

A new firm, composed of two ladies, has lately been formed for the purpose of importing tea d rect from China, upon a larger scale than has ever yet been done, and also upon such terms as to secure a monopoly of the trade. Mme. Demorest's name has already been mentioned in connection with the enterprise, and her long and successful experience affords a guarantee which hardly admits of doubt as to the ultimate result of the undertaking. Her colleague is a maiden lady of mature years and ripe discretion, whose immense fortune has been made solely by her own shrewdness, industry, business tact, and management. For years she has been one of the largest real estate operators in New York City, and has the confidence of some of the wisest and soundest of our business men. The new firm commence with a capital of half a million, and Miss K. is already on her way to China (*via* San Francisco), where she intends to make an attempt to explore the interior, and select better brands of tea than are usually sent to this country. The first cargo of selected tea is expected to arrive before Christmas, and will be consigned to Mme. Demorest, who is the resident and representative New York partner.—*New York World.*

AMERICAN WOMEN GOING INTO THE WHOLESALE TEA BUSINESS.

The American tea trade is threatened with a monopoly by a firm of ladies. Under our new *regime* woman has resolved she will no longer be only a tea-drinker; she aspires to be a tea trader.

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Madame Demorest, the Sorosian and queen fashionist, has formed a copartnership with a lady whose name (not yet permitted to be made public) is a synonyme for practical good sense and success in large financial operations. She, like the Madame, is enthusiastic in her desire to establish a mammoth woman's importing and wholesale business, employing women in all its offices and branches. She brings into the enterprise an immense capital and unbounded business experience, acquired by her personal attention to previous financial operations all over the United States.

When the combined talent of these two enterprising ladies shall be brought to bear upon the tea trade and the interests of their sex, results of a marked character may be expected. Madame Demorest's colleague will proceed direct to Canton. Here she will take up her residence among the Celestials, and become celestialized as far as possible.

She will purchase tea in the country, and thus identify her interests with the worshipers of Confucius. Whether she will convert the Mandarins to progressive American ideas or not, is to be seen. As she is a single lady, she may induce one at least to become a Christian, and give up eating rats and puppies. From her residence in Canton she, with her numerous agents, will make canvassing excursions all over the Celestial Empire, and in person purchase the tea from the producers themselves on their own "chops."

The teas will be shipped from Canton under her superintendence, assisted by her lady officials. She will doubtless permit the rougher and sterner sex to ladé the vessels that transport the precious cargoes, and man and command them. But this is by no means certain. Perhaps some "argosies of magic sail," steered by inspired sirens such as manned St. Ursula's wondrous bark, may come "dropping down with costly bales" into the port of Gotham. Madame Demorest is to be the receiver at this port, and the chief of the two large warehouses, one up and the other down town, where the teas are to be stored. She will bring her immense business experience and acquaintance to bear upon the business in America. She will direct the hundreds of young ladies who will act as canvassers and agents for the firm all over the United States, and will occasionally visit Liverpool, London, and European ports. Her versatile genius, in the mean time, will not disdain to give an occasional impetus to her fashion emporium, which, however, will be mainly under the direction of her two accomplished sisters, the Misses Curtis—Mme. Demorest still presiding in the department of art and design.

The ladies of the new tea firm express the most unbounded confidence in the success of their enterprise. They base their hopes, not only on the capital of $500,000 at their command, but also upon the fact that the business is peculiarly suitable for women in all its details, and its pursuit calculated to do more than any undertaking of the period to enlarge the sphere of woman's influence, and increase her means of remunerative employment. —*New York Sun.*

WOMAN'S LATEST AND GREATEST BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

Whether there is any truth in the general assertion or not, women get the credit of drinking most of the tea imported. Under the circumstanaes, there is no reason why they should not have some of the profits accruing therefrom, and two of our most enterprising business women, taking this view of the matter, have already started an enterprise which outdoes all others in its originality and the magnitude of its proportions.

This is no less an undertaking than the importation of tea, purchased directly from the raisers or producers.

It is well known that, with one or two exceptions, none of our large tea merchants import their own tea; and even the agents of those firms who do, confine their operations exclusively to the coast towns of China, purchasing their supplies from the agents for the plantations without seeing the crops. But this new firm having seen great room for improvement in this particular, one of the parties, a lady well known in business circles, has already started for China, *via* San Francisco, with the intention of purchasing the tea herself directly from the plantations in the interior, and where, it is said, no foreigners, excepting missionaries, and only a few of those, have ever penetrated.

Those who are acquainted with the lady (who prefers for the present to remain incognita) knows that there is no such word as "fail" in her vocabulary, and that she never really set her mind to an enterprise that she did not carry through, and has acquired her large capital by her own personal exertions.

The other partner is Mme. Demorest, a lady wh se name is a household word in every family throughout the country, and a synonym for untiring energy and genuine enterprise. As they have capital fully sufficient to carry out their projects, it is their intention to employ only women in all their operations—canvassing, selling, and, in fact, in every department of the business that a woman can possibly fill, rendering it essentially a woman's business.

Their projected system of operations is nearly perfected, showing a thorough business tact in all of its details. The tea is to be purchased on the plantation by the partner resident in China, put up in packages of various sizes, on which will be stamped their trade-mark, and sold to the consumer in the original packages. The tea will be of the very best species, and being under constant supervision from the time it is picked, there can be no possible chance of adulteration.

Many a lady, and many a gentleman, too, if he will be frank enough to own it, will yet thank these enterprising female pioneers for the best cup of really pure and unadulterated tea that they have ever tasted.

It is expected that the first importation will arrive about Christmas, when we may anticipate a general tea-drinking to celebrate the progress of woman's enterprise and determination. — *New York Democrat.*

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

One of the most significant signs of the times is the projected establishment of a Woman's Tea Company, in contradistinction to the many "great" men tea companies, which have, of late years, obtained almost a monopoly of the trade. The enterprise is the work of the well-known Mme. Demorest, whose name is almost a synonym with success, and Miss K., a lady of great business ability and experience, who has made an immense fortune by her own unaided efforts, and is known in real estate circles as one of the largest and shrewdest operators in New York city. Miss K. started a few days ago for China (*via* Omaha and San Francisco), where she intends immediately to commence operations on a large scale. Instead of sitting down here and buying poor tea at a high price from some house already established in the China trade, as our "great" tea companies do, they intend to explore the interior of China to secure better brands of tea than have ever been seen here, and selling these as low as the ordinary refuse stuff that is palmed off upon us, and secure a monopoly of the trade, at least with all the lovers of good tea. The first lot of prime tea is expected to arrive here in four or five months, and will be consigned to Mme. Demorest, who is the resident New York partner, and who, as soon as plans are complete, intends to organize on a grand scale. The different brands are, it is understood, to be submitted to Sorosis on their arrival, who will test their quality and pronounce upon their merits. —*New York Globe.*

MADAME DEMOREST'S TEA HOUSE IN PEKIN.

Madame Demorest's colleague in the tea trade left New York for China, *via* San Francisco, yesterday. The women have determined to have their first cargo in the New York market by Christmas. Sorosis is preparing for a magnificent tea party at that time. "Ladies only" are to be present. The Celestial beverage is to be prepared by gentle hands, served by the fairer sex, and sipped only by lips above which no mustache ever sprouted.—*New York Sun.*

The following letter, received lately from our "colleague," was written upon her first arrival in San Francisco. We are quite of her opinion that there is no reason why women should not engage in pleasant and lucrative business as well as men, and we hope, before the year is out, to start a few at least on the high road to fortune, by sending them out as agents and saleswomen for the New York Woman's Tea Company.

"San Francisco, July, 1870.

"My Dear Madame—I arrived here last evening. I am at the Cosmopolitan Hotel; shall remain here while in the city, or till the steamer sails for China. I have made arrangements with the proprietor of this house, Mr. Tottan, formerly from New Hampshire, to give the members of Mme. Demorest's Tea Club the same rights and privileges that he does men, and not charge us any more. I like him very much, and his splendid hotel also. He is disposed to do every thing in his power to help women. I am now going to call on all our great men who deal in China, &c., and tell them about the business we are engaged in.

"I went down to Salt Lake City. I don't know how to describe it; it is in a valley, surrounded by high mountains, the tops covered with snow. Through all the streets run streams of water for irrigating and domestic purposes. I arrived there Saturday night, went to the Tabernacle and heard Brigham Young preach on Sunday. Monday, most all of Utah was out celebrating the Fourth of July. Of all the people you ever saw! Take the immigrants from Castle Garden, and ship them out here, and then go to Yankee-land and pick out a lot of clock-peddlers and preachers for leaders, and then you have got the inhabitants of Utah and Salt Lake City.

"It would be a good plan for you to come here for ideas; you will find the different styles, from Adam down. Grasshoppers, I think, will clear Salt Lake out this year; the air is full of them. Most every green tree in Young's garden was eaten up. I never saw so many in my life.

"The most interesting place I have seen on my route are the little dog towns. For hundreds of miles all you could see is a barren desert, inhabited with no earthly thing but little dogs about the size of our squirrels. I passed by one of their cities as large as New York; but the most of them are small villages—look like small mounds; entrance on the top. When the cars are passing they will run out and sit up on their hind legs and look at you for a moment, and run back. There is no water near them; they live on wild serge brush roots; they have subterranean passages from one house to another. Miners tell me they have dug for weeks to find out their habits and if any other creature lived with them, and have found small owls about the size of a robin, and rattlesnakes in their homes. All appear to live happy together under-ground.

"I will bring home some views of the places I have passed through, like Weber's Canon, Devil's Gate, Echo Canon, Humboldt's, &c., and a great many other places too wonderful to describe. I do not see why women can't do business and travel as well as men. The idea of men living on all the luxuries, traveling and seeing the beauties of this beautiful world, and women remaining at home! I only hope, Madame Demorest, your Club will be able to give business to thousands of women who will make it pay to travel over this same road. I will write you again before I embark for China. Yours truly, S. A. K."

Scandal.—Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it frequently is as bad as he who originally utters it.

Windfalls.—"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." However loudly it may roar, however fiercely it may hurl its unseen bolts, however wildly it may sweep on in its mad course, it will cast windfalls—in the common metaphorical sense of the word—at the feet of some one. This we know to be the case with the literal storm. Though it may shipwreck the voyager and blow down the house, it is effecting also great atmospheric changes upon which the health of nations depends.

Seeing Ourselves.—The hunchback does not see his own hunch, but he sees clearly the hunch of another hunchback. Therefore, it is well to know what there is at your own back before we venture to laugh behind the backs of others.

Charity and Mercy.—Children should be inured as early as possible to acts of charity and mercy. Constantine, as soon as his son could write, employed his hand in writing pardons, and delighted in conveying through his mouth all the favors he granted.

Anna Gareschna, a young girl at Kieff, in Russia, rescued recently seven children from a burning house which none of the firemen dared to enter. The emperor, upon hearing of her heroism, sent her a thousand silver roubles, and the empress presented her with a valuable necklace.

Aim not too High, nor Sink too Low.—Climb not too high, lest you fall; nor lie on the ground, lest you be trampled on. Consider yourself as safest when your own legs bear you.

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American Piano Trade.—A number of the daily journals have been giving some statements from the Internal Revenue returns of the leading Piano firms in this country. A similar statement was published three years ago, and the comparison shows a remarkable growth in this particular branch of manufacture, which certainly seems to be less liable than many other enterprises to serious and damaging fluctuations. Its increase has been steady and uniform. We take the returns of 1866 and 1869, which show an increase as follows:

Weber, New York, - -	206	per cent.
Hallet & Davis, Boston,	47	" "
Steck, New York, - - -	45	" "
Decker, New York, - -	47	" "
Emerson, Boston, - -	44	" "
Haines, New York, - -	40	" "
Chickering, Boston, - -	26	" "
Steinway, New York, -	20	" "
Knabe, Baltimore, - -	4	" "

This comparison shows that the average increase is about 45 per cent. except that of Steinway and Chickering, whose sales were then large, *and that Weber's sales increased 206 per cent. in three years.* Weber's return in 1866 was $72,421, and in 1 69, $221,444; a rapid growth, which is unparalleled in the history of Piano Making in this country, or in Europe.

The Household.

The following extracts are made from the appendix to the new edition of Mrs. Croly's Cookery Book:

There are some of the favorite dishes of well-known persons:

President Grant is said to be very fond of scrambled eggs and fried ham; but this must be cut thin and crisply frizzled

Louis Napoleon has an inordinate liking for chocolate. He has a cup of chocolate served him while in his bath-tub every morning; and during the war in Italy, before, during, and after the battle of Solferino—a period covering three days—he ate *nothing* but common cake chocolate. He had a package of it in his holsters.

Victoria relishes boiled mutton and caper sauce. Has a hearty meal of it every day at 2 o'clock, when she sits down with her children. Never eats anything at state banquets, because she dines so heartily off mutton at 2 that she has no appetite left. Also, very fond of a cup of tea. During one of her visits to the camp at Aldershott, she went and peeped in at the tent of a nameless young officer, and asked him if he had any tea. He handed her his caddy, and she went in and drew it herself.

Princess of Prussia—Victoria's eldest daughter—is, it is reported, so extremely fond of ice cream that she has injured her health by over-indulgence in her favorite dish.

Eugenie, French Empress, of all things relishes an omelet with onions. This is due to her Spanish taste, which often shows itself very strongly in sometimes not very admirable ways, as, for instance, she *adores* the brutal excitement of the bull-fight.

Patti *worships* boiled maccaroni, with tomato sauce. Rossini, the composer, first gave her the taste for this, being himself a superb cook; he often prepared it for her bird-like palate.

Louis XII., when he invaded Italy, made many cooks prisoners; many of their good dishes we still enjoy. Emperors may perish, the *fricassee* will survive.

From the days of Leo X. we have the *fricandeau*—that delicious dish of veal—larded, spiced, and surrounded by vegetables, carrots, onions, and parsley. It was slowly steamed, and served with Macedonian sauce.

To this period of luxury we are indebted also for the introduction of forks.

Pickling.—One gallon of vinegar, ten pounds of sugar, boiled together and skimmed for a syrup. Use whole cloves, mace, or spices to the taste. One pound and eight ounces of fruit (pears, peaches, crab-apples, etc.) to a quart bottle; cover the fruit with the syrup; heat eight or ten minutes after the water in which the bottles are placed boils; cork and seal.

Our contributor writes: "I am sorry I can not give the *weight* of sugar to be used in preserving. We have no rule for the weight of sugar; we use instead a saccharometer for determining the density of the syrup—an instrument easily procured, and much more convenient than the process of weighing."

For Preserving Pine-Apple.—One pound six ounces of pine-apple to a quart bottle; syrup twenty degrees density. Cook eight minutes after the water in which the bottles are placed boils. Cork and seal. Of course, boil and skim the syrup before covering the fruit.

Sweet Cherries.—One pound and a half of cherries to a quart bottle; syrup nineteen degrees density. Tart cherries require stronger syrup. Follow above directions for boiling, &c.

Raspberries.—One pound nine ounces of berries to a quart bottle; syrup twenty-four degrees.

Plums.—One pound eight ounces to a quart; syrup twenty-six degrees density for green and yellow gage; twenty-eight degrees for blue plums.

Peaches.—One pound and a half to a quart; syrup twenty-two degrees density. Pears the same.

Canned Tomatoes.—Scald and skin the tomatoes; drain off all the juice. Fill the can till it weighs two pounds. Add one large table-spoonful of syrup, made in the following manner: To one gallon of water one pound and a half of salt; the same of sugar. Seal the cans; boil thirty minutes. Take them from the water; open the vent for the escape of the gas, and seal again.

Another Recipe for Cooking Tomatoes.—Cook the tomatoes in an enameled kettle ten to fifteen minutes. Take the bottles from hot water; fill them. Use the same allowance of syrup to a quart. Cork and seal while the bottles are hot.

Bread.—Soak one cake of "Twin Brothers' new vegetable dry hop yeast" in a small quantity of water until dissolved. Add a pint of water slightly warm: stir in flour until very thick, and allow it to remain over night. Heat a quart of milk to the temperature of one hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit; stir in a quart of flour and the yeast; mix thoroughly. When done, sprinkle on flour; when sufficiently light, the flour will be cracked on the top of the dough. When light, mix in flour enough to mold it easily. Mold from five to ten minutes. Let it rise, and mold again. When risen the third time, send to the oven. Bake one hour.

A. T. Stewart's Rice Pudding.—Mr. Stewart is very simple in his tastes. He generally eats a cup of Indian meal gruel first thing in the morning, and prefers chicken fricassee and plain rice pudding to any other dinner, the year round. For his rice pudding, take half a cup of best rice, wash in several waters, and put it into a quart of new milk, with sugar to taste, a piece of butter the size of an English walnut, broken up into small bits, and a little nutmeg. Bake in a slack oven for two hours.

A. T. Stewart's Chicken Fricassee.—Boil a pair of young chickens, skin them, and cut them up fine. Take the water in which they have been boiled, (there should be only very little) mix a dessert-spoonful of butter with the same of flour, add three spoonfuls of veal gravy and three of cream, mix all well together, add to it the broth, and let it come to a boil. Season to taste with pepper and salt, then throw in the chicken. Let it boil a few minutes, then serve with the accompaniments of jelly and plain boiled rice.

Mme. Demorest's Favorite Indian Huckleberry Pudding.—Stir into a quart of boiling milk enough meal to make a moderately stiff batter. Add a couple of beaten eggs, a little salt, a small cup of finely chopped suet, a little molasses, and a quart of huckleberries. Boil two hours in a bag, leaving room to swell. Serve with a rich liquid sauce.

Mr. D.'s Favorite Fruit Lunch.—Peel a large red banana, and slice it into a quart of new milk. Add a little pulled French roll and a pint of large red Antwerp raspberries.

Angie's Lemonade.—Peel a juicy pine-apple, and slice it into a large bowl or pitcher. Add to it a lump of clear ice, the juice of six lemons, and three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar. Let this stand half an hour, then add three pints of water gradually, stirring all the time. Serve with a slice of pineapple in each tumbler.

Mayounaise Sauce for Chicken or Lobster Salad, a la Delmonico.—Break the yolks of three eggs into a salad bowl, add a little salt and white pepper, stir with a wooden spoon with the right hand, while with the left you add *very* gradually about half a bottle of oil; add about two spoonfuls of vinegar (more or less according to its strength), and add pepper and salt to your taste. This sauce must be very smoothly blended—if not sufficiently so, add a few drops of fresh water; if then it will not blend smoothly, add *by degrees* the yolk of another egg. Roast or boil one or more chickens; when sufficiently done, remove the flesh from the wings and legs, cut in slices, and season with salt, pepper, and vinegar. When you make a chicken mayounaise, place the fowl on a dish, cut in ten pieces, garnished with leek and hard eggs, olives, capers, &c. If it is a chicken salad mayounaise, cut the chicken in dice, season with the salad in a bowl, cover with mayounaise, and adorn with leeks, eggs, olives, capers, &c.

Lobster, a la Cordelaise—*Delmonico's Receipt.*—Cut onions and carrots into small dice, and fry lightly in beef marrow and oil. Divide a lobster into six, each claw into two pieces; add these to the vegetables, with half a bottle of good white wine, a little garlic, and some parsley. Boil on a quick fire until reduced to a sauce; season highly and serve. (This may be thickened with Spanish sauce or *veloute.*)

Spanish Sauce, a la Delmonico.—Brown some flour in butter, moisten with water or stock, add vegetables, such as carrots, tomatoes, &c., and a well-washed knuckle of *veal.* Cook two hours, then strain first through a colander, then through muslin.

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Ordinary pages, 75 cents per line solid agate space. Four lines or less, $3. Page next to reading matter, $1 per line. Business Notices, solid agate space, $1.25 per line. On ordinary pages no extra charge for cuts or display.

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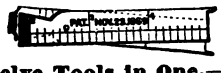

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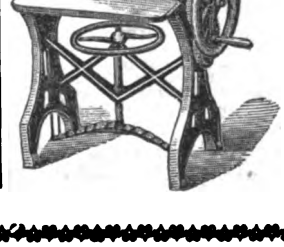

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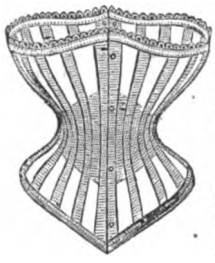

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MME. DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHIONS.

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Costumes for October, 1870.

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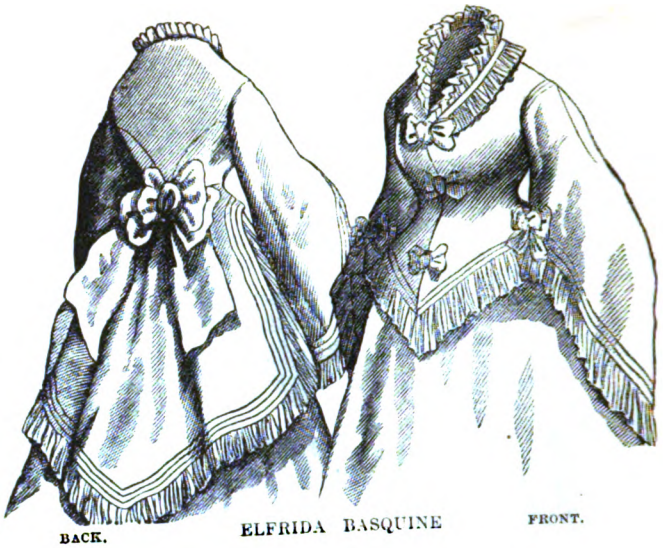
"LA PRINCESSE."

ADELAIDE



BACK. ELFRIDA BASQUINE FRONT.

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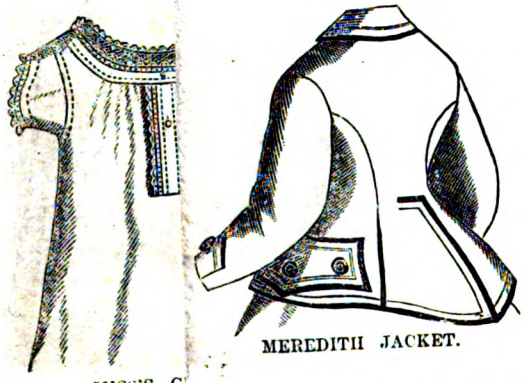
THERESA OVERSKIRT. ISOTTA OVERSKIRT.



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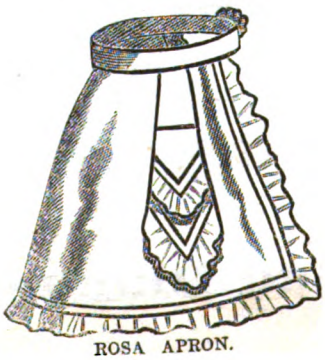
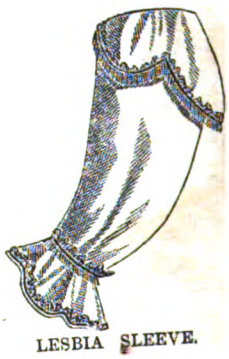


ROSA APRON.

DELLA SLEEVE.



LESBIA SLEEVE.

1870.—*See Page 311*

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Elegant Toilets for October, 1870.

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Wedding Bells.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Written by HOPE ARDOR. Composed by HENRY TUCKER.

1. Oh, hark to the bells with their mer - ry peal,
2. But for him who came with his gold and lands,
p
What do they seem to say?.... I hear but these words as they ring, ring, ring, "'Tis Jen - nie's wedding
Jen - nie had been my bride,.... And I would have toiled with a cheer - ful heart, With a true wife by my
con espress.
day." I hear but these words and my heart a - lone, Of all who will gath - er there,.....
side; But he who won her a - way from me, Had rich - es to tempt her heart.....

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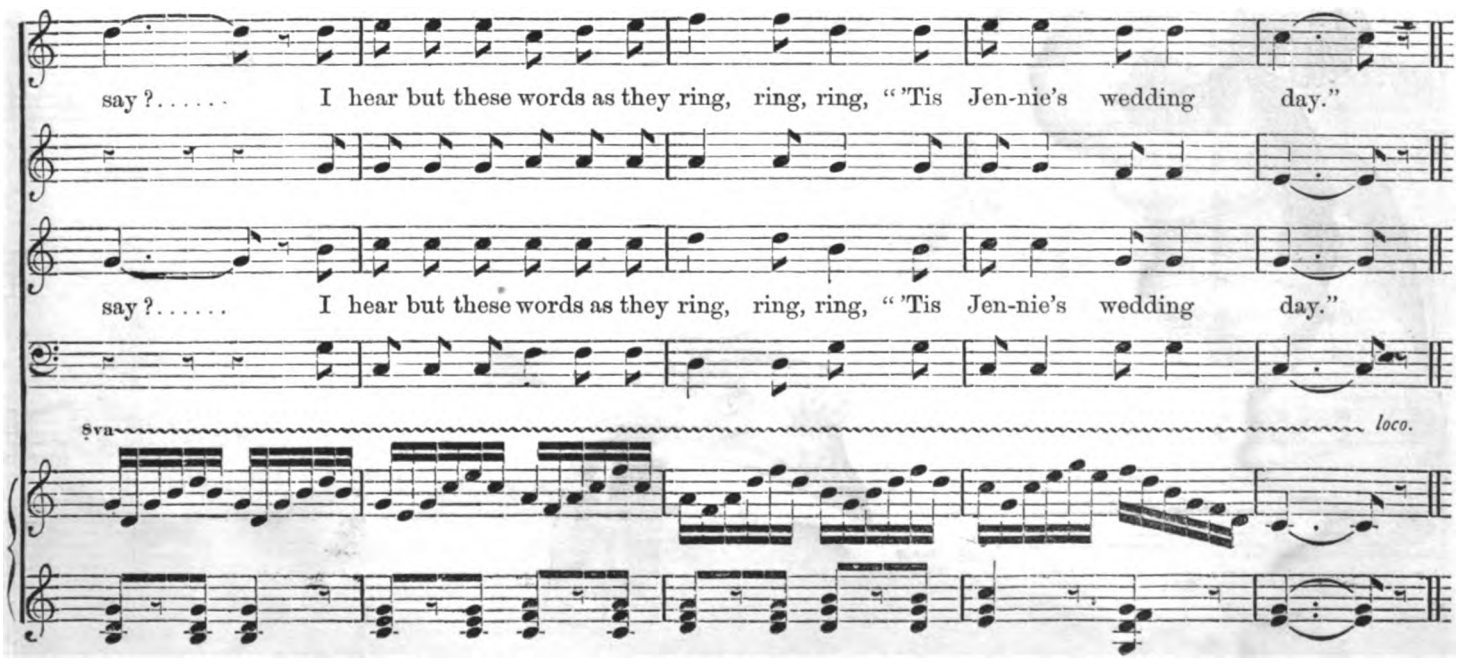
Affetuoso.
..... Will sti - fle the sigh that must die be - neath The smile that my lips will wear.
..... And I, in the life his bride must lead, Must hence - forth have no part.

CHORUS.

Air.
Alto.
Tenor
Base.
Accomp.
Oh!..... hark to the bells with their mer - ry peal, What do they seem to
Oh!..... hark to the bells with their mer - ry peal, What do they seem to
8va


say?..... I hear but these words as they ring, ring, ring, "'Tis Jen-nie's wedding day."
say?..... I hear but these words as they ring, ring, ring, "'Tis Jen-nie's wedding day."
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loco.

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Latest Styles of Hats, Bonnets, and Coiffures.

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THE SWAY OF FASHION.

BY A PLAIN MAN.

SEATED on her throne of gold,
With the scepter in her hand,
Ruling over young and old,
From sea to sea, from land to land,
The Queen of Fashion rules supreme
Over peoples and their kings;
She gives tone to "Love's young dream,"
And she shapes the wedding-rings.

AS light as any leaf that fell
In silence through the Autumn air,
The little bonnet, like a shell,
Rests on the maiden's braided hair.
And like a rosebud is the face
Under that leaf of varied stain.
That bonnet is a thought in lace
From Fashion's quick and busy brain.

THE lady sweeping down the street,
Shining in satin, silk, and gold,
Stepping on hearts with little feet,
Where the swift waves of commerce rolled,
Is Fashion's maid of honor true;
For she would rather die than be
Robed in a skirt that is not new,
Or cloak like homely charity!

AH, Fashion is a mighty queen!
She wields her scepter wide and far;
Her magic touch can change the scene,
Her crown beams like a beacon star.
Her wishes into statutes made
Shows that she rules us still;
And nations march in dress parade,
Obedient to her royal will.

AT her command the spindles hum
In all the busy hives of trade.
She touches with her wand the drum,
And war draws forth the shining blade.
She looks in at the college door,
And where the court in ermine sits;
And lessons never known before
Perplex our purses and our wits.

SHE argues not from fact to cause,
In Congress, where she legislates;
And yet she shapes the nation's laws,
And tints the speech in sharp debates.
Queen Fashion rules the race of man,
Philosophers as well as fools;
So let us do the best we can
In wise obedience to her rules.

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MR. BRAITHWAITE.

BY MRS. FANNY BARROW ("AUNT FANNY").

Author of "Night-cap," "Pop-guns," "How Little Katy knocked at the Door of Heaven."

"CLAUDIA, you will ruin that boy by your unlimited indulgence. When we return to the South, he must be left at one of the sensible Northern schools."

"Oh, uncle! don't say such dreadful things! He is so delicate! He is my only child, and I am"—

"A widow!" finished Major Anderson. His voice softened unconsciously; for two big tears were swelling in the eyes of the young and beautiful woman who sat opposite to him at the breakfast-table. "Well, never mind the school; but Frank must be educated, you know. Suppose we advertise for a tutor?"

This suggestion resulted in the following:

"WANTED.—To go South immediately, a gentleman of sweet, even temper, kind yet firm discipline, and cultivated intellect, as tutor for a boy of nine years of age, who is his own master—having been over-indulged on account of ill-health. Address Major A., Fifth Avenue Hotel."

This appeared the next morning in the columns of *The World*, and, at the same moment that Mrs. Drayton was reading it in her private parlor, and wondering who or what it would bring, a gentleman of thirty-three, or thereabouts, was despondingly pondering over the same in the reading-room of the Mercantile Library.

"It would suit me so well," he murmured to himself; "but what is the use of trying? I must want some 'faculty'—as Miss Ophelia has it—to give me success in life. I have answered no end of advertisements to no purpose. Pshaw! one more will not matter, and this time I will take it myself."

He copied the address, returned to his attic—in which, unlike that self-deceiver, Emile Sylvester, he was neither happy nor a philosopher—wrote a simple, straightforward note, and carried it forthwith to the office of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Oh, into what an alarming heap of letters the clerk carelessly tossed it! at the same time curtly announcing his ignorance of Major A., physical or metaphysical. Any faint hope collapsed instantly, and our friend walked away without the slightest hope of ever hearing any more of the matter.

But let us watch Mrs. Drayton and her uncle patiently drudging through the pile of letters.

"That may do," said the lady, putting one among a few reserved for a second consideration.

"And this won't do at all," grumbled the Major. Listen:

"RESPECTED SIR—I'm scarcely edicated enough to teach North, or down East; but I'm told that a trifle of schooling goes a great way South. I can cast up accounts, and am in good standing with my church society and pasture.

"Yours to serve,

"EZEKIEL PECK."

This precious epistle went, with a laugh, into the waste-paper basket, in company with many pompous, flippant, and sanctimonious notes; and the long-headed, wise old Major began to doubt if his plan were to succeed.

"Here is one," observed Mrs. Drayton, "which seems to be just what we want, only the writer mentions that he is a clergyman, who has quarreled with his Bishop on matters of religious opinion."

"Let me see;" and her uncle took from her hands the letter which had been left with such faint hope the very day before.

"Why, he's the very man! He writes a simple, direct note, like a gentleman and a man of honor. No nonsense, and no bombastical flourishes. Will see *him*, at all events;" and he put this letter by itself.

The passibles were now reduced to five. A second wading brought them down to two, and to these the Major wrote, requesting an interview the next day—one at twelve, and the other at one o'clock.

The first who came was a large, bland man of fifty, who had been a teacher for many years. He talked well, and looked so authoritative, that the Major was reminded with an involuntary shudder of his own birch-ridden days. Mrs. Drayton did not make her appearance. She had promised to leave the final decision to her uncle.

But she chanced to pass the door of her parlor on her way out to take a drive, and she heard her uncle's farewell speech—"Good morning, sir. I will write to you this evening. I am only afraid that mamma will think you rather too exacting in your discipline. *Good* morning."

"There is no doubt of that," murmured Mrs. Drayton, as the portly figure passed her on the stairs. "Ugh! what a broad back! He'd half murder my poor boy!"

As he went out, another gentleman entered—tall, slender, though his shoulders were by no means narrow, and his carriage was manly and dignified. He followed the servant up-stairs, looking neither to the right nor the left, never heeding the beautiful eyes, half wistful, half eager, that watched him, into the Major's presence, or the gently rustling silk robes which swept down the stairs—and were gone.

But not ten minutes after, Mrs. Drayton gave orders to her coachman to return as fast as possible—she had forgotten something—and very soon the magnificent bays were again rattling their silver harness before the hotel entrance; for, mind you, this was in the glorious golden days of the South—three years before its ruthless prisons and bloody battle-fields brought ruin to its hearths and homes; and the planter's rich young widow would have scorned to sit behind the fiddle-headed, lazy hacks of a livery stable. All her belongings were dainty, every breath a perfume, every day a poem, and never as yet a crumple in her bed of rose-leaves.

She ran lightly up into her parlor, to the astonishment of the Major, who gravely presented Mr. Braithwaite to the mother of his prospective pupil; and Mr. Braithwaite, after a low bow, stood with downcast eyes, conscious that he was undergoing inspection. Then Mrs. Drayton, turning to her uncle, said, "Dear uncle, may I speak a word to you in my dressing-room?" With a gentle, "Will you excuse" to the guest, she swept past him, her robes rustling with a soft "frou-frou;" and the Major, making grimaces to himself, followed into another room.

"Now, uncle, don't scold," she said, in a whisper. "I only came back to beg that you would not engage that pompous-looking person."

"Why, you little goose," he replied in the same whisper, "I thought *I* was to decide. I don't think him pompous at all." And he glanced through the open door at Mr. Braithwaite, wondering where she saw it.

"Oh, no! you mistake. I mean the gentleman who came first. This one, I think, would suit excellently—he seems so gentle, so sweet-tempered"—

"But, my dear, he has quarreled with his bishop, you know. His opinions are horribly high church."

"Well, what of that?" answered the lady rather disrespectfully. "I like his having suffered for the sake of principle. I dare say his sermons were quite as good as Robertson's—and, you know, Dr. Carson forbade me to read them, because they were 'not evangelical;' they are fearfully low-church."

"Well then, my dear," said the Major, testily, turning to go back into the parlor, "you had better settle it yourself."

"Ah now, uncle, don't be cross! I just gave a little bit of an opinion, that's all. Good morning."

A heavenly smile and graceful inclination to Mr. Braithwaite, and she was gone.

On her return, she hurried to find her uncle. Her fair face was raised to his, as she questioned, "Well, uncle," and then she sighed. She was thinking of the coming troubles of her darling Frank.

"Well, my dear, I have engaged a tutor; he is coming this evening."

"Which one?" she eagerly asked.

"Well, my dear, Dr. Pratt"—

"Oh, you haven't—you couldn't have taken that dreadful old thing!" and the small foot with the high instep began to beat tattoo. "I know he thrashes his pupils within half an inch of their lives."

"Oh no; he disapproves of thrashing. He called it 'corporal discipline.'"

A short, sharp, contemptuous "oh" met this stilted definition of what boys style "a jolly licking," and then, after the manner of her sex, Mrs. Drayton began to pout. She was getting horribly angry with her uncle.

"But, my dear niece, as you seemed to prefer Mr. Braithwaite, and I also liked him very much, I have engaged him. I was only going to remark that Dr. Pratt"—

"Oh, you good-for nothing old uncle!—you darling!" and two white arms went round the Major's neck, and he received a delicious kiss, with a little grunt of resignation.

"How could you be so cruel?" she said. "I'll keep a tame robin on purpose to insult you."

"How will a robin insult me?" inquired the fire-eating Major, with a countenance serene as Italian skies.

"Oh, you needn't pretend ignorance. All uncles have goggled aghast at the sight of a robin, ever since the tragedy of 'Babes in the Wood.'"

"Get the robin, get the robin, and if he dares to wink at me I'll wring his neck," said the Major, with a look brimful of good-nature.

"There! I told you so! Just see

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the expression of wicked vengeance in his face. Coming this evening, did you say? Did you ask him to dinner?"

"No; why should I?"

"You might have done so in common civility—to get acquainted, you know."

"Not at all. Mr. Braithwaite is a very reserved, shy man. He has had trouble enough, he tells me, to have destroyed all the buoyancy and joy of life. He seems to be so morbidly sensitive that I simply told him, that if he came for half an hour before eight he could make the acquaintance of your adorable self, before you transferred your adorable self to your box at the opera. Do you approve?"

"Oh, yes! very proper, indeed—but if you let a shy person hide around in corners, how is he to be cured of his shyness?"

As she swept through the doorway, the Major, with a dazed aspect, rubbed his chin until it sounded like the rasping of a French roll. "W-h-e-w!" he whistled softly. "The ways of women passeth understanding! I wonder if she imagines the tutor to be the Emperor of Russia in disguise? I almost wish I had engaged the other."

After dinner the lady sat demure, with an occasional furtive glance at the door, and a semi-occasional glance at a book she held. What the book was about, she did not know, nor care.

One or two people have made the observation that nothing goes right in this vale of tears. It wanted only five minutes to eight, then two minutes—and the tutor was not.

"Have you given up going to the opera, Claudia?" said the Major.

"Yes—no—yes—I believe my head aches—and Ernani is so noisy."

"Well, I don't like to miss it, as we start for home on Saturday."

"Then pray go, dear uncle, don't mind me—that's a darling!"

He rubbed his chin again, looking sideways at his niece, like a wise old magpie, as he was. "George!" said he to himself—"what card is she playing now? I'll just let her have her own way. Such an innocent face! But no woman's face is to be trusted, if she has a mind to make a delusion and a snare of it." Then aloud, "Very well, my love, if you will kindly excuse me, I'll go, and send the carriage back;" which was an answer that did him credit. Women can't be so gentlemanly, when they are furiously curious.

No sooner had the carriage gone, with the Major safe inside, than Mrs. Drayton brightened up wonderfully—and three minutes after, when Mr. Braithwaite was announced, a delicious blush mantled on her cheeks, and as she rose, her robes drifting and flowing around her, she looked like a young queen giving an audience.

At least so Mr. Braithwaite thought in his heart. Her white hand swept out to him with a cordial gesture, two lovely, earnest eyes beamed upon him, and a low, melodious voice bade him welcome with a heavenly smile. She should have had more forbearance. Mr. Braithwaite was undeniably brave and dignified. He could stand Parrott guns and thunderbolts unmoved; but he stammered horribly as he returned the lady's greeting, and broke down utterly in the middle of what he was saying.

"Mamma," cried Frank, rushing into the parlor, "I've been nine times up and down in the elevator with three other fellows, and then Mike wouldn't let us go any more, and I kicked him."

"Well, come here, darling, and see your new tutor."

The boy buried his curly head in the soft lace round her neck, and cried, "Hateful thing! I wish the car had broken down and killed him, I do!"

"Oh, no! he will be so kind to you; you will love him very much."

"Do you you love him very much, mamma?"

"You naughty child! how dare you say such things?" said Mrs. Drayton, turning crimson.

"Now I *do hate* him," cried the boy, clinching his fists. "You never called me a naughty boy before—and now you call me one *for him*. I won't be good! I'll be so bad! I'll make faces! I'll kick! Then he will go away and never come back again."

But Mrs. Drayton had now recovered her presence of mind, and she said in a low, caressing tone, "I trust my dear son will always behave like a *gentleman*." This appeal was never used without success. "Pray excuse and forgive him," she continued. and a bright smile of entreaty and two beautiful wistful eyes were raised to Mr. Braithwaite's face.

The key to his shyness was evidently pride. A questioning look, grave and steady, met her gaze; then his features brightened; a smile of rare sweetness curved his lips, and. turning to Frank, he held out his hand.

Who can be so prejudiced as to disbelieve in mesmerism? The boy scanned the tutor's face for a moment, then bashfully taking the offered hand, and standing on one leg, he mumbled out, "I was only in fun when I said that—I'm sorry, I am."

"Bless his darling heart!" cried the fond mother, kissing him with delight—and Mr. Braithwaite knew at once what a wonderful concession had been obtained; he also knew that his deep look into the boy's eyes held him with a sort of mesmeric fascination, and determined to keep on hand a large mesmeric battery, so to speak, for his future and complete subjugation.

"Now that you have seen my boy, and will like him, I trust, dismiss him from your mind for the present," said Mrs. Drayton. "Let me give you a cup of coffee, and then I have a favor to ask of you. Go away, Frank."

Mr. Braithwaite bowed, and looked as if he were not quite sure but that this beautiful, fascinating woman of the world intended to make a fool of him. With her own white hands, she added sugar and cream to his coffee, talking little careless nothings the while in a voice low and sweet, raising her long, lustrous eyes to his face, until the grave, self-sustained man felt as if he were fast getting bewitched; and then came the favor.

"If you have no conscientious scruples, will you accompany me to the opera to-night? My uncle has gone already. We shall meet him in my box."

Mr. Braithwaite was a clergyman. What will be said when it is here recorded, that he answered, "Madam, I shall be too happy if you will allow me the honor."

"There may be dancing also—I would not mislead you"—and the glorious eyes deepened and softened.

He laughed a short, embarrassed laugh—"I assure you, Madam, that I am no Puritan. Enjoying this blessing of music in moderation, is one of the points upon which my bishop and I have disagreed."

"Ah, I can not be sorry. Come, then, for the carriage is at the door."

She liked his honesty. She was touched by his simple truthfulness; and she enjoyed the opera immensely. And how delightfully they talked during the pauses! Warmed by the beautiful tone-painting of the orchestra, and delicious, real rendering of the plot, the sadness and gravity which hard fortune had wrapped round her companion fell away like an unclasped mantle, betraying the passionate and poetic impulses of his nature, and making life seem dear and bright that night as in happier days.

The old Major looked on with a grim enjoyment at this entertainment not mentioned in the bills, turning and twisting his features in the most extraordinary manner. He rubbed and rasped his chin harder than ever, and he pointedly congratulated his niece upon her sudden and unexpected recovery from her headache, never heeding the pathetic entreaty in her eyes that he would hold his tongue.

The next day Mr. Braithwaite formally commenced his duties, and, to the Major's astonishment, obtained at once complete mastery over the spirit of his wayward pupil.

It was not long before the boy loved him as much, and respected him more, than he did his mother.

For some unexplained reason, the family lingered on at the North. Mrs. Drayton had shopping to do. Mrs. Drayton must have photographs taken of Frank and his tutor in a group. Mrs. Drayton was bewitched, or, in other words, Mrs. Drayton had fallen in love, for the first time in her life.

When only sixteen in years, and still younger in feeling, she had married a rich Edisto planter—old enough to be her grandfather—at command of her father. The planter was a clumsy, good-natured, obliging old fellow, who was kind enough to depart this life in two years after his marriage, leaving his child-wife and his son to grow up and develop together—the one into a beautiful woman, the other into the untrained urchin for whose behest the tutor had *primarily* been obtained; but, "happy thought!" Mrs. Drayton had now commenced taking lessons in Latin.

And so September waxed and waned, and October began. The ever-freshening autumn winds sent a shiver through the Southern blood of the new pupil. She began to think that Latin, and that other mysterious lesson she was learning, might be pursued with less danger of interruption in her own home. She had felt a strange, unpleasant, and quite uncomfortable flutter at her heart one day when her friend Miss Stuyvesant had observed that Frank's tutor was very distinguished looking, and belonged, she knew, to a high family. It was time to go, somehow, after that; and a week later the Southern family were settled in the untrimmed but beautiful wilderness of home.

There are no intensely neat and well kept places at the South—places such as are seen on Staten Island, on the shores of the Hudson River, and in the vicinity of Boston. Things grew in this Southern home,

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as in most others, pretty much of their own wild, sweet will; yet the unchecked vegetation had a lawless but delicious and luxuriant charm, quite suited to the rambling, topsy-turvy old mansion, which acknowleged no order of architecture known on this earth. Kellum would have built and presented another to its mistress at his own expense for permission to burn this one down.

But the Great Architect took care of the wild beauty outside. Superb magnolia-trees, jessamine vines, Cherokee roses, and clusters of azalias, loaded the air with fragrance. Magnificent oaks of great age and size, draped with the mournful gray moss, festooned and shaded the winding walks. A little running brook chattered and flowed on and out to many slopes, which led down to a natural mossy cave, where wood-gnomes, mayhap, held revel in olden times, but which the tasteful fancy of its beautiful mortal mistress had converted into a sylvan drawing-room, with rustic chairs and tables, and an absurd little cuckoo clock, from the top of which the cuckoo snapt—no other word will express it—snapt out of his mansion, and gave all the other birds a piece of his mind regularly every hour, and then snapt in again.

Here Mr. Braithwaite loved to come. Here he would bring a favorite volume, and bury himself in the mossy cave, the soft *threeping* of the wind through the trees and the singing of the little brook stealing away a certain feverish pain at his heart, which sometimes sorely tried his power to conceal.

One day huge, black clouds threatened a thunder-storm. Frank was with his music-master; Mrs. Drayton had retired to her room with a severe headache, and Mr. Braithwaite, book in hand, went out to his beloved cave. Perhaps his head ached too, or perhaps he wished to watch the coming storm from that picturesque point. At any rate, he drew a chair to the opening, and tilted it back until his head and shoulders nestled luxuriantly in the soft, elastic moss; then he put his feet up in another chair, opened his book, and read:

"There is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreathed with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none.

"There is a form on which these eyes
Have gazed with hidden, fond delight;
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

"There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast,
I would not hear a seraph choir
Unless that voice could join the rest."

Here a nameless melancholy crept over the reader; a deep sigh parted his lips; his book fell listlessly from his hands; his eyes drooped; he listened to the whispering of the rising wind in the trees and the chattering, laughing water of the brook till, sounds and thoughts blending in his mind, he yielded to their soothing influence, and the first flash of lightning gleamed upon him, sleeping and dreaming.

A low growl of thunder followed, but he slept on, never heeding that, nor the sound of a light step and the soft rustle of a woman's drapery over the grass. The step was rapid at first—then it hesitated—went on—stopped—and then advanced with an ostentatious carelessess which could be read in the changing measure of the tread as easily as if the face of the walker were visible.

Mrs. Drayton—for it was she—came to the opening of the cave, started—and it was well done—then swept swiftly past. Probably she had strolled out in the air for the benefit of her headache, and doubtless it had worked a cure, for her eyes were bright, her cheeks brilliant with bloom, and her breath came and went tumultuously.

"Why can he not see?" she asked aloud. It was necessary to go back if she really wished to find out. She really did, and softly and simply she retraced her steps.

"We shall have a thunder-storm, I think," she said, glancing up at the clouds. Receiving no answer, she looked at the sleeper. "Asleep," she whispered, and her glance of affected carelessness changed to one of intense interest. The bloom faded out, leaving a white, intent face; big tears came into the dove-like, wistful eyes, and her hands were pressed over her wildly-throbbing heart.

How handsome he was, spite of the worn and haggard expression which had increased rather than diminished since he had been on the plantation. His complexion was of a clear pale-brown, his mustache and beard long, thick, and silken, and his expression intellectual and refined, with something of the daring and dash of a soldier.

The fascinated woman watched the slumber of him she loved with trembling emotion. This woman who hitherto had been only a votary of fashion, was transformed by her love into an artless, unsophisticated girl.

He moved in his sleep; his breathing was disturbed, his lips worked as if he were speaking, then his arms opened and some insensible being was folded close to his heart with half-murmured words of fondness.

Mrs. Drayton stood riveted to the spot, her head torn with an agony of doubt and fear, until he showed signs of awakening, when she darted into the dim recesses of the cave.

"Ah, heavens, what a dream!" he exclaimed, starting up and looking wildly around. "What presumption even to dream that she loved me—ah, how my head throbs and burns!"

He went to the brook and bathed his face, then came back and sat down in mournful silence near the little table, his head resting in his hand. A keen flash of lightning, followed instantly by a crash of thunder, aroused him. Another sound, as though a tree had been rent and riven, caused him to run out. Mrs. Drayton followed tremblingly, and darted away down a path opposite to that he had taken.

But she did not go far; for, the moment after Mr. Braithwaite had returned to his shelter, she appeared—this trembling, scheming woman—and with a well-acted start of surprise exclaimed,—

"You here, Mr Braithwaite! I am so frightened. I was running to the cave for shelter. I am so glad you are here! Pray don't leave me."

"But ought I not to get you some wraps, or assistance from the house?" he asked, nervously.

"Oh no! I can not stay here alone, the lightning terrifies me."

"Perhaps they will come here to seek you, Madam."

"They think that I am in my room. I gave orders not to be disturbed. But my head grew worse, and I came out, hoping that the fresh air would do for me what vainly-sought-for sleep denied. No one knows that I have left my room."

A terrific flash of lightning, accompanied rather than followed by a rattling peel of thunder, caused Mrs. Drayton—now really frightened beyond control—to cling with agony of horror to the arm of the agitated tutor. For a moment a great darkness followed, and then the rain came down in sheets, torrents—dashing in at the door of the cave and forcing the inmates far back in its recesses, where Mr. Braithwaite stood trembling from head to foot with nervous agitation, with his companion still clinging to his arm.

"Does the storm frighten you too?" she asked.

"Certainly not," he replied; "I came out here purposely to enjoy it."

A dawning hope arose in her breast. "Then why do you tremble so?"

"I am alarmed for you, dear Madam."

"Pray don't make yourself uncomfortable for me—while I hold your arm I have no fear. Oh——!" she screamed, as a sharp flash darted into the cave, and she hid her face on his shoulder.

"Mr. Braithwaite, you are as frightened as I am. You trembled at that last flash."

"I am alarmed only for you, Madam." His heart beat with fearful violence. She knew that he loved her, but his lips were dumb. A smile flitted over her downcast face, which was pressed more closely against his shoulder during some rapid, vivid flashes—then an embarrassing silence followed.

"Mr. Braithwaite," said the lady at last, now disregardful of the lightning, the sweet face still bent down, but the head removed from his shoulder, "Mr. Braithwaite, have you ever seen the play of the Duchess of Malfi?"

"Not seen it, but I have read it often."

"Do you remember the scene in which the duchess declares her love?"

"Perfectly."

"How can a woman disclose her love unasked? Is it ever justifiable?"

"Under some circumstances, certainly it is. If you remember, the duchess deigned to bestow her love upon an inferior, who would never have dared to raise his eyes to her—who would have died of his love and made no sign."

"Mr. Braithwaite," she asked, with exquisite simplicity, "were you ever in love?"

A sudden glow mounted into his face, then faded as suddenly, leaving him paler than before, as he stammered, "Yes—no—yes—once."

"Will you tell me about it?"

"Tell you? Good heavens, Madam! it was a mad, presumptuous passion! Was? It *is* a mad, hopeless love!"

"Did you ever tell?"

"No, Madam. In our relative positions the slightest hint would have been—*would be* insanity."

"Did you not think that the lady has a right to know?"

"No, oh, no! It would be the height of impertinence."

"Perhaps she loves you."

"Impossible!" he murmured, leaning back against the mossy side of the cave, utterly overcome by his feelings.

"And I too," she softly sighed, "I too am suffering from a hopeless

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attachment. Advise me what to do, Mr. Braithwaite."

"I can not—I can not—I am ill!" he gasped. She dragged a chair toward him, into which he sank almost fainting, and, rushing to the mouth of the cave, she moistened her handkerchief with the great drops falling from the eaves. With this she bathed his temple, holding his head on her arm, a stray curl of her hair falling over his cheek.

"Oh, that dream, that fatal dream!" he murmured.

"May be realized!" she whispered.

What a whisper it was!—charged with a happiness almost too great for belief. One glance into her loving eyes, and he started up and opened his arms—and she nestled to his heart with a little, happy laugh.

"Oh, Claudia!" he cried, "*can* it be true that you love me?"

"Oh, Ernest!" she answered, "why did you not see it long ago?"

The sun broke out with a sudden splendor, and a gorgeous rainbow streamed across the bending sky—but the glory outside was dimmed by the radiant happiness in the hearts of these two, as they slowly walked back to the house.

GEORGETTE—GEORGIE.

Signification—Love of Rural Life.

BY S. C. C.

Not in the city's crowd
Would I expend the precious hours of time;
There, busy hum of noisy voices chime
In accents stern and loud.

To lowly cottage hearth
Would I retire from noise and pomp and strife,
And, in the calm of sweet domestic life,
Live far from noisy mirth.

There, hum of busy bee,
And merry song of birds, at morning call,
Would wake me at the dawn, to join with all
In the glad jubilee.

There, flowers their petals spread
To greet the rising of the King of Day;
And fragrant dews, that tremble on the spray,
Sweet odors shed.

Then to the silent dell
I'd hie me, at the burning noontide hour,
And in some shady grove, or sylvan bower
Would all sad thoughts dispel.

And when the lovely eve
With silent footsteps should come stealing on,
I'd watch the stars come peeping one by one,
And sweetest fancies weave.

TALKS WITH WOMEN.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

Womanhood at the Watering-Places.

THERE is a certain class of good, but narrow-minded women, who generalize everything from their own limited observation and experience, and vibrate between the extremes of credulity and prejudice in regard to those conditions of which practically they are entirely ignorant.

Such persons believe everything that is good of "our" church, "our" society, "our" ways, and methods of doing thus and so, and unmitigated evil of the whole outside world with which they are acquainted. They believe themselves to be charitable, and they would show it in spending their strength to the last atom in waiting upon a sick neighbor, or preparing clothes for the missionary box, but they have not been accustomed to regard as essential that kind of charity which *thinketh* no evil, or even to consider that they were breaking a human as well as divine law, by prejudging the unknown members of the common family, and declaring them guilty, without judge or jury, before the bar of their ignorance and prejudice.

Some of these good women, for it is generally women who compose this class (men are more tolerant, from a larger experience and a wider observation), would be surprised, and many pained, at being charged with a spirit of intolerance, and feel, if they did not assert, that nothing could be farther from the truth. But in the quiet and peace of their secluded homes, in the gentle, uneventful routine of domestic and social duty, do they not credit the centers of life and activity, such as great cities, with the scenes of temptation and luxurious display, like those found at our fashionable watering-places, with all imaginable wickedness, and utterly refuse to believe that any good can come out of these Nazareths? Truthfully, they must answer, Yes.

Yet the crowded city and brilliant summer resort are just as much the work of God's hand as the brook that ripples in the sunshine, and the trees that sway their graceful limbs to and fro in the southern breeze. Human nature is the same everywhere, modified by conditions and circumstances, and American women, who are destined, as I firmly believe, to develop a new and higher type of the sex, display the elements of a more perfect womanhood in the halls of the great hotels at Newport and Saratoga, differently, but quite as distinctly, as in the sewing-circles of Meadowville and Woodside.

One of the uses of visiting these great human hives, is the discovery that one makes of the great similarity that exists between my neighbor and your neighbor, or, if you choose to come nearer, between yourself and myself. Possibly you had pictured me as tall, possibly I had pictured you as short; lo! when we came together, we found ourselves both of the same height, and forever after we have more just views of distant objects, from the finding out of our mistake.

When we see how little women can do, who have wealth and leisure, we admire them for the taste and innate refinement which makes them take refuge in the culture and esthetics of dress and home adornment, and love them for preserving, amidst the temptations of such a position, that quick sympathy of heart, and purity of moral nature, which are the peculiar characteristics of genuine womanhood.

But it is of the evidences of womanhood, through the grandeur of fashion at the watering-places, that I commenced to write, the past season having seemed to me especially favorable for forming a just estimate of it. In the first place, it is many years since they have been so fully and continuously attended. In the second place, the thought which has been stirred in regard to the position, occupation, dress, and duty of women, has penetrated every class of society, and left its mark, more or less, upon the most opposite individualities.

The most perceptible good which it has wrought, is in the greater freedom, combined with good sense, which is displayed in dress. No one dresses five times, or even three times a day, unless it is considered dressing to displace or replace a sack or a shawl, and it is possible to wear a short dress from morning till night, without remark, and with plenty to keep you company, even in Saratoga.

This question of dress is undoubtedly one of the greatest importance to American women. Upon it their health, their moral power, almost the strength of their womanhood depends. It is folly to preach neutrality, or a Quaker-like uniformity of costume, because it is as impracticable as it is unnecessary. There are too many interests involved in the production of clothing for women to be able to control, or even greatly restrict it. The industry of the world consists in the production and distribution of what we eat and what we wear, and money is certainly better spent in clothing the body beautifully than in feeding it hurtfully.

Gray home-spun is a good thing in a new country, where there is much hard work, where fine fabrics can only be obtained at great cost and with much difficulty, and where all the energy and resources at command are required in other directions; but gray home-spun in the midst of art, civilization, and refinement, would be painfully out of harmony with its surroundings; and instead of being an evidence of good sense, would simply show ignorance, and want of taste and culture.

There is no question as to the charm of graceful and fitting attire, and its present and future importance as a means and evidence of art and industry; the only question is, shall American women use it as a helper and beautifier, or render themselves subordinate to it—in fact, permit it, in the hands of its high-priests and priestesses, to subject and enslave them?

Looking at it from our standpoint, we should say that the signs were greatly in favor of sensible and intelligent action in regard to this matter. The best proof is that nothing is insisted upon as obligatory. Women are happy to find themselves, even in "society," daring to do as they please, and it must be said for American women, that, when they have not been spoiled by either indulgence or abuse, they generally please to do about right. Their innate sense of the fitness of things is beautifully fine, and revolts equally at the coarseness of display, or the want of completeness, unity, or harmony with existing conditions.

Personal observation at three of the most fashionable watering-places during the past summer, tended to establish the fact of an amount of freedom in dress for which women do not at all obtain credit, and a willing and encouraging growth of public opinion in this direction.

Of course there is elegant dress, and costly dress; why not? But it is not obligatory. Short dresses put on in the morning, and worn for riding, fishing, or croqueting, were kept on all day, by ladies of all ages and conditions, whenever it was convenient to do so, and were even sometimes danced in at night.

The universal fashion of short suits of Victoria lawn, which ladies

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adopted so readily, because they found them so pretty and so convenient, rendered what is called "full" dress quite unnecessary, except for ceremonious balls.

In fact, full dress, which includes, in the European acceptation of the term, very low-necked waists and very short sleeves, has never met with entire approval among the best class of American ladies. The extremes of scragginess or flesh, which such a style displays to a disgusting extent, has always shocked their instincts, and it is only among women foreign born, or those whose natural delicacy has been blunted by foreign travel, association, or desire for admiration, that the fashion has been adopted and encouraged.

I think it is a most gratifying fact to record that, in the very hotbeds of American fashion, where the beauty and wealth of the chief capitals in the country meet and are pressed into rivalry, a dress *decolleté* was the exception, and powder, which obtained a brief success for a couple of previous seasons, was hardly to be observed at all.

The reason of its failure was simply that powder is not only troublesome, but dirty. It was in vogue when washing was less general and frequent than it is now; and, where the normal condition of women's heads was anything but cleanly, an ounce of sticky matter, more or less, when the natural color of the hair was buried beneath a coat of pomatum and flour, and was combed out only once a week, made very little difference; but it did not, does not, and never will suit the tastes, habits, and aptitudes of American women, whose quick sensibilities and nervous organizations render skin and hair a sort of batteries, charged with the electric force, which vitalizes and inspires their whole personality.

The dress problem is one that the American woman is especially fitted to solve, and I have faith to believe that some day she will do it. It is most foolish for her, with her slender physique, her taste, refinement, bright mentality, and genuine love of the true, the pure, and the natural, to follow the autocratic lead of wearied, sated, disgusted, unscrupulous denizens of the Old World, whose efforts always and only tend to revive old absurdities, who are blind to the active present, with its tokens and promise of a glorious future, and are forever groping amid the bones of a buried past.

For practical, every-day use, the short dress, relieved of its *panier* and superfluities, meets every present requirement. It combines possible beauty with variety, and a certain degree of uniformity. It can be worn loose or belted in moderately, and offers no impediment to exercise, work, or locomotion of any kind under any circumstances.

In-door clothing, for persons who are not obliged to work, and the dress intended for holiday and ceremonious occasions, should always be left to the taste and suggestive fancy of the wearer, restricted by a few general and necessary rules. We should find then that fineness and softness and delicacy would be the qualities sought for in fabrics, that gaudy patterns and staring stripes and huge blocks of plaids would become extinguished, and that the contrasts in color would consist of the lighting up of a neutral tint, such as we see in a landscape, and not in the overpowering one's senses by placing half a dozen violent tints in juxtaposition.

There is nothing wrong in the love of the beautiful and the desire to possess it, but there is a great wrong in sacrificing moral beauty to a bad standard of physical beauty, the greater to the less—in killing the soul to adorn the body.

There are care and tenderness in the love of a refined woman even for her dress. She will not desecrate the soft purity of exquisite fabrics which she knows are becoming to her—which form part of her personality—by improper contact, or by putting them to unworthy uses. She does not wear her silk in the kitchen, or trail her laces under clumsy and unaccustomed feet in a public ball-room. She keeps her finest and most spotless robe, her brightest jewels for home wear, at least for the gratification of those she loves, and invests her colors with so potent a charm that they seem to belong to her.

There is another fact in dress which gives evidence of the growth of freedom and individuality. Ladies are beginning to adopt colors as their own. Heretofore it has been common for inquiry to be made as to the colors which were most in vogue, in order that ladies might adopt them, without any reference to their suitability or their individual taste. Every lady has a preference, and her colors will generally be found to harmonize best with her hair, eyes, complexion, and general appearance. To make an art of dress we must subordinate it to the woman, not the woman to the dress.

So much depends in the future upon the preservation and elevation of American womanhood, that I am thankful for any indication or willingness to find a better and freer life. The temptations which surround men make it necessary, above all things, that they should be sustained and strengthened by a strong moral power in women. When this influence is clothed with intolerance, bigotry, and asceticism, it is shorn of its power, and becomes repulsive, instead of lovely and attractive.

The great summer resorts, which collect together so large a number of persons of varied tastes, pursuits, and conditions, have possessed this great advantage, that they tend to enlarge the ideas of women, and give them the breadth and toleration generally felt by men. This is exactly what they need.

Women fail of much of their influence through their want of charity, their bitter prejudices, their limited knowledge, their severity of judgment from their own narrow and contracted point of view. They want the tolerant spirit, which springs, not, as it often does with men, from indifference to evil, but from innate purity and belief in good.

If women only knew their influence, and exerted it aright, what a different world this would be!

The punctilious woman, steady at church, strict at catechism, precise in discipline, looks down upon her fashionable sister as frivolous in the extreme, with her frizzes and flutings, her fastidious nicety about the shade of a ribbon, or the width of her lace. Yet this same dainty lady may be as quick to help and more slow to speak wrathfully, than her rigid and strictly orthodox neighbor. The gentle, strong, loving, beautiful woman of the future is mirrored perhaps more truthfully in one than the other—in which, let every woman judge.

Diamonds of Thought.

DOMESTIC LIFE.—The banes of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding, vociferation, an incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions and orders, which are regarded as impertinent interferences with the general liberty and repose, and are provocative of rankling or exploding resentments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinement, high aims, great interest, soft voices, quiet and gentle manners, magnanimous tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands or dictation, and generous allowances of mutual freedom. Love makes obedience lighter than liberty. Man wears a noble allegiance—not as a collar, but as a garland. The Graces are never so lovely as when they are seen waiting on the Virtues; and where they thus dwell together they make a heavenly home.

HAPPINESS.—Although we may not, nay, must not expect to be entirely happy on earth—we may be comparatively so. Unalloyed happiness exists nowhere but in family relationship—as connubial, paternal, filial, or fraternal. This relationship, when of pure and of proper character, has nothing in it that gives anything but unalloyed enjoyment. If a man is so situated that he can not be happy in his family relations, he will not enjoy happiness at all.

TROUBLES.—You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be free from them. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean.

SLANDER.—Look on slanderers as direct enemies to civil society; as persons without honor, honesty, or humanity. Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, designs to serve you in a similar manner.

Our Spice Box.

NOTHING so much vexes a physician as to be sent for in great haste, and to find, after his arrival, that nothing, or next to nothing, is the matter with his patient. We remember an "urgent case" of this kind, recorded of an eminent English surgeon. He had been sent for by a gentleman who had just received a slight wound, and gave his servant orders to go home with all haste imaginable and fetch a certain plaster. The patient, turning a little pale, said: "Heavens! sir, I hope there is no danger?" "Indeed there is!" answered the surgeon, "for if the fellow doesn't run like a race-horse, the wound will be healed before he can possibly get back!"

"DON'T you think my eyes look quite killing this morning?" said a dandy to a smart girl, and he twisted his leaden visionaries in a most cruel and fascinating manner. "They remind me," said the damsel, "of a codfish dying of a toothache."

A WILL OF ONE'S OWN—"Oh, pray let me have my way this time," said a young gentleman to his lady-love. "Well, Willie, I suppose I must, this once; but you know that after we are married I shall always have a Will of my own."

A LADY, whose family were very much in the habit of making conundrums, was one evening asked by her husband in an excited tone, "Why are all these doors left open?" "I give it up," instantly replied the lady.

A CALIFORNIA emigrant was heard to say, "I have a wife and six children in New York, and have never seen one of them." A pause. The *one* of them was explained to mean the one that was born after he left.

A BREMEN journal contains the following advertisement: "A young gentleman, on the point of getting married, is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from the step."

EARLY PIETY.—Matilda Jane (catching the pastor after Sunday school): "Oh, sir, please, what would you charge to christen my doll?"

"GOODNESS me!" cried a nice old lady, the other day, "if the world comes to an end next year, what shall I do for snuff?"

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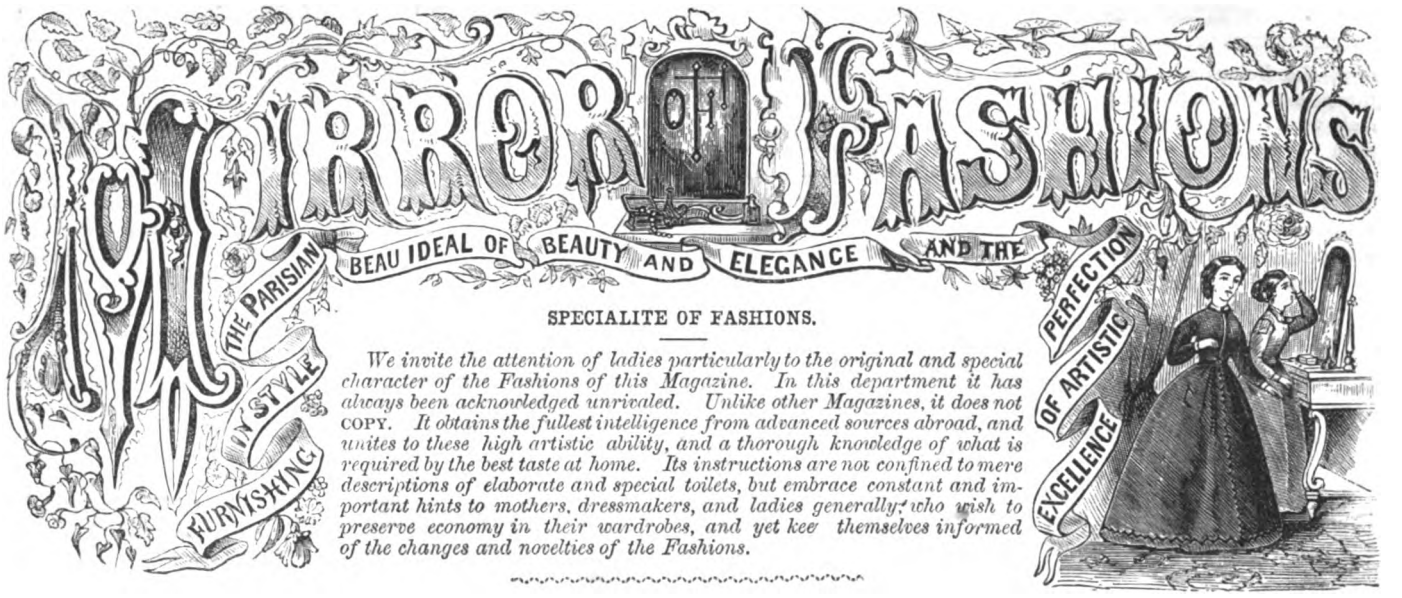
MIRROR OF FASHIONS
THE PARISIAN IN STYLE FURNISHING
BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE
PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Fashions of this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not COPY. *It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by the best taste at home. Its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace constant and important hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, and yet kee themselves informed of the changes and novelties of the Fashions.*

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

As faithful chroniclers of the progress of fashion, we are most happy to record that the past season has shown most encouraging indications of a tendency among refined and intelligent women, leaders in American society, to consult taste, health, and convenience in their dress, quite as much as the *dicta* of foreign authorities.

The short dress has flourished in an unprecedented manner, in spite of the efforts made to get rid of it, not alone among the masses (who, indeed, were the last to come into it), but with women of the very highest intelligence and taste. In the country, and even at the most fashionable watering-places, it was found so convenient that trained dresses were dreaded, and were only worn because they had been obtained, had cost much money, and must be turned to account. Trained skirts are undeniably graceful in the drawing-room, but they are out of place everywhere else, and the good sense of American women will, we hope, suffice to keep them where they belong.

The fall styles are certainly more graceful than any that have appeared since short dresses came into vogue. The tendency is decidedly in favor of soft fabrics. The *paniers* have almost disappeared; and overskirts and overdresses are cut longer and much less bunchy than last year.

The newest fabric for full evening and rich dinner dresses consists of satin brocade in all colors. The material is superb, although the style is better adapted to matronly than young ladies, and should not be worn at all by short, stout women. The price is comparatively moderate, considering the quality—only $6 per yard.

In silk, *gros-grain* will be more worn than satin; in fact, the *furore* for *gros grain* silks has extended to trimmings and ribbons—*gros-grain* being used altogether for sashes, for looping skirts, for bows for the hair, and for flat, cross-cut bands for the mounting of suits and dresses.

Velvet shares the honor of preference, and will be worn still more largely as the season advances into later autumn. Some of the most distinguished costumes prepared for this month consist of petticoats of brown or green *gros-grain*, upper-dress of fine French cashmere, a shade darker, trimmed with velvet and fringe, the shade of the silk. Velvet sash. High hat of *gros-grain*, trimmed with bands of velvet.

An entirely new fall costume is composed of cashmere, with plush hat and jacket, trimmed with bands of velvet, velvet collar and cuffs, and velvet buttons. Buckle and rosette upon the hat, but no plume.

Kilt plaits, half a yard deep, are more fashionable than any other form of trimming for cashmere underskirts, and they are also worn in alpaca. Box plaitings spaced between and headed with velvet are more dressy, however, for poplin, and some prefer narrow doubled quillings, box-plaited on, and headed with velvet so as to form a series extending nearly to the knee, and requiring no overskirt but the skirt of the jacket or paletot, which, in this case, is cut nearly to the depth of a Polonaise, in order properly to meet the trimming.

A pretty form of cashmere Polonaise, worn over a poplin or *gros-grain* skirt, is cut with a cross-over bodice, a skirt full at the back, with square apron-front and plain coat sleeves, close to the arm, under short, flowing ones. An old-fashioned habit-shirt, with a collar and necktie, is worn with this garment, which is exceedingly graceful, convenient, and comfortable for fall wear.

Plush and velveteen, especially the silk-faced velveteen, are fashionable materials—the plush, in many instances, being trimmed or mounted with velvet, with excellent effect; but the most fashionable suits are made of velvet or velveteen, trimmed with heavy ruches of silk feathered out, and put on in different shades of the color of the velvet. Brown and dark green are particularly effective trimmed in this way.

A very pretty model of a morning robe, for a brunette, is made of white cashmere, and trimmed with folds of orange cashmere, cross-barred with black velvet. High hats, and gipsy (Pamela) bonnets enlarged from last season, seem to be the vogue.

TOILETS FOR OCTOBER.

WALKING-COSTUME of amber poplin, underskirt trimmed with box-plaiting, headed with velvet, upperskirt with velvet and knotted fringe. Jacket of amber plush, mounted with velvet collar and cuffs. Hat to match, with brim turned up on one side. The velvet trimming, it should be remarked, must be a shade darker than the materials.

WALKING-COSTUME, No. 2, of *gros-grain* and cashmere. Plain skirt of rich *gros-grain*, Polonaise of cashmere trimmed with ruches of *gros-grain* and black lace. *Gros-grain* sash, underskirt of fine linen cambric, Roman necktie, and hat of dark straw, trimmed with velvet, black lace, and jet ornaments.

ELEGANT DINNER DRESS of scarlet *gros-grain*, made with long train, little "Marquise" coat, and white satin vest, with ruffles, and tie of old point-lace. The trimming consists of thick white satin ruches, and is put on to simulate an upperskirt, and also as a border to the coat. Diamond necklace, with pendants, and diamond earrings are worn with this dress.

A DINNER DRESS of blue satin brocade is made with a train, and a vest cut square in front, and straight, but deeply pointed at the back, where it springs out over the somewhat expansive *tournure*. The trimming consists of blue satin folds, with white satin pipings, and very rich white lace. The chemisette is formed of folds of white tulle crossed, and around the neck is a black velvet ribbon, sustaining a diamond pendant.

A VISITING-SUIT of golden-brown poplin consists of two skirts, upper one cut rather long at the back, and half-fitting *casaque*. The *casaque* is finished in front with *revers*, and has plain shaped sleeves, loose at the wrist. The entire dress is trimmed with ruches of silk in three different shades of the color of the poplin. The effect is perfectly unique, and considered very distinguished.

AN EVENING DRESS of light-green silk is simply but very prettily completed with flouncing and overdress of black and white striped muslin. The flouncing is scolloped, and pinked upon the edge, and put on with ruches of green silk.

AN EVENING DRESS of white alpaca may be made very dressy by adding a square basque to the waist at the back, and trimming overskirt and body with thick ruches of light grass-green tarlatan.

A WALKING-SUIT of black alpaca consists of skirt and Polonaise, the skirt trimmed with silk plait-

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ings, the Polonaise high at the throat, but trimmed with plaiting and velvet to simulate a vest. Sash of velvet, or alpaca mixed with velvet.

A HANDSOME MORNING DRESS is composed of two shades of cashmere. An open gored dress, fitted to the waist without sleeves, is worn over a high, closed dress, the front and sleeves of which are composed of cashmere, two shades lighter than that of the overdress. Black velvet is the most effective trimming, especially if the color be green or orange.

A STYLISH MORNING ROBE for a brunette bride is made of pale orange colored cashmere, faced with a broad band of white satin, checked with black velvet. A silver "Empress" belt is worn with it; no sash.

A VERY DISTINGUISHED PARTY DRESS for a young lady of fourteen is made short, of pink silk, with "Fernande" overskirt, and full trimming of ruches in two shades of the silk. Rosettes looping up the sides of two shades to match. Pink boots. Pink-tinted gloves. Locket attached to black velvet ribbon around the neck.

CLOAKS AND MANTLES.

IT is a necessity of the present fashion that cloaks should accommodate themselves to the suits and costumes which are now the universal street dress, and which, when the weather is moderate, can be worn without any additional outside garment.

All cloaks, therefore, which are independent of the regular dress, are in a measure loose; they may be adjusted partly to the figure, and this seems the favorite method of the present and approaching season, but they can not be tight-fitting.

Velvets and soft velvety cloths are the fashionable materials, velvet being all the more fashionable because there is a considerable advance in the price in consequence of the European war. The demand, however, is not probably half so large as it would otherwise have been, and we strongly advise ladies of limited means, or those to whom money is an object, to postpone any intention of purchase in the velvet cloak line until peace is declared.

In the mean time, this must not prevent us from describing some models, the designs for which constitute the basis of the popular fall and winter styles.

A very elegant black velvet cloak forms a sort of coat, fitted in at the back, and ornamented with a border of rich crochet embroidery in a flower and leaf pattern, below which is a flounce of *guipure*. The crochet trimming is continued up the back of the cloak, and, together with the lace, simulates a handsome square lappet; it also outlines large, square pockets, and forms cuffs and *bretelles*, which, together with the crochet buttons for fastening, complete the garment.

Another cloak of velvet is fitted into the back to the waist; the skirt is slit up the back, and laid in large plaits; the front is loose. The sleeves are half-flowing, and ornamented, like the entire garment, with bands of *gros-grain* and *gros-grain* buttons. A *gros-grain* sash filled in the space at the back.

A novelty consists of a long *casaque* of claret-colored velvet, lined with quilted silk, and trimmed with *crêpe* fringe and *guipure*, all of the same shade, the latter forming a ruched border above the fringe. Instead of a sash, there is a handsome bow at the back, composed of *guipure* and ribbon, and ornaments of the same kind are repeated upon the shoulders.

A cloak of Humboldt blue velvet cloth is cut very much like the first one described; the trimming, however, is narrow bands of blue plush, with folds of satin to match, stitched in under the edge.

In dark-blue velvet cloth, there are already sets, consisting of jacket, cut up on the back and sides, muff, and jockey hat, all of the same material, and all trimmed with bands of *grebe*. Garnet and crimson cloth will soon be displayed in the same designs, some trimmed with *grebe*, others with plush in a darker shade of the material, for high colors are to be the rage this season.

A paletot of gray cloth, half-fitting, is ornamented upon the seams with a rich embroidery of black braid, and bordered all round with black bullion fringe.

Another is trimmed with matelot collars and cuffs of black velvet and black velvet buttons.

Gray water-proof cloaks are very fashionably trimmed with bands of darker gray stitched on, or with narrow bands of black corded silk, spaced between.

RIBBONS AND TRIMMINGS.

THE rage this season is for *gros-grain* ribbons, very heavy, and self-colored. They are used for sashes, for the hair most exclusively, and for hats and bonnets, the latter requiring ribbons again to tie under the chin, or at the side of the chin, against the left ear.

The widths most in vogue are No. 6 for the hair (an inch and a quarter); No. 12 for bonnets (wider), and six and seven inches for sashes, the latter being the widest made, and very costly, in consequence of the large amount of stock required for it.

The quality and durability of these ribbons are, however, quite equal to their cost; they never wear out, and they retain their beauty as long as they last. This we may be proud of, as they are now almost altogether of American manufacture, and, in fact, exceed the French in purity and genuineness so far, that one manufacturing firm (Dexter, Lambert & Co.) have recently filled a large order for a London house, the quality of the goods being considered superior to those of French make.

For many years the dyes of this country were an obstacle to the production of all the finer fabrics; but this obstacle is now happily removed, and in poplins, silks, and pure woolens, the beauty and permanency of American colors will bear comparison with any in the Old World.

The use of *gros-grain* ribbons gives quite a new effect to simple toilets, and is especially to be encouraged, because their durability gives them permanent value. Two yards of No. 6 is required to make the bow, composed of six loops, three on either side, with a strap in the center, and the two ends united in the middle by a small, flat bow, which fall over the *chignon*. A set of three, pink, blue, green, or scarlet, with one of black velvet, same width, will provide a pretty head-dress for every costume, and for all occasions, even balls.

The newest gimps for forming headings, have chenille introduced into them, with a very soft and very pretty effect. Some of them are shaded in two or three tints of the same color, and thus furnish a most charming and tasteful accessory to a fuller garniture of the material, or a neat and elegant decoration of their own, which really requires no addition.

Another pretty and novel trimming, which is very effective, is the "moss" galoons. They are not more than half an inch in width, are composed of cut crimped silk, cut to the surface, like plush, and trim anything with smooth surface beautifully. The most distinguished method is to group three shades of the trimming together, space between, and then three more, till three clusters have been attained, the three tints blended in each. Poplins, Empress cloths French merinos, mohairs, and yak cloths, are perfectly trimmed in this way.

Crêpe fringe is the most graceful and effective of all trimmings for *crêpe de Chine* tunics, for *taffetas glacé* silks for evening wear, for *crêpe Eugenie*, for satin, or for plain *poult de soie*. It is quite new, and, being looped instead of cut at the edges, does not become "fluffy" like the old style of moss fringe. It is exceedingly well adapted to evening dresses.

NEW WOOLLEN AND FANCY GOODS.

THE war between France and Prussia has stimulated activity in that important branch of trade which belongs so particularly to the fall season—gloves, hosiery, and the fancy lines of knitted woollen goods.

Never were these more in demand than now, because never were they in greater variety or so many available forms. The fear of scarcity in obtaining supplies has operated remarkably in inducing merchants to buy all the goods of this kind, as soon as they appeared in the market; and the fact that many of them can not be duplicated, will tend to raise prices considerably higher than the usual standard.

A jobber in this city recently ordered twenty-five cases of goods from an importer, and was offered ten per cent. on his purchase, before they were delivered, to leave them alone.

Berlin woollen goods are so many and so various, that good wives and mothers, who hardly know that Berlin is in Prussia, would find it difficult to clothe their little ones warmly, or "keep house" without them. The fleece-lined gloves and hosiery, so much liked, and so indispensable in our rigorous climate, are among the best of these. Fortunately, American manufacturers are fast rendering us independent of foreign skill; but these specialties are among the arts that we have not yet achieved.

We notice that bayadere stripes in shaded colors, contrasting with a single high color, have been revived in the best qualities of woollen hosiery, for ladies and children of all ages. Scotch stripes upon self-colored ribbed grounds are still fashionable, and though the popular styles run round, yet for boys (especially with low-buckled shoes and dress suit), scarlet, with stripes

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running up the side of the leg, are considered very distinguished.

Such pretty knitted woollen coats are now supplied for children, that it is folly to have expensive garments made for them before they reach the age of five years. The borders, knitted in, simulate collar, pockets, double-breast lappels or cross-over, for boys; while for girls, there are cloaks, talmas with hoods, and small paletots with capes, in blue or scarlet prettily bordered with white.

The light, fleecy nubias have never been superseded, and are pretty and graceful as ever—prettier, in fact, with lace edges knitted in, some in colors, some in plain white.

The small, square all-wool plaid shawls are a blessing in winter to those who know how to appreciate them. They are cheap, but contain a world of comfort within their soft folds to weak-chested women, occupants of chilly regions, or to those who have to rise before the house has become thoroughly warm. To such, a shawl of this kind is even more grateful than a *sacque*, as it can be thrown off more readily, and, reaching only a little below the waist, does not in the least embarrass the motions of the arms. These "house shawls" are a capital present to old ladies, or poor women, and we are glad that their price brings them within the reach of all.

SHAWL COSTUMES.

THE shawl costumes which made their first appearance here last spring have achieved a vogue which will, probably, be as brief as it was abroad, and we very much doubt the wisdom of cutting up nice all-wool gray or plaid shawls into dresses which require a skirt, walking length, to complete them, and which, once out of fashion, will seem so *outré* and absurd as to render it necessary to dispose of, or get rid of them altogether.

The costume requires a long shawl, and is made by cutting the shawl in two, arranging one-half, bordered by fringe, as an overskirt, and cutting the other into a half-fitting jacket, with wide sleeves, collar and basques of unequal lengths, all of which are bordered with the fringe which is sewn to the edge. The costumes on exhibition are principally made of gray mixed shawls, and cost from twelve to fifteen dollars, ready-made; the shawls, unmade, cost eight dollars. There is no fashionable method of wearing shawls, excepting in this way.

HATS.

THE MYRA MAT.—This is a very becoming shape of French felt, trimmed with royal velvet, a coque's plume fastened with a French rose at the side, and loops of ribbon falling in long streamers at the back.

LADY FRANKLIN.—This is a charming hat of gray felt. The brim is faced with black velvet; a wide band of velvet with drab corded edge around the crown. An ibis feather, set in a large bow of black velvet with a rich jet ornament, is set at the side in front, and a streamer of wide black velvet with silk-fringed ends falls behind.

NELLIE GRANT.—This is a hat of gray velvet, trimmed with wide ribbon streamers. The brim rolls close to the crown over the left side, and fastened by a rich French rose and ostrich tips. The scarf is edged with thread lace, and ornaments of jet designs at the right side and front complete the trimming of this elegant hat.

THE PRINCESS.—This hat is of French felt. The brim is rolled all round and very high behind. It is trimmed with royal velvet of light gray, edged with scarlet bands. A large bow in front, with jet ornament and loops of gray ribbon, caught up by two jet ornaments at the back. The most stylish hat of the season.

From the establishment of J. R. TERRY, 19 Union Square, N. Y.

EVENING COSTUME.

A NEW fashion has recently made its appearance in evening costume, and is rapidly gaining favor. It consists of a broad band of velvet worn *en echarpe*, that is to say, fixed on the left shoulder, and, after passing under the right arm, it is fastened at the back of the waist.

LAVA JEWELRY.

LAVA jewelry is esteemed by many next in beauty to the cameo, from its susceptibility to exquisite carving, which is generally in much higher relief than on cameo. We illustrate this month a handsome set of stone-colored lava, consisting of brooch and ear-rings, representing the profile of a *Bacchante* in a setting of Etruscan gold, with pendant tassel. The design is exquisitely carved, and the colors of the gold and lava blend most artistically. The set can be purchased for $25.00.

BONNETS FOR OCTOBER.

LADIES in town do not begin to wear their velvet bonnets until the first of November. *Chapeaux*, therefore, that are worn this month still bear the appearance of *demi-saison*, or half-season—that is to say, of half summer and half winter.

In many instances black or dark straws are worn, the crown encircled by a quilling of velvet, with ends that hang over the chignon, in front, or rosette of velvet with a jet ornament, or a short plume fastened with a buckle.

High felt hats are also in vogue, the crown encircled by three bands of velvet or high-colored plush, the coquettish plume, or *aigrette*, held by a jeweled buckle, which throws out brilliant scintillations with every motion of the fair wearer's head.

A very elegant high hat is of cream-colored felt, the brim bound with crimson velvet, the crown encircled by a broad band of crimson velvet, the ends edged with black lace. A spray of crimson velvet flowers with cream-colored leaves, which are carefully placed against a background of velvet, is posed gracefully on one side.

A very pretty hat, to be worn with either a black or a blue robe, is of black straw, turned up with black velvet. On the outside, a black feather waves round the crown, and under the brim there is a blue feather, with a bow of black *faille*. Four ends of broad ribbon, two blue and two black, fall over the chignon at the back of the head.

Bonnets partake of the gipsy form, and are uniformly tied under the chin with No. 12 *gros grain* ribbon. *Gros-grain* ribbon is very much used for trimming.

The curtain is often turned up at the back, and, like the small brim, lined with silk matching the shade of trimming. A small stylish bonnet is made to match a costume of crimson *gros-grain*. The brim is turned up with black and ornamented with a plume of black and crimson feathers.

Very new and stylish hats and bonnets are of dark, high-colored plush, trimmed with velvet, and long plume of the same color. They are prettiest worn with jackets of plush, with velvet mountings.

Long plumes seem to be coming in fashion again, sufficiently long to droop low over the chignon.

When does a man contrive to move in a very small space? When he comes down stairs *in his slippers*.

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RECEPTION AND DINNER TOILETS, VISITING AND PROMENADE COSTUMES, FOR OCTOBER, 1870.

(*See double-page Engraving.*)

FIG. 1.—A handsome walking-costume of chestnut-brown French poplin, the skirt ornamented with three narrow box-plaited flounces, bound with velvet of the same shade and attached with a fold of velvet, leaving a narrow heading above. Long, round overskirt, looped very high on the sides, and trimmed with a rich tassel fringe, surmounted with a wide puff bound with velvet. Basque, with a gathered postillion and slashed on the sides, trimmed with puffing and fringe. The trimming in front is arranged to simulate a vest, and is continued around the neck. Close sleeves, trimmed with a puff at the wrist, and a ruffle just above the elbow. Hat of brown Dunstable, trimmed with brown velvet, and a white *aigrette* and jet ornament on the right side.

FIG. 2.—*Toilette de visite* of ruby *poult de soie*. The demi-train skirt is ornamented with a decidedly novel flounce, bound on both edges with satin of the same shade. This flounce is arranged in sections of side plaits, the intervening spaces being cut in a deep scollop on the upper edge, and attached with black thread-lace rosettes. Long casaque, cut up very high on the sides, and trimmed to match the skirt. The trimming is graduated on the fronts, which are rounded to correspond with the back, and is continued around the neck. *Chapeau* of ruby satin, ornamented with black lace and white ostrich tips. Brides formed of black lace barbes.

FIG. 3.—*Costume de promenade* of gray pongee, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and velvet buttons. The skirt is bordered with a twenty-inch flounce, set on very plain, and edged with two rows of velvet. Just above these, a plaited ruffle edged and headed with velvet is arranged in festoons. The heading to the deep flounce is composed of two rows of velvet. Two ruffles of the same width, and arranged in a similar manner to the one on the flounce, are placed just above the heading, thus doing away with the necessity of an overskirt. Close though not tight fitting basque, cut in scollops on the bottom, and trimmed with ruffles. Round hat of gray straw, trimmed with blue velvet and a blue ostrich plume. Vail of blue grenadine.

VERSAILLES ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

THE original of this *distingué* morning robe is made in *tourterelle* gray cashmere, with trimming of blue *poult de soie*. It would be equally as handsome in crimson and black, gray and green, white and blue or scarlet, or any contrasting colors. The design needs no description, and can be easily imitated from the illustration. The long side sashes can be used when desired, for looping the back, by tying them loosely behind and drawing the skirt over them, thus forming a graceful Camargo puff. Coquettish little breakfast caps are now very generally worn with morning robes. One intended to be worn with this robe is made of Valenciennes lace, ornamented with bows of *gros-grain* ribbon, the color of the trimming.

FIG. 4.—This elegant and *distingué* reception toilet is made in rich *poult de soie*, color *verd du Nil*, trimmed with ruching two shades darker. Three flounces, surmounted by the darker ruching, are arranged *en tablier* on the front width, and similar flounces, separated by ruchings, are disposed in a tunic shape on the back. Basque, long and pointed, on the hips, trimmed with ruching which is continued up the fronts in vest shape, giving the effect of a shawl-shape opening, although the neck is in reality cut square. Sash of *gros-grain* ribbon of the darker shade. Flowing sleeves, open to the elbow, where they are finished with a bow of ribbon with flowing ends. Chemisette and under-sleeves of Valenciennes lace. Coiffure of puffs and curls, ornamented with a bow of rose-colored ribbon.

FIG. 5.—A simple home dress or walking-costume of deep-blue cashmere, garnished with broad bands of cashmere, edged with narrow black silk folds. The skirt is ornamented with two bands extending entirely around the skirt, crossed by similar bands placed diagonally, at intervals, and graduated in height from the front to the back. Polonaise, round and full in the back and pointed in front, trimmed with bands and a deep rich fringe. Coiffure of chatelaine braids, adorned with a coronet comb of light tortoise-shell.

FIG. 6.—A serviceable and lady-like walking-suit, made in black mohair, Beaver brand, the skirt bordered with a ten-inch flounce, arranged in clusters of three box-plaits. The heading is of ribbon velvet, placed as seen in the engraving. Overskirt composed of a round apron front, one deep square sash on each side, and the back, cut very long and square, entirely detached from the sides, and worn without looping. Tight-fitting basque, short on the hips, and pointed back and front. The back is quite deep and slashed to the waist, thus forming two deep points. The *revers* and collar are set on, thus leaving the basque high in the neck. The trimming on the basque and overskirt consists of fine bullion fringe, in addition to the velvet. Round hat of black English straw, trimmed with black velvet and a long black plume.

FIG. 7.—*Toilette de diner* of golden brown *gros-grain*, garnished with folds and bindings of *gros-grain*, at least three shades lighter than the dress. The design can be easily copied from the engraving—bearing in mind that the flounce is set up from the bottom of the skirt which is trimmed with two bands of the darker color, edged with narrow folds of the lighter shade. The *corsage* has a deep point in the back similar to the one in front, and is worn without a *ceinture*. This design would be very handsome for a walking-costume, making the skirt short and adding a Polonaise or casaque, short in front and reaching to the flounce in the back.

GARNITURES.

VARIOUS kinds of *passementerie* are used for trimming the corsages of dresses. A very pretty garniture is formed of light mossy tassels, which are employed for ornamenting sleeves, corsages, and tunics. Fringe was never more generally fashionable than at the present time, and makes a very showy trimming suitable for almost any material.

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LATEST STYLES OF HATS, BONNETS, AND COIFFURES.

(*See full-paye Engraving.*)

No. 1.—*Chapeau rond* of black English straw, with a rather broad brim and a sloping crown, trimmed with a scarf of purple *crêpe de Chine*, edged with fringe, and a black ostrich feather tipped with purple.

No. 2.—*Coiffure de bal.* The front hair is slightly waved and arranged in a *pouf à la Pompadour*. The back is disposed in a series of puffs, with two long curls, intertwined with a garland of wild roses, falling over the left shoulder.

No. 3.—A stylish coiffure for a young lady with an abundant *chevelure*. The hair is parted through the center into two equal parts, and combed forward. A *rouleau* is then securely fastened on each side, and the hair thrown lightly back. To complete the coiffure the hair is arranged in two braids of three strands, which are allowed to hang loosely.

No. 4.—Gipsy bonnet of violet *crêpe de Chine*, trimmed with bows and a scarf of *crêpe de Chine*, edged with fringe. The front is ornamented with a lilac ostrich tip, and a shaded rose in foliage.

No. 5.—A becoming coiffure for a young lady. The back hair is arranged in three rolls, placed diagonally, and encircled by a heavy cable braid. The front is disposed in a *bandeau*, Marie Stuart, broken on the left side by two finger-puffs, arranged as seen in the illustration.

No. 6.—*Chapeau* of deep blue corded silk, trimmed with bows and streamers of silk lined with satin of the same color, and a large jet ornament set high in front. Brides of silk lined with satin.

No. 7.—Round hat of black English straw, the brim bound with black velvet. The trimming consists of plaited ruchings of black *gros-grain* ribbon, attached with broad folds of black velvet, loops and streamers of ribbon, and clusters of hollyberries and leaves.

PLAITED flounces are decidedly in paramount favor. A skirt may be edged with several narrow flounces, or with a single broad one. The plaits are always pressed down so as to be quite flat.

COSTUMES DE PROMENADE.

FIG. 1.—A stylish walking-costume for a Miss, consisting of a skirt, an overskirt, and a tight-fitting basque, made in blue French poplin, and garnished with velvet two shades darker. The skirt is ornamented with a flounce, disposed in box-plaits, and velvet, arranged in a design easily imitated. The overskirt has a round apron, a square sash at each side, and is very full in the back and gathered into the sashes, thus forming a sort of *panier*. Basque pointed back and front, ornamented with *revers* and collar of velvet. The basque and overskirt are trimmed with a rich fringe in addition to the velvet. White felt hat, trimmed with a long blue vail.

FIG. 2.—A handsome and particularly lady-like costume, made in Sable brand, Turkish Brilliantine, garnished with black velvet. The skirt, of a comfortable walking length, is trimmed with two broad folds of the material, each headed with three rows of velvet. The same trimming is repeated on the Polonaise, which is of an entirely new design. The skirt is not open in front, but is made with an apron, like an ordinary round overskirt. The back is cut with a round basque, and the skirt is sewed directly on the bottom of it. It is looped just forward of the side seam. The neck is cut high, and the *revers* and collar of velvet set on. Gipsy hat of English straw, trimmed with loops of scarlet and black *gros-grain* ribbons intermixed. Wide strings of scarlet.

OUR NEW FALL AND WINTER BULLETIN OF FASHIONS.

WE desire again to call the attention of dressmakers and ladies generally to our Fall and Winter Bulletin of Fashions for 1870-71, as by far the most useful and attractive of any we have yet published, notwithstanding that it is reduced to *one-half price*. Plain, 50 cents; colored, $1.00.

As an attraction in a show-room or work-room, it is worth four or five times its cost, while the beauty and distinctiveness of the costumes are such that any lady can select from it the style most becoming to her, and observe the effect of fifty different trimmings. Elegantly colored for only $1, with directions and full descriptions, or $1.50, including ten full-sized patterns of principal garments.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED STEEL PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Dress of rose-colored *foulard*, garnished with folds and bindings of a delicate wood-color. The skirt is made short and ornamented with flounces arranged with festoons, as seen in the engraving. Overskirt, with a detached apron trimmed round with a flounce, and a full *panier* back with broad *revers* at the sides. Close sleeves trimmed with ruffles, the upper one producing the effect of a Louis XV. sleeve.

FIG. 2.—An elegant toilet of heavy black *gros-grain*, having a demi train skirt, made entirely without trimming. A basque of medium length, describing one deep point in front and slightly *bouffant* in the back, trimmed with rich tassel fringe and broad bands of *gros-grain*, edged with satin. The waist is open in a new shape, and ornamented with bands and fringe. Sleeves slightly flowing, with a round cuff turned back and trimmed with bands. Chemisette and undersleeves of puffed *batiste* and Valenciennes lace. Bonnet of lilac *crêpe de Chine*, ornamented with marabou feathers and a garland of ivy leaves.

FIG. 3.—Evening toilet of lilac *poult de soie*, arranged with a court train of medium length, trimmed with folds and ruchings of silk, two shades darker than the dress, and rich point lace. The train is attached by rosettes to the apron, which is ornamented with lace folds and ruchings to match the train. Corsage open *en châle*, forming two deep points in the front, and a postillion back surmounted by a large bow without ends. Sleeve demi-long, finished with a deep fall of lace from underneath the flounce. Lace on the postillion, around the neck, and a standing row on the sleeves.

LACE.

LACE was never more fashionable than at the present time.

Trimmings of Bruges lace have become quite the rage.

Bruges lace is employed like Valenciennes or *guipure*. It is used not only for trimming sleeves, corsages, etc., but is lavishly introduced in the ornamentation of upper-skirts.

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NEW MATERIALS.

ONE of the prettiest and most attractive of the new materials for the season is wool *satine*, a fabric corresponding to the cotton *satine* of last season, but much softer, more beautiful, and more durable. It answers the same purpose as cashmere, but is heavier, and has more apparent body, as well as a more smooth and satiny surface. It makes very handsome tunics or overskirts, and jackets over petticoats of silk or poplin, and is usually trimmed with fringe.

Scotch plaids and poplins are fashionable as ever, but divide honors somewhat with the black and white checks, which have been revived after a season of obscurity which has lasted several years.

Cashmere begins to find some of the favor with us that it has long enjoyed abroad. It is used largely for the long tunics that are so fashionably worn over black or colored skirts of silk, poplin, or alpaca.

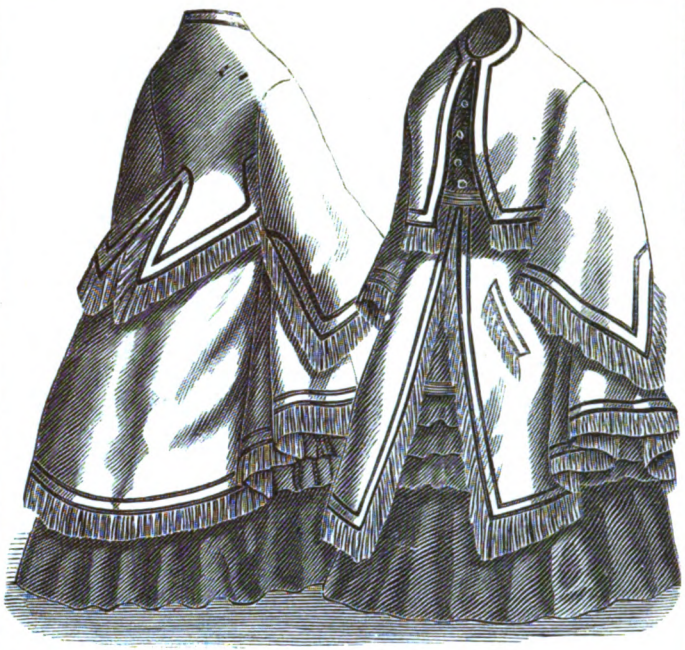
The latter material (the Buffalo brand), is now considered standard, and ladies are fortunate, in these days of spurious goods and wretched imitations, in having some fabrics upon which they can rely. If you are doubtful of its being the right brand, look for the trade-mark (a buffalo).

The trade-mark (beaver) proves also the genuineness of the Beaver brand mohair, which is a perfectly pure and warranted fabric, but of not so high a grade, as a new and beautiful material brought out this fall, and introduced as "Turkish Brilliantine." This is made of the pure wool of the Turkish goat, is known as the "Sable" brand, is somewhat heavier than mohair, has a superb gloss, which renders it equal in appearance to rick silk, will outwear three silks, is thirty inches wide, and of a splendid shade of black, which is warranted not to deteriorate.

The aim of the proprietors of these three brands of black goods seems to have been to supply what was very much needed, and that is black dress goods of different kinds and grades, upon the quality of which, as represented, ladies could absolutely rely.

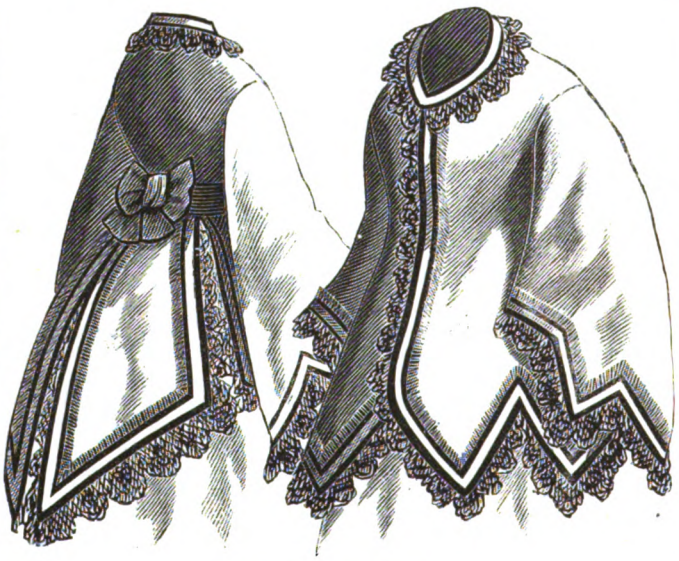
Japanese silks have reappeared in dark winter colors, and are said to be better in quality than when they were first brought out. The price is nearly the same. Serges are much worn, and there is a great demand for soft all-wools, in reps, merinos, and Empress cloths.

Dark, high colors are the rage—crimson, garnet, plum, claret-color, and browns. Yellow and black, and purple and black, are fashionable combinations, and dark blue and green will be very favorite colors, together or separate.



COSTUME SIMPETTE.

A HANDSOME walking-suit, arranged with a dress of black silk, the skirt ornamented with a deep flounce surmounted by several narrower ones, and a round, full overskirt and jacket of dark green cashmere, trimmed with heavy green fringe and black ribbon velvet. The overskirt is open in front, and gracefully looped at the sides only. The jacket is fitted in the back, but is loose and open in front, disclosing the silk waist underneath.



URSULA CASAQUE.

THIS elegant casaque is made in heavy black *gros-grain*, garnished with rich Chantilly lace headed with folds of *gros-grain* edged with satin. The design needs no further explanation, and can be easily copied from the illustration.

FURS.

LADY'S LONG BOA.—The above are the leading styles of furs that will be worn this season. There are some varieties, however, which have no merit, except that they vary from those more generally worn. These styles are made in sable, mink, ermine, seal, grebe, and all the various kinds of fur. A very elegant set of furs this season will be a seal boa and muff. *Sacques* will also be very much worn made of seal, and a more elegant winter outfit for a lady can scarcely be devised than one of those seal sacks, boas, and muffs.

The above is furnished from the establishment of J. R. TERRY, importer and manufacturer of ladies' and gents' hats and furs, No. 19 Union Square, New York, where ladies may rely upon getting the latest and most elegant goods at low prices.

LADY'S LONG BOA.

EUGENIA TIPPET.

SEAL MUFF.

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ELEGANT TOILETS FOR OCTOBER, 1870.

(See full page Engraving.)

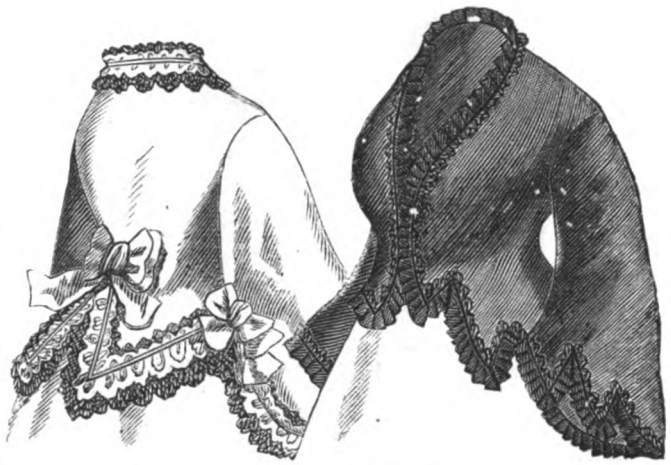
FIG. 1.—Reception or dinner dress of white twilled *foulard*, garnished with ruffles of deep lilac silk, and bands and bows of black velvet edged with narrow silk folds of a deep lemon-color. This unique combination of colors is a perfect success. The design of the trimming can be easily copied from the engraving. The sash is composed of three pieces—the center one much longer than the others and cut up in the center, forming two points. Full bow at the waist. Corsage with one deep point in front and a heart-shaped neck. Chemisette and undersleeves of *dentelle de Bruges*. Coiffure of puffs and curls, ornamented with purple lilacs.

FIG. 2.—Visiting toilet of rich black *gros-grain*, trimmed with bands of the same edged with narrow satin folds, and narrow *guipure* lace. The overskirt, which has the effect of a Polonaise, is additionally trimmed with a rich fringe, and is made open and square in front. The back is gathered into the side seams, thus rendering it slightly *bouffant*, and is surmounted by a plaited postillion which is deepened at the sides and joined in with the seam. This arrangement is entirely new, and produces a most stylish effect. The trimming on the plain waist describes broad *revers* in front and a deep pointed collar in the back. Bonnet of purple *crêpe de Chine*, ornamented with a purple plume and a garland of holly-berries and leaves.

ETTA OVERSKIRT.

THIS jaunty little overskirt can very appropriately be made in any of the fall or winter goods to complete a suit. It would also be very pretty made in black silk or alpaca, to be worn with any dress.

MONOTONY.—Monotony is pleasant in it elf, morally pleasant, and morally useful. Marriage is monotonous; but there is muc , I trust, to be said in favor of holy wedlock. Living in the same house is monotonous, but I delight in t at same monotony. It saves curiosity, anxiety, excitement, disappointment, and a host of bad passions. It gives a man the blessed, invigorating feel ng t! at he is at home; that he has roots, deep and wide, struck down into all he sees; and that only the Being who will do nothing cruel or useless can tear them up.



HOUSE JACKETS.

THE "UNA," which partakes of the Zouave style in the front and is slightly fitted in the back, is handsomely made in white cashmere or serge, trimmed with white and black *guipure*—the white placed over the black and finished where the rows join by a *rouleau* of black *gros-grain*. Bows of black *gros-grain* ribbon.

THE "IDA," made in crimson cashmere, trimmed with plaited ruchings of black silk, separated from a standing row of narrow *guipure* by a row of narrow velvet. It is closely fitted in the back, the edge of the basque left plain, with the fronts cut in a design shown in the illustration.

LATEST AUTUMN STYLES.

(See back of double-page engraving.)

IN no other magazine published can be found such a variety of attractive styles as in ours; and another great advantage connected with it, is, that we furnish accurate patterns of every garment illustrated.

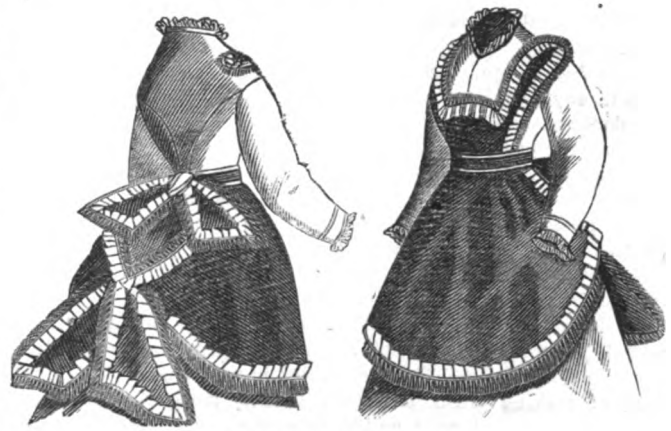
Our double page of pattern illustrations, for this month, will be found to contain the newest and most fashionable styles for the season.

Our aim in this Monthly Bulletin, as it may justly be termed, is to present our readers with all the most practical and desirable designs in vogue, so that ladies at a distance can as readily select the style most suitable for them, as if they were in this city.

Patterns of any of the garments will be cut to measure when desired.

Full directions for measuring will be found in the September magazine.

	PLAIN.	TRIMMED.
Adelaide Polonaise	75 cts.	$1.50
Beatrice Casaque	75 "	1.50
Circular Apron	20 "	40
Child's Sacque Chemise	20 "	40
Della Sleeve	15 "	30
Elfrida Basquine	50 "	1.00
Eugénie Basque	50 "	1.00
Etta Overskirt	30 "	75
Fredonia Jacket	50 "	1.00
Horatio Suit	40 "	60
Isotta Overskirt	50 "	1.00
"La Réussite"	75 "	1.50
"La Duchesse"	75 "	1.50
"La Princess"	75 "	1.50
Lesbia Sleeve	15 "	30
Louis Suit	40 "	60
Lulu Overdress	30 "	75
Meredith Jacket	40 "	80
Miss's Chemise	20 "	40
" Drawers	20 "	40
" Nightdress	20 "	40
Rosellen Basque	50 "	1.00
Rosa Apron	20 "	40
Sailor Jacket	40 "	75
Theresa Overskirt	50 "	1.00
Turquoise Metternich	75 "	1.75
Van Vechter Overdress	75 "	5.00
Veda Dress	30 "	75



THE APRON OVERSKIRT.

THIS simple and graceful overskirt can be very appropriately made in black silk or alpaca, and trimmed with velvet and fringe, or plaitings of silk. It will be found very convenient to be used with any dress, serving the double purpose of apron and overskirt.

HOW TO FURNISH A HOUSE.

IN no respect, probably, is an ostentatious bad taste more generally conspicuous than in the furniture and arrangement of our dwelling-houses. It often happens that those who have the means of furnishing their houses well are destitute of a refined taste, while those in whom that refined taste is innate or acquired are too frequently unprovided with the means of supplying themselves with an elegant *ménage*. The most cultivated circles of Paris hold weekly receptions in a style whose simplicity would surprise many an ambitious matron. Coffee and ices form the refreshment, if any is offered at all. There is plenty of light, and some music, and a few gracefully disposed vases of flowers ornament the salon, with its bare floor, chintz, easy-chairs, and tinted walls.

It is a moot point whether parlors should be carpeted or not The new plan of inlaying floors with thin strips of different kinds of wood, does away with the objection of expense against this admirable way of fitting. Tesselated floors of walnut and light wood, of beech and ebony, are so beautiful and durable that all who grow enthusiastic on old foreign styles will choose them; and if they must needs impart to their parlors the appearance of warmth, choose soft rugs, and squares of carpet, which occupy the space in front of *fauteuils*, and the middle of the floor, but do not hide the wood-work. The small figured carpets, either in the new close three-ply, which improves in beauty as well as texture or in Brussels, are eagerly sought for small parlors; a union of floriated and geometrical patterns is preferred, as a lattice or hexagon of maroon on a crimson ground, with a leaf shaded from tawny to reddish brown dropped across the lines. Forest patterns are of twigs in gray on dark ground, with a shower of autumn leaves scattered over it, or exquisite tints of stone, earth, and moss, reproducing the coolly rich effects of nature; patterns of acanthus and thistle-leaves with the silky purple and white of the royal flower: lichen shadings in pearl, and rusty red, and silver and green, so splendid, yet subdued, as to make the nonpareil of parlor carpets. Mosaic patterns in shades of only two colors, usually the most grave, but capable of producing the richest effects when a little gilding is allowed on the furniture, to the gayer figures, are to be preferred. Perfectly plain surfaces, with Persian borders, are sold for halls and small rooms. A deep

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maroon Brussels is plain as merino, and is surrounded by a band of stone-color, and shaded brilliant crimson. To suit this the walls are finished in pearly pink like a rose-colored shadow from curtains; the cornice is a flat band of dead gilt. The seats are the little marquise easy-chairs, covered with maroon rep, tufted, and relieved with bands of brilliant tapestry on the arms and back. A few light white and gold or scarlet cane seat chairs are interspersed. The effect is harmonious and rich. Tinted walls are preferred for small rooms. By this indefinite term small, is understood all rooms less than 20ft. square. The pure Athens yellow shades harmoniously with brown or maroon furniture; stone-gray with green, pearl-gray with blue, ashes-of-roses with either blue or green, and absinthe, that indefinite whity-green tinge, with crimson. These blank walls afford the best ground for pictures, and prevent that spotty or crowded effect which ruins the air of a room. The walls should have a narrow gilt band for cornice, or a paper heading, the same color as the carpet, and furniture to harmonize the tints. Thus a pearl-gray wall may be harmonized ex actly with crimson furniture by adding a dark-red cornice, and finishing the surbase and window-frames in rosewood color.

It is a mistake to hang oil paintings, beyond mere cabinet size, in a small room devoted to other purposes. They give a heavy air, which destroys the grace of the surroundings. A miniature parlor should always be light and simple in arrangement. Large vases, candelabra, and heavy cabinets are out of place there. But one mirror should be allowed, and that over the mantel, with the narrowest and plainest gilt frame. Covered pedestals are among the most graceful and modern decorations of a room, and are much preferable to the multiplicity of tables which crowd a tasteless room. The center-table, indeed, is abolished in a parlor of good style. A round table should stand between or near the front windows, instead of the pier-glass, which is banished to the dressing-room or ball saloon. An oval one should have a convenient position elsewhere against the wall. The cabinet is as conspicuous in a modern drawing-room as in the boudoir of an old marquise, where thousands of francs were lavished on its enrichment. Its convenience for keeping Berlin work, and large books of engravings and curiosities, has restored it to its former place.

ANNIE SUIT.

A SERVICEABLE school suit, made in black alpaca, Buffalo brand—the flounces edged and attached with narrow black velvet, and the bottom of the skirt, basque, and sleeves, finished with a bias facing of mohair, striped in black and white. Hat of black felt, trimmed with black velvet edged with white.

FLORETTA COSTUME.

THIS exceedingly stylish suit, appropriate for girls from eight years of age upward, consists of a shirt and Polonaise, made in crimson cashmere. The skirt is bordered with a bias flounce, edged and attached with black velvet, and the Polonaise is trimmed with a heavy crimson bullion fringe, headed with black velvet. Hat of crimson plush, trimmed with black velvet, and a crimson plume. We give, elsewhere, a back view of this stylish Polonaise.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

NEW and very pretty dresses are made for girls of eight to fourteen years of age, of two colors, in alpaca, cashmere, merino, or all-wool delaine. The first dress—say of gray alpaca—is made plain, and cut out in a low square; to this is added a small *paniered* upperskirt of scarlet, looped up with black velvet, and the square of the neck is also filled in with scarlet, and fastened down the front with black velvet buttons.

These dresses can, of course, be made in any combination, and, if the colors are well chosen, will be remarkably pretty and very simple in construction. Two rows of velvet may be placed on the dress-skirt, if preferred, and the *panier* trimmed with a double quilling of the material and black velvet.

There is nothing to be done, now, without overskirts; and, for girls, they are especially useful to dress up a simple toilet. The latest style of making them is with square bib, back and front, united across the shoulders by straps which form *bretelles*. An overskirt of Swiss muslin, of white *piqué*, trimmed with Hamburgh embroidery; one of black alpaca, trimmed with the material; and one of blue or scarlet silk, or both, would not be too many to give variety to costumes, and, as they require but a very small quantity of material, would cost but little.

Black and white shepherd's check is very fashionably worn by children, and looks exceedingly pretty for early fall costumes. They are made with two skirts, and little basque or jacket cut up in lappets. The lower skirt is trimmed with two bands of red or blue cashmere, the second skirt with a band scolloped out on the upper edge, and the basque, or jacket, is trimmed to match the second skirt.

Black and white checked or striped silk, and soft pink *glacé* silk, are used for walking and party dresses, fully trimmed with ruchings of pink, blue, or green silk—the pink, of course, matching the *glacé*, and sometimes box-plaited in clusters, feathered out, and filled in with white. This has an extremely good effect. Indeed, it is quite elaborate enough for a full-grown lady.

Outer garments, for children, are very simply made. They consist, mainly, of the paletot, to match the dress, the cross-over coat, for little boys, and the talma, with cape or hood. The knitted woolen coats are now so pretty and varied in style, that it is useless to prepare elaborate garments which require cutting and making, for either boys or girls, until they are at least five years old.

There are the little paletots of white *Molleton* cloth, trimmed with red or blue, however, which are suitable for boys of two or three years, and very pretty suits of gray or brown tweed, consisting of trowsers and blouse, belted in, for boys of six to eight. A more dressy suit, of this kind, would be made of velvet or silk-faced velveteen.

In full dress, little girls now often wear Marie Antoinette slippers; and boys, low-cut shoes with straps and buckles.

Boots are still made high, and worn with blue, scarlet, or striped stockings.

A great many little suits, for girls, will be made, for winter, of silk-faced velveteen, and trimmed with *grebe*.

FLORETTA POLONAISE.

THIS is a back view of the graceful Polonaise which completes the "Floretta Costume." It would be equally as handsome in silk, cashmere, or *satin de Chine*, to be worn over a skirt of a contrasting color, either of silk or cashmere.

THE ZERLINE JACKET.

THIS month we present our readers with the pattern of an exceedingly graceful jacket, made in the new style, without side-pieces. This model is intended to complete an elegant black silk costume, trimmed with plaitings of white organdy placed underneath a fall of rich Chantilly lace, which is separated from a narrow standing lace by a *rouleau* of bias silk. This garment is very *distingué* in its appearance, and would be equally as appropriate for a costume in any other material, trimmed with folds, fringe, or velvet.

Next month we propose to give the pattern of a new and stylish wrap suitable for the season.

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CHILDREN'S COSTUMES FOR OCTOBER, 1870.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES FOR OCTOBER, 1870.

FIG. 1.—Street suit in bright-blue cashmere, the skirt trimmed with two bias flounces edged and headed with narrow black velvet. Polonaise, looped at the sides, trimmed with narrow black velvet, and broad velvet *revers* in front. Square neck, with *revers* and collar of black velvet. Coat sleeves trimmed to correspond. Linen chemisette and collar. Gray felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet and a blue plume.

FIG. 2.—A neat home dress in bright all-wool plaid, trimmed with narrow black velvet arranged in a Grecian pattern. Black silk apron, with *bretelles*, trimmed with narrow velvet. Ruffle edged with lace at the neck.

FIG. 3.—A handsome walking-costume for a girl of about eight years, to be made in gray French poplin, trimmed with bands and plaited ruchings of light purple silk. The suit consists of a skirt, a plain Polonaise, worn without looping, and a cape, rounded in front and descending below the waist in the back. Hat of gray plush, trimmed with purple.

FIG. 4.—Suit for boys from six to nine years of age, consisting of full pants reaching just over the knees, a close-fitting vest, and a square cut-away jacket with coat sleeves. The material is dark gray mixed cloth, made up without trimming, excepting the jacket, which has broad *revers* and collar of black velvet. Dark gray felt hat.

FIG. 5.—A pretty suit for boys from three to five years of age. To be made in stone-colored all-wool delaine, trimmed with very narrow garnet velvet. The skirt is made perfectly plain in front, but is arranged in box-plaits at the sides and back. The jacket is particularly pretty, having two tabs in front, with pockets, and three in the back.

FIG. 6.—Dress of magenta all-wool delaine, the skirt bordered with a flounce edged with black velvet ribbon, and headed with velvet disposed in a design which can be easily copied from the illustration. High, plain waist, and coat sleeves trimmed with velvet. Overdress of black silk or Beaver brand mohair, trimmed with velvet ribbon and Tom Thumb fringe. This overdress is arranged with a single width in the back, a very short round apron-front, and a detached gore on each side, rounded on the front, which overlaps the apron and back width. *Bretelles*, trimmed to match, joined both back and front with narrow bands.

NEW ROBES DE CHAMBRE.

FOR *robes de chambre*, some new cashmere *foulards* have been introduced, which, for brilliancy of color and beauty of design, equal the finest products of the Indian loom. The newest *robes de chambre* have three large flat plaits at the back, in what is called the *princesse* style. They may be with or without a pelerine, but they should have a sash and a basque; or the robe may consist simply of a skirt and long paletot.

THE Household.

THE late hour at which dinner is fashionably served has given rise to a new custom—that of a hot lunch, which is called, abroad, *dinette*. This is served at two o'clock in the day, and forms the real dinner of the ladies of the family, besides giving them an opportunity of inviting guests to something less formal than a ceremonious dinner. "Dinette" is a great institution, and practically means a return to the sensible habit of dining in the middle of the day. Let it be encouraged, by all means.

SNOW PUDDING (Richfield Springs).—One-half box of Cooper's gelatine, one pint of boiling water, two cups of sugar, one pint of milk, juice of two lemons, three eggs. Pour the water over the gelatine, add the lemon-juice and sugar; when nearly cool, add the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and pour into a mould.

For sauce, stir the yolks of the eggs well beaten into the milk, sweeten to taste, and flavor with vanilla.

TAPIOCA PUDDING (Richfield Springs).—One quart of sweet milk, three table-spoonfuls of tapioca soaked in warm water, three eggs, one cup of sugar. Boil the milk, then stir in the tapioca and let it simmer slowly a few moments, then stir in the yolks of eggs and sugar, and, after steaming through, pour in a dish. Have the whites beaten to a stiff froth, sweeten and flavor to taste, spread on top, and brown lightly in the oven.

DELICATE CAKE (Richfield Springs).—One cup of sugar, two table-spoonfuls of butter, one-half cup of cream, whites of four eggs, one tea-spoonful cream of tartar, one-half tea-spoonful of soda, one and a half cups of flour. This is very good.

ANNA DICKENSON'S TENDERLOIN OF BEEF GARNISHED WITH MUSHROOMS.—An intimate friend of Miss Anna Dickenson says of her: "Anna detests everything fried—fried potatoes, fried eggs, or fried mush; while fried beefsteak, such as housekeepers in the West are often heathen enough to serve strangers, has power to drive her to pull her hair out of curl."

Her favorite dish is prepared in the following way:

Take one pound of tenderloin of beef cut thick, and broil it over a clear fire. Turn it quickly half a dozen times, and when just done remove it carefully from the gridiron, in order to preserve the gravy, and lay it in a hot dish upon which a piece of butter is melting, and which has been sprinkled with pepper and salt. In the mean time, cook a dozen button mushrooms by putting them in a wire basket and setting them on the range, shake into their cups a little pepper and salt, and, while cooking, they will fill with gravy. Five minutes, or less, will do them sufficiently. Then lift them carefully, so as not to spill the gravy, and arrange them round the tenderloin, which should have been just taken from the fire.

POTATO BOULETTES (*à la Delmonico*).—Boil a dozen dry, mealy potatoes, mash them smoothly, and mix, while still warm, two ounces of fresh butter, a small tea-spoonful of salt, half a nutmeg, and four eggs—the yolks and whites beaten separate. Mould the mixture into small oval forms, and drop them into clear, boiling butter. Cook them until they are a pale brown, take them up quickly with a skimmer, and dish them on a hot napkin.

POTATO RIBBONS (Saratoga Style).—Wash and peel some large potatoes of good quality, cut them into very thick

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slices, and then each slice round and round into long ribbons. Put them into a pan of cold water and let them lay an hour. Then drain, and fry them in a pan of boiling butter until they are lightly browned and quite crisp. Dry them with a napkin, pile them in a hot dish, and sprinkle over them a seasoning of salt and finely powdered parsley.

PHŒBE CARY'S BOILED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Peel and core large greening apples, of a uniform size and fill the cavity with clear lemon marmalade. Inclose each one in a nice paste rolled rather thin, and draw small *knitted* cloths over them, which give them a very pretty effect. Tie them close, and boil three-quarters of an hour, or an hour, if the crust is made with suet. Serve with hard sauce, flavored with nutmeg.

PHŒBE CARY'S COMPOTE OF APPLES.—Make a syrup of one pound of loaf sugar, and a pint of water, into which squeeze the juice of two lemons. When it is clear, and boiling, drop into it a dozen or more fine, sound, tart apples, peeled and cored, and let them boil gently until they are perfectly tender. When done, take them up with a skimmer, throw into the syrup a few thin strips of lemon rind, let them boil a few minutes, and then pour them with the syrup over the apples. Set away to cool.

BEIGNET SOUFFLE.—Put in a stewpan a pint of milk or water, a tea-spoonful of sugar, two ounces of butter, a few drops of essence of vanilla, or any flavor you please, give it a boil, throw in some flour, keeping stirring all the time until it becomes quite thick, and no longer tastes of the flour, and detaches itself from the pan. It will take about half an hour, as the better it is done the lighter it is; withdraw it from the fire, stir in six eggs, one at a time, sift about two ounces of sugar until the paste is of the stiffness of puff paste. Have ready a pan of hot fat, into which drop by a spoon small pieces of paste; it will increase their size, and, when a nice color, take them out, drain, and dish on a napkin with sifted sugar over.

VELVET CREAM.—To a pint of cream put a very little sugar, keep stirring it over the fire till the sugar is dissolved, and then take it off; but keep on stirring it till it is about the warmth of new milk, after which pour it through a fine colander into a dish containing three spoonfuls of lemon or orange juice, a little grated peel, and a little marmalade, chopped small, with two spoonfuls of white wine. This should be prepared about twenty-four hours before it is wanted for use.

ALICE CARY'S PLUM PUDDING.—To eight ounces of fine bread-crumbs add six of beef suet, fresh, and chopped small, six of raisins weighed after they are stoned, six of carefully cleaned currants,—four ounces of chopped apples, four of sugar, two of candied lemon and orange peel mixed, two of candied citron, a whole nutmeg grated, four eggs, a pinch of salt, and a small glass of fruit syrup. Soak the bread crumbs in a small pint of milk half an hour, add the other ingredients, mix well, boil three hours in a mold, and serve with rich sauce.

GERMAN SOUP.—Boil a knuckle of veal, or any veal bones, and some good stock; then add one or two turnips, one carrot, and some onions, a little lemon and thyme, and a small stick of celery. Let all boil well, strain it for use, then thicken, and add the yolks of five or six eggs to about three quarts of soup, and one gill of cream; pepper and salt to taste. An excellent soup.

FRANCATELLI'S RECEIPT FOR LEICESTERSHIRE PORK PIE.—Cut the pork up in square pieces, fat and lean, about the size of a cob-nut, season with pepper and salt, and a small quantity of sage and thyme chopped fine, and set it aside on a dish in a cool place. Next, make some hot-water-paste, using for this purpose (if desired) fresh-made hog's-lard instead of butter, in the proportion of eight ounces to the pound of flour. These pies must be raised by hand, in the following manner:—First, mold the paste into a round ball upon the slab, then roll it out to the thickness of half an inch, and with the back of the right hand indent the center in a circle reaching to within three inches of the edge of the paste; next, gather up the edges all round, pressing it closely with the fingers and thumbs, so as to give to it the form of a purse; then continue to work it upwards, until the sides are raised sufficiently high; the pie should now be placed on a baking-sheet, with a round of buttered paper under it, and after it has been filled with the pork—previously prepared for the purpose—covered in with some of the paste in the usual manner. Trim the edges, and pinch it round with the pincers, decorate it, egg it over, and bake it until done; calculating the time it should remain in the oven, according to the quantity of meat it contains.

LEICESTERSHIRE HUNTING BEEF.—Take four ounces of saltpeter, an ounce of allspice, and rub it well over a fine round of beef, let it stand twenty-four hours, then rub in as much common salt as will salt it sufficiently. Keep it in a cool place twelve days, turning it every day; then put it into a deep pan, and cover it under and over with three pounds of beef suet, cover it with a thick paste, and bake it slowly six hours. It will keep for two months, and is famous for its excellence.

INDIAN MEAL DROPS.—One quart Indian meal, one and a half pints water, one egg well beaten. Rub a small piece of shortening in the meal over night. A little salt. Should not stand after being mixed together.

GINGER NUTS.—Ten cups of flour, three cups of molasses, one cup of melted butter or pork gravy (or is good half-and-half), one cup of sour cream, two tablespoons of saleratus dissolved in half a cup of warm water, one table-spoon of ginger, make s ft as can be rolled, and bake quick. This keeps well.

TO MAKE GINGER SPRIGS.—Three eggs, one pound of sugar, one pound flour, a little ginger in two spoonfuls of rosewater, and mix them to a paste. Cut them as your fancy shall direct.

AUBERGINE FARCIS—EGG-PLANT, STUFFED—*Delmonico's Receipt.*—Cut an egg-plant in halves, lengthwise, pass the blade of a knife through it, near the edge, and fry lightly a few moments in oil; take it out of the oil, and remove the interior. Cut a shalot in small dice, and fry in oil; add three or four fresh mushrooms, some finely chopped herbs, and the interior of the egg-plant; mix it with your forcemeat, also some well-seasoned bread-crumbs, and a little meat, jelly, or Spanish sauce; force the egg-plant, roll it in bread-crumbs, and moisten with oil. Leave it to brown fifteen minutes in the oven.

SOUP A LA CONDE—*Delmonico's Receipt.*—Soak a pint of red haricot beans over night in water; the next day moisten them with (*bouillon*) stock or water, add salt, an onion, a few cloves, a carrot, and a bunch of parsley, and boil all together thoroughly; strain through a fine sieve; warm and thicken with a pint of cream and quarter of a pound of butter; blend by continual stirring. Season with salt and a very little nutmeg.

MRS. L.'s CORN BREAD WITHOUT MILK.—For one quart of sifted meal, take six eggs and two table-spoons of butter. Scald half the meal over night with boiling water, and a little salt. In the morning, take the remaining half, together with the portion scalded, and the yolks of the eggs well beaten and stirred together. Add the whites after having beaten them to a stiff froth. Butter small pans, and bake in a quick oven. This makes a superior breakfast bread.

POUND GINGERBREAD (EXCELLENT).—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, three eggs, one cup of molasses, one tea-spoon of ginger, and half an ounce of cloves, half tea-spoon soda, three cups flour.

ALMOND PUDDING (VERY RICH).—Blanch and pound quarter pound of sweet almonds, with a few bitter ones. Put in about one table-spoonful of rosewater, a wine-glass of wine, the yolks of six eggs, six ounces of butter, the juice of one lemon, the peel of two grated, one quart of cream. When mixed, bake half an hour, with paste around the dish.

CARAMEL CAKE.—Three eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately. Add to the yolks a coffee-cupful of fine white sugar, and beat well. Now add to the whites a cupful of sifted flour, a little at a time, beating it well. Put all together, with a tea-spoonful of cream-tartar and a half tea-spoonful of soda, dissolved separately. Beat all until very light. Bake in flat, square tins about two inches deep. When the cake is cool, cut it, twice through the center, making three layers, between which spread cornstarch blanc-mange, very thin, and flavored with vanilla. Pile it up. To make the caramel, take one cup of grated chocolate, two cups brown sugar, one wine-glass of water. Boil until it hardens in water when thrown in; then lose no time in pouring it over the cake and sides while hot, or it will harden too soon. This makes an excellent and delicious cake.

KNUCKLE OF VEAL WITH RICE.—Boil a knuckle of veal, two turnips, one onion, six pepper-corns, a head of celery, and a tea-cupful of rice, together, very gently, on the top of the stove, for about three hours, skimming occasionally, and mixing in a little salt. When done, send it to the table with rice around the veal. The stock in which the veal has boiled will help to make good soup.

CROUP.—The white of an egg, mixed with a small quantity of sweetened water, and administered to the child in table-spoonful doses, cures the croup. This remedy is given by a French physician, who adds that the dose should be repeated every five minutes until vomiting is caused.

FLOWERS.—No garden is perfect without sweetbrier and lavender. Ever so small a garden should find room for one or two of these on account of their fragrance. One sweetbrier, well cut every year, will last an age. Lavender becomes untidy in its third year; but so easy is it to propagate, that a few strips pulled off the plant, and put into the ground in early autumn, will be sure to make new plants. Gardening does not consist in buying a few geraniums and calceolaria, and setting them out for one's own gratification of color. Its true aim should be, not only to please the owner of the garden, but city-pent friends, to whom few things are more acceptable than a fragrant nosegay.

TEST OF ILL-BREEDING.—There is no better test of ill-breeding than the practice of interrupting another in conversation by speaking or commencing a remark before another has fully closed. No well-bred person ever does, nor continues conversation long with one who does. The latter finds an interesting conversation abruptly waived, closed, or declined by the former, without suspecting the cause. A well-bred person will not even interrupt one who is in all respects greatly inferior. It is often amusing to see persons priding themselves on the gentility of their manners, and putting forth all their efforts to appear to advantage in many other respects, so readily betray all in this respect.

SLEEP AND FOOD.—The Swiss have a proverb, *Qui dort dine*, "He who sleeps dines." Like all the old proverbs and parables, this one, when truly interpreted, is borne out by facts. To sleep is to require but little food, because the muscles of the body are then at rest, and there is no waste of the tissues: consequently no food is required to replace loss by voluntary work. This principle should be more particularly impressed on nurses attending invalids, because to force food into the stomach of an invalid, who, though not actually asleep, may be at rest, is very injudicious. During the time a person has to lie in bed, the food should be of the lightest kind, and easy of digestion.

MY WILL BE DONE.—Aunt Lois was a good Christian, but she made that particular mistake in repeating the Lord's prayer which so many of us quite unconsciously do. She always said *my* will, instead of Thy will. Not in so many words, of course; it was the secret inner voice of her essential nature that spoke and said one thing, while her tongue said another. But then who can be sure enough of himself in this matter to cast the first stone at Aunt Lois?

WE wish to remind our lady correspondents that the department of the "Ladies' Club" is intended to be made as generally useful as possible, and for that reason we give the preference to subjects and questions of general rather than of special interest. At the same time we wish to encourage frankness of expression upon all subjects suitable for remark or discussion, and shall be glad of any suggestions or inquiries which may elicit reflection or information upon topics of thought and interest to women.

It is of no use, however, for correspondents to *order* their communications answered in the "next" number. The next number, as we have often remarked, is out often before their letters reach us, and very often the "copy" for the following one is in the hands of the printer. We can not stop the press and thus retard the vast machinery of an office, even to tell Miss A. how to make her wedding-dress, and so the important question is sometimes deferred until it is probably too late, unless some previous Miss A. or B. has asked the same question, and been answered in a way to enlighten the perplexed mind of Miss A. No. 2.

We are very glad to answer mooted questions on the subject of dress or ex-

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plain difficulties, because there is much of detail in the making up of modern wardrobes which can not be put in fashion articles, and which only suggests itself when it is needed. We should like, however, to have our correspondents read the fashions of the magazine carefully before sending their inquiries.

We commence this month with a somewhat complimentary but brief and suggestive letter from Massachusetts:

"MASSACHUSETTS.

"DEAR MME. DEMOREST—Through the medium of the magazine I want to tell the world how excellent are your receipts for softening the hands—with beeswax, sweet-oil, and camphor—and whitening the skin with magnesia. The magnesia application, if thoroughly washed off, is the most cooling and refreshing of any balm that can be applied to a heated face, I really believe, and if, after that, a little Lily Bloom is applied, the effect is perfect.

"I wish, too, that I could tell you how prettily mother dresses her five daughters. With ingenuity and your magazine, she has fitted two daughters for boarding-school and a third for traveling with just what she had in the house and your valuable suggestions, buying scarce anything. I think there never was a time when ladies' dresses could be made with so little cost. Plain, high dresses and long, full skirts, without ruffle or tuck to conceal a fault, are so abominably expensive. But with the present style of costume, all made in little pieces, with such unique trimming, every fault can be concealed by a bow or fan, and the sweetest suit made from dresses which were unwearable under the old *regime*.

"I would like to tell your readers that *ink stains* may be effectually removed by dipping the cloth into melted lard or other animal oil. After permitting the grease to dry, wash it out and the ink will come with it. If the stain is not entirely removed, wet it in oxalic acid which has been dissolved in water. Rinse in clear cold water.

"Oxalic acid is excellent to remove stains from the hands. The hands should not be washed with soap afterward, since the alkali will destroy the acid and the stains will again appear.

"To remove sunburn, take sorrel or sour grass, and pound and wash it in a cloth until the cloth is thoroughly wet with the oxalic acid contained in the plants. Wash the face, neck, and arms with this before retiring. This application will entirely remove sunburn or tan without hurting the skin. Very sincerely your friend,

"E. E. B."

Your story is accepted. The magazine will continue to be sent to you.

Calcined magnesia.

We have never seen the poem you refer to.

"EDITH."—To alter a long-trained dress into a short suit, you must rip the skirt, cut it over by a pattern, and use the superfluous material for a plaited flounce six to nine inches deep.

"LUCY S. F."—The gift of a pair of garters from a gentleman was, to say the least, in doubtful taste.

"G. W."—Striped flannel shirts would not look badly for your husband upon the voyage, but he will want all white as soon as he lands. Your little girl's aprons might be half white and half brown Holland or linen, braided. Six altogether would be sufficient. Many dresses for her would not be required, but it would be better economy to buy them of a good material than of a common one. All-wool check, scarlet French merino, and bright colored all-wool delaine, are the best materials—braided or trimmed with black velvet. Three suits should be sufficient for yourself—one of some gray material, or black and white, a handsome suit of black alpaca, and one of blue cloth, trimmed with black and gold braid. If you journey in the spring instead of fall, a black silk suit may take the place of the cloth. A water-proof cloak, of the new serviceable kind, with sleeves and cape, is indispensable, and the same, only smaller, should be prepared for the children. Make your dresses plain but of good material, and trim them mostly with the same and black velvet; they will then look lady-like anywhere. "Golden ointment" contains sulphur, which gives it a yellow tinge; it has also glycerine. It is sold at all first-class druggists. Hyperion hair-curlers are very ingenious little instruments for curling the hair; they are very convenient, and produce a pretty effect. Kid gloves have not been superseded, and are not likely to be—they are always fashionable.

"MINNIE."—Tarlatan costs from 75 cts. to $1 per yard, grenadine and white lace $1 and $2. We will purchase them for you, certainly.

"DEL-ROSE."—Many thanks for your promise. We shall take pains to cultivate the flower which we have seen, but do not possess, when it arrives, and shall value it highly.

"SUBSCRIBER."—We have not the peculiar style of water-proof cloak pattern you mention, as it is not generally called for. Trim your Japanese poplin with quillings of the same and velvet of a darker shade.

"ROSE."—A bridal dress of white Swiss should be made with a trained skirt, trimmed with fluted flounces, an overskirt trimmed to match, a bodice, V shaped, a ruffle of muslin outside, and a ruffle of Valenciennes lace inside. Sleeves *antique*, and ruffled at the elbow. The sash should be of wide white *gros-grain*.

"GRETCHEN."—Your eyes must be what is known as *opaline;* "hazel" is the brown of the hazel-nut. White silk fringe (crimped) would trim your white "pinina" or pine-apple cloth very nicely. You would not have enough for ruffles. "Opaline" may wear blue, soft pink, with white, green, gray, with blue or pink, but white or black would be especially becoming to her, lit up with a little color at the throat.

"E. H. A."—"Flat plaitings" are single plaitings fastened down flat and all turned one way. Fluted ruffles are prettier for Swiss or organdy muslin. The white suits worn in the street are all made of Victoria lawn. Swiss is too thin for street wear.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—Your brown and white goods is a silk and wool poplin; it is not "shot silk," of course. It should be trimmed with bands of brown *gros-grain* silk. The buff is cotton cambric. No linen about it.

"GRACE VALLE."—Write to the proprietors of *Le Cercle* for a description of the game. We have never played it.

"SAMOT."—If your green silk is for evening wear, as a "light, rich" silk should be, you'd better make it long; cut it square, trim with white lace. A very handsome black lace sack could be bought for fifty dollars. Your real lace parasol, carved onyx or coral handle, would cost from one hundred to a hundred and twenty-five dollars.

"FANNIE B."—Your colors are scarlet, canary, gray with pink, bright but *not* light blue, mauve with crimson, garnet, emerald-green with black, but not alone.

"MRS. S. C. E."—There are charts and diagrams for cutting gentlemen's clothes, but they are of a kind adapted to the use of tailors, and not easily understood by women amateurs.

"S. J. C."—Fifteen yards of Buffalo brand alpaca will make you a dress, unless you required full ruffles and quillings of the material, then twenty. The "Fernande" would be pretty for the overdress. A very fair quality can be got for 75 cts. per yard. You will find the cut of patterns with prices attached on the cover of the Magazine. Imitation lace for cuffs and collars can be purchased at any price. Boulevard skirts are $3 to $5 each; kid gloves, $1 to $2.25. The nicest black material for a shawl for an old lady would be fine cashmere, with heavy silk fringe. It would cost from $25 to $40. Spoons may be either placed in the saucer or handed round. Knives and forks are now laid beside the plate instead of being placed at an angle. Napkins are arranged in some fanciful form, ordinarily as a fan, and placed in the goblet beside each plate. You may dampen your hair, if you choose, before using the "Hyperion" curlers, but it is not necessary.

"A POOR DRESSMAKER."—It is indigestion, want of circulation, and dyspepsia, that causes your chilliness, your depression, and prostrated nerves. We should advise you seriously and earnestly to quit your business, and hire out as cook, or cook and housekeeper, if you are competent or can make yourself so. Stop sewing, get Mrs. Croly's cook book, and learn how to keep house and make nice cakes and puddings. By the time you know how, you will have the appetite to eat them, and you will enjoy your life instead of enduring it. With the general improvement in your health, your neuralgia will disappear. It is only rheumatism of the nerves instead of the muscles.

"AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."—Have your green silk made long and plain, and, to wear with it, have a fluted muslin flounce, and overskirt, with *bretelles*, made to wear with it. This will be no more expensive than a lace or fringe trimming, it will be infinitely newer and more dressy, and the overskirt can be utilized with half a dozen other dresses, black or colored. Another season, if white overskirts are less worn, a new trimming will renovate your dress and make it new. Trim your white alpaca with narrow bands of white plush, or "moss" trimming, or white uncut velvet, and the new white *crêpe* fringe upon the sleeves and bodice. You can put a color upon it after it has become a little soiled, but at present it would vulgarize it. Trim your velvet cloak with black *gros-grain;* it is very stylish and ladylike. The hair is still worn in two puffs, with braid between. It is a very convenient style, because curls can be so easily substituted for the braid for evening wear. Scarf vails are still worn.

"ELLA."—*Paniers* are worn by persons who have handsome dresses already made up in this way, but they are not now fashionable, and we would not advise an expensive silk cut up into a *panier*.

"MARION B. A."—You write like a smart girl, and we hope you will have sense enough, when you are married, to do your own housework until you have cured the "dyspepsia." If your husband is just as well as sensible he will give you the share in the income *as your right*, which will stimulate you to continue to do it. Now for the dresses. We should advise the brown poplin, trimmed with silk plush in a darker shade, and jacket of plush, with hat to match, instead of the trimming and jacket of velveteen, and in preference to suit of black velveteen, to be married in. Your ideas with regard to your lavender poplin for evening wear, your garnet empress cloth, etc., are all right. If you could manage it, we should advise an evening dress of English pink silk in addition, with white organdy overdress, and an overdress to your black silk, which, together with your white muslin overdress, would enable you to vary your costumes in a dozen different ways.

"MRS. S. J. B."—Your children's pictures would be best taken in dark clothes. It does not matter so much about the material as neat fit and a color that will bring out the tinting of their hair, eyes, and complexion. Of course nothing is equal to black; but brown or gray, with velvet trimming, take very prettily. Of course jet jewelry at $5 the set is not real, but it is a very good imitation, and, if worn carefully or only occasionally, would last as long. Sleeve-buttons would increase the price to $6. The number of sets taken would not influence the price or make it lower. Good common slippers cost $2 to $2.50 the pair. Gloves can be bought (not kid) from 30 cts. to $1 per pair; in kid, from $1 to $2.25.

"MINNIE."—Your "bayadere" silk would be best worn as a skirt, walking length, with overskirt and basque of black silk.

"LILY."—Dress your hair in rolls or braids—both are fashionable—and arrange curls to fall down through the center.

"EDITH H. L."—A remunerative vocation is rather difficult for man or woman without considerable influence and special aptitudes. Telegraphing is a good idea, so is book-keeping, but it would be as trying to your health as teaching. We should advise you to enter into business of some kind for yourself, or become a traveling saleswoman or agent, and regain your health.

"M. A. L."—Take one ounce of borax, half an ounce of camphor, and one ounce of glycerine. Dissolve in a quart of water, and use as a wash for your hair.

"RUTH BENNETT."—Your article is filed for publication.

"MARRYING FOR A HOME."—We have more stories than we know what to do with.

"MARY."—Your sample is Japanese poplin. We cannot undertake to match goods. Girls' drawers are made either loose, or with a band at the knee; it is a matter of taste.

"J. R."—The "prevailing fashion of arranging shawls," is to cut them up into sacks. Shawls, as shawls, are not now fashionably worn. You could give a light shawl a dressy appearance, however, by fastening it in folds high upon the shoulders, and allowing it to droop at the back. We have never heard of the "Victoria" Manufacturing Company.

"LAURA."—You may write your name in ink, but not with lead-pencil, upon a visiting card. You may, however, add your address, or a message you wish to convey, in pencil, provided it bears the evidence of having been done for convenience' sake merely, and not ceremoniously. The most elegant cards are printed in written-letter type, married ladies using the prefix of "Mrs.," young ladies plain Augusta, Mary, or Georgiana Blank. Ladies use large square cards, gentlemen small smooth ones.

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In making a call, you should first inquire if the ladies are at home, and then send your card. If they are not at home, leave your card with a servant.

It is not necessary to shake hands at all when making a call upon a mere acquaintance. Such a familiarity is reserved for friends.

Notes should be written on small, square note-paper, leaving plenty of margin.

The best stationers furnish plain cases of dark morocco for cards.

"AGATHA."—Your silk would die any dark color, if it is of good quality. We would suggest purple, or garnet. In this city it would cost three to five dollars, exclusive of cost of transfer, and could be safely sent to the Staten Island Dyeing House, in Duane street, this city.

"M. H."—There are no "good" imitations of mink fur. A very nice set for a young lady could be purchased for forty dollars, probably two for seventy dollars. Squirrel, grebe, Astrachan, and Alaska furs, are all pretty, and less expensive than mink. It is better to buy a genuine fur of some kind than an imitation, which deceives no one but the very ignorant

"F."—Trim your white silk with white illusion puffings, white blonde, and delicate white flowers, mixed with orange blossoms. If there is no upperskirt, put the puffings in clusters, three in a cluster and three clusters, spaced between. Square neck, filled in with tulle or blonde. Bodice trimmed square, with tulle puffings and blonde. Antique sleeves. The bridesmaids' dresses of white alpaca should be trimmed with ruches of blue satin and white chenille, or knotted fringe.

Trim your green silk with white lace, and green silk ruchings feathered out.

Make your black silk into a suit, and trim it with ruffles of the same, bound with the same, and headed with a broad band of rich black velvet. Make your upperskirt long at the back, with side *paniers*, and a belt with a point turning down in front. Add bretelles, and it can be used for wear with any other dress. Get a handsome gray serge, or brown poplin, for a traveling-costume, and add one of the new, convenient, and popular shawl costumes, for rainy weather, or to slip on over it. It would be all the wrap needed.

AN intelligent subscriber writes us:

"EDITOR DEMOREST—Perhaps you are not fully aware of the fact that borrowing is one of the greatest drawbacks in your business. Many who are now subscribers have decided to make this their last year, as they say they would as soon not take it at all, as to have it loaned all the time. Others would subscribe, but they think they can borrow, which will be cheaper; or, if they were to subscribe, they think it would be as much their borrowers' as theirs. So you see that borrowing is in the way of those who would subscribe and those who are now subscribing.

"FINKLEA."

It would be a great gain to us as well as our subscribers, if the latter would refuse to lend their Magazines at all. We give all that it is possible to give for the money we receive; and it is a direct fraud upon us, as well as upon the real owner, for persons to make a habit of "borrowing" books which they never pay for. If they could once see that it is in effect precisely the same as asking, each time, for the loan of twenty-five or thirty cents that they never intend to pay, some of them would certainly stop doing it, and obtain the book by more reputable means.

We sell our dress chart by the quantity to agents, and allow them to canvass how or where they choose. You will find terms for branches on the cover of the Magazine.

"SALLIE."—If a gentleman writes you a very formal note, can not you adopt his formula to some extent in replying—

"Miss Sallie Green accepts with pleasure Mr. Tom Brown's kind invitation."

"Miss Sallie Green regrets that sickness, or a prior engagement (or something else, whatever it is), compels her to decline Mr. Tom Brown's kind invitation, for this or next Sunday evening."

"RUTH H. G"—Opera flannel or plain merino, cut gored, and braided or trimmed with narrow plaited ruffles bound with braid, makes the most suitable winter dresses for a little boy less than a year old; with these let him wear high white "bird's eye" aprons; have little sacks to match, and a knitted woolen coat and hat for out of doors, and he is fixed. Gored dress and apron patterns are 25 cts. and 50 cts. each; opera flannel 62 cts. to 75 cts. per yard, and "bird's eye" diaper 80 cts. For little girls, all-wool delaine, merino, and cashmere, are best, with white *molleton* paletot for the street, and gored, high-necked white aprons for the house. The half-fitting jacket with basque is newer than the sailor jacket.

"VOTRE AMI."—"Jennie June's" later "Talks with Women" have not yet been published in book form. Some years ago a book from her pen—"Talks on Women's Topics"—was published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and had a large sale. It is one of the best gift-books for young women to be found in the language. We will mail you a copy on receipt of $1.50, or as a club premium for two subscribers, or you may send for it to Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"JESSIE."—If you have not yet discovered how dresses are gored, you had better buy a pattern of a gored dress skirt; we should despair of making it clear to you on paper. Skirts are plaited to the waist. Black satin sash would not be mourning; black *gros-grain* ribbon would be better. Jet jewelry is generally worn for mourning. Hats are more worn than bonnets by young ladies.

"MOLLIE C. D."—We should advise you to go in and establish your store by all means. We will purchase for you C. O. D., but we have quite as much business on hand now as we can manage. Five hundred dollars ought to be enough to make a beginning and become a "branch" of our house. The latter fact alone would give you *prestige*, and then there is the advantage of filling up space with attractive stock that costs little and brings an immediate return.

"MAMIE B."—White satin and white *gros-grain* are equally fashionable for bridal dresses. The latter is newer than plain satin, but not so *distingué* as satin brocade.

"IONE."—Orange-flowers are strictly reserved for brides. For a young lady to wear a wreath of such to a party, would be to expose herself to all sorts of squibs and jokes.

"SHIRLEY KEELDAR."—A handsome set of dark brown curls would cost you from fifteen to twenty-five dollars; a pair of white satin jean boots, seven to ten dollars. We could send them by express. A dress of gray wool *satine* would make you a handsome traveling-dress for this month. The bride elect sends cards of invitation to the family of the groom. It is very bad pronunciation to make rather sound like *rother*. Gentlemen do not usually approach a lady who is engaged in talking to another; but if one should do so, of course she must introduce them to each other.

"GIRL OF THE PERIOD."—We neither use nor pay for copied articles.

"CLARA."—We should think your sample better suited for a traveling than an evening dress. Buy a cheap canary-colored silk for evening, and trim it with your black lace. Swiss dresses are made with overskirts, and trimmed with fluted ruffles of graduating widths. You can stiffen your black lace with a solution of gum arabic.

"EDNA L."—"White" is not mourning at all, but it is admissible with black trimmings, for home wear. Cuffs of plain linen with a narrow black border are now in mourning. Gray, and white and black, are worn for second mourning. The length of time for which mourning is worn depends upon nearness of relationship, and sometimes upon convenience. One year is the average. *Mon chère amie* is pronounced Mong s..are ah-me.

"C. M. L."—A gray imperial serge, or white and black striped silk would make you a handsome semi-mourning traveling-suit. In the latter case, you should trim the dress with ruchings of black silk, put on in clusters of box-plaits spaced between, and fill the spaces with box-plaiting of white silk, all feathered out. This would be very handsome and effective.

"MINNIE."—There is no occasion for putting side gores at the bottom of the front breadth. Gore it from the bottom. More fullness is allowed in the front and sides than formerly; it is not gathered, it is put on in single plaits set on ruffles cut from a striped material all one way, of course. Waists are still cut high on the shoulder, and the upper part of the sleeve longer than the under part.

"ETHIE."—12 A. M., or 7 P. M., are the fashionable hours for bridal ceremonies at church. A bridal vail would cost about $10, exclusive of the wreath. Two yards and a quarter at the back is long enough for a bride's dress.

Two yards and a half is a good length for sheets; the top hem should be two inches deep. Sewing done by hand costs much more than sewing done by machine. "Leno" cloth is a thick kind of wool barege. It was formerly known as Mozambique cloth. Aguilar is pronounced *Ah-gwee-lar*.

"A. EVANS."—Delmonico's up-town restaurant is corner Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street. A "light lunch" there would cost from fifty cents to a dollar, and might consist of sandwiches and a cup of tea or chocolate, or sandwiches and cake and ice-cream.

"G. H. H."—The etiquette of turning down the corners of visiting-cards is simply this: If you wish to make a call of sympathy, or congratulation, or farewell, you write across the corner of your card, *Condolence*, or *Felicitation*, or *Adieu*, or *Au revoir*. Should the lady visited not be at home, you turn down the corner of your card over the word.

The mistress of the house always occupies the head of the table, the husband the foot, unless, as some do, they prefer to occupy the opposite sides; then the lady takes the one nearest the mantel-piece, the gentleman the one nearest the door The lady leads the way to and from the table.

"CARRIE STANLEY."—Good agents and salesmen for business houses get first-rate salaries, and enjoy life very much, going from place to place and putting up at the best hotels. There is no reason why women should not engage in such business—they are perfectly capable of it—only, as there is no sex in business, they must expect to be wide-awake, and "push things," as men do—not carry nerves and headaches along with them. We do not employ agents in this way, ourselves, but you could probably make an excellent living by buying samples, and taking orders from stores for many things that we have for sale.

"INQUIRER."—"Banting" is the name of the man who discovered a method of reducing his own enormous corpulency, and gave it to the world, where it is known as the "Banting" system.

"UNFORTUNATE."—The business of real estate agents requires very little capital; it is simply necessary that the office should be in a thoroughfare, and the party, male or female, active, enterprising, and possessed of sound judgment. It is a business for which women are much better fitted than men—especially for that part of it which relates to the renting of houses. We should advise you, by all means, to go into some active business.

A LADY writes from Duncannon:

"DEAR DEMOREST—We have received 'The Pic-Nic on the Fourth of July,' and the club are all very much pleased with it. We think it handsome—indeed, worth the whole cost of the Magazine. I have received, also, my beautiful present: 'Shakespeare's Complete Works.' I must confess I was surprised. I thought it could not be, it was so unexpected. Nothing could have pleased me better. I am very thankful to you for it, indeed.

"MRS. T. B. S."

"A READER."—Fur trimming will be fashionable this winter, and, therefore, swansdown; in all probability it will be very fashionable.

"MRS. W."—The last name is the one which supplies the initial for note-paper; but an artistic monogram, which includes all the initials, is most fashionable. Dresses made with waists, fitted at the back but loose in front, and confined by drawing-strings, over which a belt or sash may be worn, is the most comfortable dress for a lady at the time you specify. Skirts and jackets are untidy, and increase the apparent size.

"MINNIE V."—You can not have much in the way of refreshments, at your wedding, without setting a table. Cake, lemonade, ice-cream, and fruit would be all you would require. Have plenty of these, of choice kinds, and no one will complain.

"BELLA."—Sixteen or seventeen years of age is quite too young to marry. Overskirts are cut long.

MADAME DEMOREST'S TEAS.

BY A TEA-TOPER.

DELICIOUS drink which cheers the soul,
Exempt from ills which haunt the bowl,
My lips grow moist when I behold
Oolongs and Hysons, young and old.
Rare fruits from the Celestial land,
Ethereal leaves the spice-winds fanned,
Superior to all other teas
That ever crossed the sobbing seas;
Souchong and teas of every name,
That poets praise and crown with fame.
Empress of Fashion, we drink to thee
A health—in a full cup of tea.

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We want an enterprising and active agent or canvasser in every section of our country. There is hardly a place so behind the age as not to appreciate the advantages of taking DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, and it needs only an active and determined effort to secure a list of subscribers in every Post Office district in the United States. Our extraordinary premiums to single subscribers will take people by surprise when they understand that they are *bona fide* in every particular, and, in most cases, worth more than the whole cost of the MAGAZINE; and the club premiums will be called for from every city and town in the United States.

The simplest, most useful, popular, reliable, and best sewing-machine, a **Grover & Baker,** price $55, will be given for only 20 subscribers to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE at $3 each, without the premiums to each single subscriber; or for 30 subscribers at $3 each, with a premium worth from $2 to $10 to each subscriber. Or a Grover & Baker Sewing-Machine for 20 subscribers at $3 each, and $15 extra in cash, with a premium worth from $2 to $10 to each subscriber; or for 10 subscribers at $3 each, and $15 extra in cash and without the premium to each single subscriber.

OUR BEAUTIFUL CHROMOS.—The announcement that we would send a handsome Chromo picture, large in size, choice in subject and treatment, to each subscriber to the MAGAZINE, has been received with surprise and enthusiasm, and the opportunity to obtain, for a three dollar subscription, a picture worth three times the money, with the Magazine thrown in, is certainly one that does not often occur. We expect, from present appearances, that it will increase our subscription-list to 100,000 by the first of January. Already, clubs of sixty to one hundred subscribers have been sent in for 1871.

COMMENCE ANY TIME.

You can commence your yearly subscription with any month in the year you choose, or, if you prefer, for *seventy-five cents* extra, we will send the Magazine for October, November, and December, and credit your regular year from the first of January.

THE MONITOR CLOTHES WRINGER.

The Clothes Wringer is now an indispensable article of household use, and we are glad to be able to call attention to any improvement which adds to their efficiency and durability. The new "Monitor" Clothes Wringer claims superiority on the ground that the rollers are made of solid white rubber clear to the shaft, instead of natural rubber colored as heretofore with black lead, which can be obtained much cheaper. We have reason to know that the *Monitor* is an excellent wringer, and have concluded to add it to our extensive list of premiums. A wringer will be sent to any person forwarding a club of 8 subscribers at $3 each.

We would call attention of our readers to the advertisement of S. R. Wells. It will be seen that he can still furnish copies of the August number of his Journal with what is really a fine portrait and an accurate biographical sketch of MME. DEMOREST. Our readers will all be interested in this.

AMOUNTS of $3 or less can be sent in United States currency, inclosed in a letter. Our arrangements with the Post-office render it scarcely possible that any loss should occur.

Larger sums may be more securely sent by money order, or in a registered letter; or, you can secure a draft, which is easily obtained by taking your money to a bank in the place of your residence, and they will give you a draft on some bank in New York, payable to the order of W. Jennings Demorest. No one can obtain the money on an order or draft without our endorsement.

Address
W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,
838 Broadway, New York.

FACTS FOR ADVERTISERS.

THERE are now just about 5,000 periodicals published in the United States, which include all the various kinds of newspapers and magazines.

Out of this 5,000 there are only about 25 that have the circulation of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, not more than 20 that have the number of yearly subscribers, and not one of all of them that has as many first-class readers, and the only one with an equal circulation that has been established as long as ours which has increased during the last year.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

ORDINARY pages, 75 cents per line solid agate space. Four lines or less, $3. Page next to reading matter, $1 per line. Business Notices, solid agate space, $1.25 per line. On ordinary pages no extra charge for cuts or display.

OUR ADVERTISING PAGES.

We aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers: to exclude whatever is pernicious, at whatever sacrifice; and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely as represented.

Advertisers will please understand that the extent of our circulation renders it necessary that they should send in their advertisements by the twentieth of the month to secure insertion in the following issue.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Interesting to Ladies.—"The Ladies of my family have had the privilege of using a GROVER & BAKER SEWING-MACHINE for more than thirteen years, and of comparing it with other machines esteemed by many, and now are able to express the opinion that they believe it is not surpassed by any other in use. Its durability, simplicity, and ease of management, combined with other qualities, render it pre-eminent in their esteem."—*John B. Clemson, D. D., Claymont, Del.*

The Phrenological Journal.—This has come to be one of the *standard* MAGAZINES of the day. It is now in its 51*st volume*, and during the present year many decided improvements have been made, the most important of which is the change in form from the quarto to the octavo, which in a journal of this class is decidedly preferable. It has one advantage over the most of magazines—it is only $3.00 a year and 30 cents a number. For what is believed to be one of the most liberal offers, see advertisement ($16.00 for $5.00), in this number. A specimen will be sent to every reader of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE who will send address with 15 cents to the publisher, S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

La Belle Fleurette Polka.

By W. VIENNA J. DEMOREST. A sprightly composition, full of rich melody, and of medium difficulty, with very fine chromo title. Performed at the Central and all the New York Park Concerts, and by nearly all the principal bands. Price 50 cents. Plain title, 30 cents. Mailed free. Published by C. H. DITSON & CO., 547 Broadway, New York.

A GREAT OFFER.

HORACE WATERS
No. 481 Broadway, New York,

Will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs, of six first-class makers, including Chickering & Sons, at extremely Low Prices for Cash during this Month, or will take from $4 to $20 Monthly until paid; the same to Let, and rent money applied if purchased.

SONGS OF SEVEN. By Jean Ingelow. Cabinet Edition. This beautiful Poem, got up in elegant style on fine heavy tinted paper, and beautifully illustrated with steel and wood engravings, and accompanied with original and appropriate music by the best composers, in a fine cover—blue, cream and gold—and gilt edges, making a very appropriate gift-book. Price only 25 cents, or elegantly bound in cloth and gilt, 50 cents. Mailed post free on receipt of price. Address

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,
838 Broadway, N. Y.

THE RAVEN. By Edgar A. Poe. And

SONG OF THE BELL. By Schiller. Got up in the same beautiful style, comprising original music, elegant steel and wood engravings, etc., etc. Price 25 cents, or elegantly bound in cloth and gilt, 50 cents. Mailed post free. Address as above.

Or, the whole three for 60 cents, or elegantly bound in cloth and gilt, $1.00. Sent post free.

HULL'S
TRANSPARENT
GLYCERINE SOAP.

Containing nearly 40 per cent. of Glycerine. For the toilet, and children, the best beyond comparison.

Sold everywhere,
And by Manufacturer, 32 Park Row, N. Y.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"There is a Land of Pure Delight."

Solo, Duet, Trio and Quartet, composed and arranged by W. VIENNA J. DEMOREST, for the words of this beautiful hymn. Suitable for an Opening Church Service or a Voluntary. Price 50 cents. Mailed free on receipt of price. WM. A. POND & CO., 547 Broadway, N. Y.

THE DECKER BROS'.
PATENT
Grand and Square
PIANOFORTES,
BEING CONSTRUCTED UPON
A System Superior to any other,
are pronounced
BY THE PROFESSION
to be the
FINEST INSTRUMENTS BUILT.
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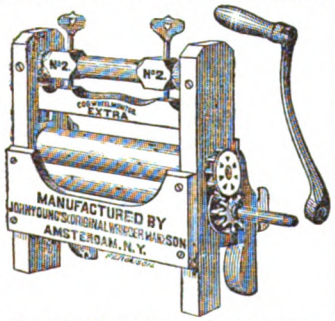

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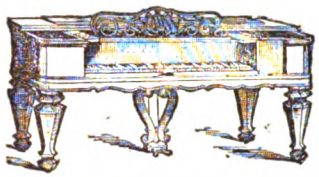

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From the Montreal Witness.

The New York TRIBUNE has gone far ahead of all the newspapers of this continent in getting the war news. It has a special with the French army, another with the Prussian army, or as near as each can get to the seat of war, and a third in London to collect and forward the latest news. All this correspondence is forwarded regularly by cable, at a cost, it is reported, of nearly $1,000 a day. The war news telegraphed all over the United States is all, or nearly all, from this TRIBUNE correspondence, and the alleged special dispatches which appear in other New York papers are said to be concocted in New York from it.

From the Hartford Post.

The success of the New York TRIBUNE in getting dispatches from the seat of war has excited the envy of some of the other papers, which have set to work to manufacture telegrams for themselves.

From the Portland Press.

The public are greatly indebted to the New York TRIBUNE for its prompt and full reports of everything that transpires at the scene of hostilities. Greeley seems to be renewing his youth. Other papers were pluming themselves upon their superiority to the TRIBUNE, but that journal comes out ahead.

From the Omaha Tribune.

The New York TRIBUNE is doing more to give American readers a knowledge of the important events which are transpiring on the continent of Europe than all the rest of the newspapers put together. The *Herald*, which boasts of its enterprise and energy, has, in regard to the present war news, been put entirely into the shade by the TRIBUNE. The Press of the country is under obligations to the TRIBUNE.

From the New Yorker Journal, German and Democratic.

The New York TRIBUNE has not only the merit of declaring itself in its editorial columns in favor of the cause of Germany in the impending war, it also brings from its English correspondent special cable dispatches, which, brief as they may be, are more instructive and contain more information than the long, vague and confused cable dispatches of the Associated Press and the American Press Association taken together. The latter we would advise to engage the correspondent of the TRIBUNE as its chief agent in Europe.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, 28th July.

The TRIBUNE is exhibiting commendable enterprise in furnishing movements of the Prussian and French armies, and news from all the capitals of Europe. It is far ahead of its contemporaries in this respect. It furnishes a column or two every morning of special news from all points of Europe where anything of interest is occurring. Yesterday it turned out nearly three columns by the cable. Great as the London *Times* is in furnishing news, it never exhibited enterprise on such a costly scale as the TRIBUNE is doing.

From the Hartford Courant, July 26.

We are favored with special dispatches from the seat of war which appear in the New York TRIBUNE this morning. The TRIBUNE has boasted less than some other journals, but has thus far distanced them all.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, July 27.

The New York TRIBUNE has done decidedly more in the way of getting news from Europe than any of the other papers of the country, and shows an enterprise worthy of imitation. It has a correspondent at the French headquarters, which no other paper has, and it has had from half a column to a column and a half of special dispatches by the Atlantic Cable every day of late. The other New York papers, even the boasting *Herald*, are nowhere in comparison.

From the Rochester Express.

We wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to the New York TRIBUNE for the fullest and most accurate information which has yet been obtained from the war in Europe. We invariably consult the first page of the TRIBUNE for our war news.

From the San Francisco Alta California.

The TRIBUNE leads the press of the world, so far as we know, in the copiousness and accuracy of its reports from the war, and we receive news of battles before the smoke of the fight has cleared away. To the TRIBUNE we are largely indebted for this marvelous dispatch.

From the Boston News.

The New York TRIBUNE has made this European war the occasion of one of its most splendid journalistic triumphs.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Thus far the New York TRIBUNE has alone supplied readers with news from the seat of war by telegraph, the cost being from $600 to $1,000 per day.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

The New York TRIBUNE, in its arrangements for news, is the only paper that has had reports of any value, and its specials from the seat of war are more full and reliable than anything published in this country or Europe.

From the Boston Congregationalist.

The New York TRIBUNE publishes from one to three columns daily of special telegraphic dispatches from its European correspondents about the war, and clearly has well-informed writers near both the French and Prussian armies. The other Journals look on in a sort of stupor of admiration at such audacity, several mustering self-possession enough to speak warmly in praise thereof. Why they do not imitate this enterprise does not appear.

From the St. Paul Press.

The New York TRIBUNE'S costly enterprise in securing special cable telegrams, containing full details of the latest European news, is the subject of very general remark and commendation by the Western press especially. The TRIBUNE'S dispatches have thus far given altogether the clearest and best account of the European situation. Money thus spent is never wasted. We suppose that the vast circulation of the TRIBUNE will be speedily doubled by its "sharp and decisive" war measures.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The only American correspondents that have as yet sent any information from the seat of war are those of the New York TRIBUNE, which has distanced all competitors by the promptness and fullness of its intelligence.

From the Chicago Republican.

The New York TRIBUNE is exhibiting so much enterprise in securing telegraphic advices relative to the war situation—an enterprise so very much greater and more liberal than that developed by any of its city contemporaries—that we can not refrain from rendering to that journal the praise which is so richly the recompense of its reward. To the fullness, excellence, and reliability of its news about the European war, the whole country is principally indebted for the variety of information which the interior press are able every day to lay before their readers. Unless the other New York papers brush up, they will never reach the "distance pole" in the present news race.

Constant complaints reach us from friends who, owing to the largely increased demand for the TRIBUNE, are unable to procure it on railroad and steamboat lines, or at news-stands. News-agents are steadily increasing their orders, but in many cases they seem still not to make sufficient provision for the public demand. Persons who are unable otherwise to secure the TRIBUNE, can always receive it by mail by sending their orders direct to the office.

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Sweet Memories.

Words by T. FINLAY FINLAYSON. **Composed by CHARLES FRADEL.**

Moderato.

VOICE.
PIANO.
Oft mem-'ry will re - call the past, And
bring us back once more Those scenes that are for ev - er fled, Those dear ones we a -
- dore; And while those sweet il - lu - sions last, They spare us many a sigh, From
all our care and trou - bles led, We live in days gone by. In hap - py dream we
dim.

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cres.
p
wan - der o'er Our childhood's sun - ny days, And old com - pan - ions come once more With
cres.
dear fa - mil - iar way, Those scenes that in our hearts we store, In vis - ions we be -
- hold, When in the realm where fan - cy sways With mem - o - ries of old. Oft
mem - 'ry will re - call the past, And bring us back once more Those scenes that are for
ev - er fled, Those dear ones we a - dore.
rit.

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DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

THE MILLER.

I SEE the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size;
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow wise smile, that, round about
His dusty forehead dryly curled,
Seemed half-within and half-without,
And full of dealings with the world?

IN yonder chair I see him sit,
Three fingers round the old silver cup—
I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
At his own jest—gray eyes lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear and whole,
His memory scarce can make me sad.

YET fill my glass: give me one kiss:
My own sweet Alice, we must die.
There's somewhat in this world amiss
Shall be unriddled by-and-by.
There's somewhat flows to us in life,
But more is taken quite away.
Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wife,
That we may die the self-same day.

"MY OWN SWEET ALICE."

HAVE I not found a happy earth?
I least should breathe a thought of pain.
Would God renew me from my birth,
I'd almost live my life again.
So sweet it seems with thee to walk,
And once again to woo thee mine—
It seems in after-dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine—

TO be the lone and listless boy
Late-left an orphan of the squire,
Where this old mansion mounted high
Looks down upon the village spire:
For even here, where I and you
Have lived and loved alone so long,
Each morn my sleep was broken through
By some wild skylark's matin-song.

AND oft I heard the tender dove
In firry woodlands making moan;
But ere I saw your eyes, my love,
I had no motion of my own.
For scarce my life with fancy played
Before I dreamed that pleasant dream—
Still hither thither idly swayed,
Like those long mosses in the stream.

"OR FROM THE BRIDGE I LEANED."

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OR from the bridge I leaned to hear
The milldam rushing down with noise,
And see the minnows everywhere
In crystal eddies glance and poise,
The tall flag-flowers when they sprung
Below the range of stepping-stones,
Or those three chestnuts near, that hung
In masses thick with milky cones.

"ROVING IN THE WOODS."

BUT, Alice, what an hour was that,
When, after roving in the woods
('Twas April then), I came and sat
Below the chestnuts, when their buds
Were glistening to the breezy blue;
And on the slope, an absent fool,
I cast me down, nor thought of you,
But angled in the higher pool.

A LOVE-SONG I had somewhere read,
An echo from a measured strain,
Beat time to nothing in my head,
From some odd corner of the brain.
It haunted me the morning long,
With weary sameness in the rhymes,
The phantom of a silent song,
That went and came a thousand times.

THEN leapt a trout. In lazy mood
I watched the little circles die;
They passed into the level flood,
And there a vision caught my eye:
The reflex of a beauteous form,
A glowing arm, a gleaming neck,
As when a sunbeam wavers warm
Within the dark and dimpled beck.

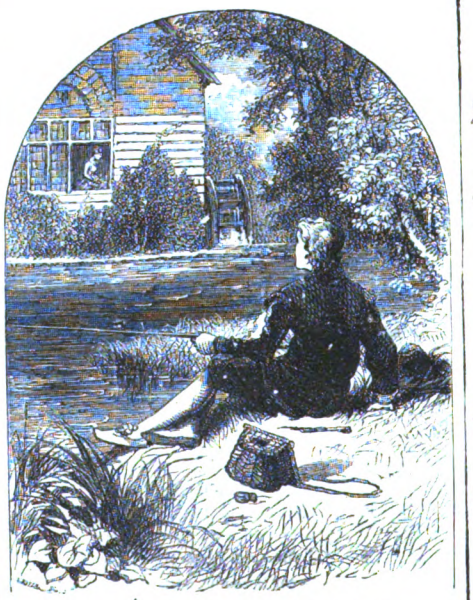
FOR you remember you had set,
That morning, on the casement's edge
A long green box of mignonette,
And you were leaning from the ledge:
And when I raised my eyes, above
They met with two so full and bright—
Such eyes! I swear to you, my love,
That these have never lost their light.

I LOVED, and love dispelled the fear
That I should die an early death;
For love possessed the atmosphere,
And fill'd the breast with purer breath.
My mother thought, What ails the boy?
For I was altered, and began
To move about the house with joy,
And with the certain step of man.

I LOVED the brimming wave that swam
Through quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal.

AND oft in ramblings on the wold,
When April nights began to blow,
And April's crescent glimmered cold,
I saw the village lights below;
I knew your taper far away,
And, full at heart of trembling hope,
From off the wold I came and lay,
Upon the freshly-flowered slope.

THE deep brook groaned beneath the mill;
And "by that lamp," I thought, "she sits!"
The white-chalk quarry from the hill
Gleamed to the flying moon by fits.
"Oh, that I were beside her now!
Oh, will she answer if I call?
Oh, would she give me vow for vow,
Sweet Alice, if I told her all?"



"FROM OFF THE WOLD I CAME AND LAY UPON THE FRESHLY-FLOWERED SLOPE."

SOMETIMES I saw you sit and spin;
And, in the pauses of the wind,
Sometimes I heard you sing within;
Sometimes your shadow crossed the blind.
At last you rose and moved the light,
And the long shadow of the chair
Flitted across into the night,
And all the casement darkened there.

"BUT WHEN AT LAST I DARED TO SPEAK."

BUT when at last I dared to speak,
The lanes, you know, were white with May,
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
Flushed like the coming of the day;
And so it was—half-sly, half-shy.
You would, and would not, little one!
Although I pleaded tenderly,
And you and I were all alone.

AND slowly was my mother brought
To yield consent to my desire:
She wished me happy, but she thought
I might have looked a little higher;
And I was young—too young to wed:
"Yet must I love her for your sake;
Go fetch your Alice here," she said:
Her eyelid quivered as she spake.

AND down I went to fetch my bride:
But, Alice, you were ill at ease;
This dress and that by turns you tried,
Too fearful that you should not please.
I loved you better for your fears,
I knew you could not look but well:
And dews, that would have fallen in tears,
I kissed away before they fell.

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"APPROACHING, PRESSED YOU HEART TO HEART."

I WATCHED the little flutterings,
The doubt my mother would not see;
She spoke at large of many things,
And at the last she spoke of me,
And, turning, looked upon your face,
As near this door you sat apart,
And rose, and, with a silent grace
Approaching, pressed you heart to heart.

"WHEN, ARM IN ARM, WE WENT ALONG."

AH, well—but sing the foolish song
I gave you, Alice, on the day
When, arm in arm, we went along,
A pensive pair, and you were gay
With bridal flowers—that I may seem,
As in the nights of old, to lie
Beside the mill-wheel in the stream,
While those full chestnuts whisper by.

IT is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear:
For, hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

AND I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest:
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

AND I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night.

A TRIFLE, sweet! which true love spells—
True love interprets—right alone.
His light upon the letter dwells,
For all the spirit is his own.
So, if I waste words now, in truth,
You must blame Love. His early rage
Had force to make me rhyme in youth,
And makes me talk too much in age.

AND now those vivid hours are gone,
Like mine own life to me thou art,
Where Past and Present, wound in one,
Do make a garland for the heart:
So sing that other song I made,
Half-angered with my happy lot,
The day when in the chestnut-shade
I found the blue Forget-me-not.

LOVE that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set.
Many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is Love the debt,
Even so.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

LOVE is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vague regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet.
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget:
Ah, no! no!

LOOK thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other dearer life in life,
Look thro' my very soul with thine!
Untouched with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes forever dwell!
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.

YET tears they shed: they had their part
Of sorrow: for, when time was ripe,
The still affection of the heart
Became an outward breathing type,
That into stillness passed again,
And left a want unknown before;
Although the loss that brought us pain,
That loss but made us love the more,

"ARISE, AND LET US WANDER FORTH."

WITH further lookings on. The kiss,
The woven arms, seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
The comfort, I have found in thee:
But that God bless thee, dear—who wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind—
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find.

ARISE, and let us wander forth,
To yon old mill across the wolds;
For look, the sunset, south and north,
Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
And fires your narrow casement glass,
Touching the sullen pool below:
On the chalk-hill the bearded grass
Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

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MRS. GERRISHTON.

BY DAISY DUTTON.

"GOOD-BY, Mrs. Gerrishton."

"Good-by!"

Edna leaned forward in the coach and put out her little hand, which the gentleman took, bowed over deferentially, and released, casting a quick glance at her face as he did so; but her vail was closely drawn, and she had already turned away her head as though her "good-by" implied her final dismissal of him. The coach whirled rapidly away, and Edna settled herself back as luxuriously as the case would permit into the corner of her seat, which was the front one, thinking how much more kind and attentive to strangers were the gentlemen whom she had met in the West than those whose reluctant courtesy she had been accustomed to accept, under similar circumstances, in the East.

"There," mused she, "they merely take a melancholy satisfaction in being polite to you, because they think it a gentleman's duty in the abstract to do so. Here they spring with alacrity to wait upon a lady, be she old or young, or ugly, and minister with martyr-like devotion to her lightest wish. At least such has been my experience, and I am the soberest and plainest of feminines. Mr. A——, this morning, was indefatigable, not to say officious, in his little kindnesses to me, through his compassion for lone and unprotected females. Indeed he took as profound an interest in the safety of my trunks and bandboxes as though he possessed the lion's share himself therein."

It was not the first time the observant little lady had made this reflection, for she had long diligently compared the two species of the *genus homo*, and arrived at a decision unanimously in favor of the lords of the Western creation. But the heart of Edna Gerrishton was very, very sad, and, as the lovely little city of Denver disappeared in the distance, her thoughts returned to herself, bringing back upon her the burden of her life, from which had long ago vanished all the brightness and glory of existence. She had scarcely noticed the other passengers in the coach, of which there were two, occupying the back seat. One, a stout, good-natured old lady, who had been curiously observing her ever since her entrance into the coach, and the other a dark, distinguished-looking gentleman, comfortably wrapped in his great-coat and beaver (for the wind which fled down the mountains blew chilly across the plain), whose face was partially concealed from view by a heavy beard and a black traveling hat, which he had pulled down over his eyes, evidently for the purpose of protecting them from the light. Edna, having merely glanced at the two, was satisfied, and forgot herself again in her musings. It was now nearly a year since she had lost her husband, who was formerly an officer under General C——'s command, and had been killed in the mountains in an engagement with the Indians.

Though a brave and high-spirited officer, whose skill and daring were well known, Lieutenant Gerrishton had never been kind to her during the half-dozen years of their union. Suspecting soon after his marriage that his wife's heart did not belong to him, and being jealous and exacting by nature, his harsh and tyrannical conduct soon converted the Platonic friendship she had at first felt for him into fear and indifference. Nevertheless Edna had been a faithful and dutiful wife to him, if not a loving one. Too reserved to mingle largely in the world around her, and finding little congeniality with her own feelings when she did, Edna, whose disposition was strongly tinctured with melancholy, had had ample opportunity to brood over the trials of her wedded life, and to arrive at the knowledge (which wiser heads than hers had discovered later in life) that there is little on this terrestrial ball really worth living for.

Lieutenant Gerrishton had taken up his residence in Denver a year before his death, from whence Edna—grown restless and desirous of change, which had become almost a necessity for her now, so accustomed had she grown to the predatory habits of her husband—was departing for a permanent home with her own family in California. It was a delightful morning in spring, and the sunshine smiled like a glory on the hills. A faint perfume of wild flowers, straying upon the air, greeted the senses of Mrs. Gerrishton in the midst of her retrospections. Then she was quite aroused by hearing a feminine voice, which proceeded from the opposite seat, saying,—

"I guess, sir, if it'll not make no difference to you, sir, I'll just give my dog a lift up here on the seat betwixt us, as he's chokin' to death in the dust and straw down there under the seat."

The gentleman quickly aroused himself.

"Certainly, Madam, if you desire it. I will lift him up myself."

The old lady's sole anxiety appeared to lie in the welfare of her dog, which she had been fondling and caressing all the morning—said dog being a huge, over-fed specimen of caninity, with an exceedingly vicious countenance and a pug tail.

Her fellow-traveller bent over to raise the unwieldly animal, which snapped and bit at him, and otherwise made every endeavor to resist his efforts, and would not get up on the seat himself.

Edna's large eyes were fully opened now, and she watched the trio from behind her vail with an irrepressible smile on her lips. Sorrow had not yet destroyed her keen relish for the ludicrous, and she could see that the gentleman highly appreciated the embarrassing situation into which his politeness had forced him. Though Edna had previously taken no notice of him, yet he had of her, and had been a quiet observer of the slender little figure seated opposite him, with something sad about it in its somber mourning-weeds and graceful, listless attitude. Finally, by the united efforts of the old lady and the much-enduring gentleman, the amiable dog was snugly ensconced upon the seat between them, much to the augmentation of his own enjoyment and the discomfort of his benefactors.

"You see," pursued the old lady, "I paid half a dollar extra for the passage of that 'ere dog, and it's my opinion he's entitled to a *leetle* of the privileges of other passengers."

"Undoubtedly, Madam," said the gentleman with undisturbed gravity. "We must respect the claims of such a dog," glancing with inward rage at the rent and other minor scratches inflicted on his glove by the teeth of his canine fellow-traveler.

Something strangely familiar in his voice made the heart of Edna leap with sudden, electric thrills. She darted a glance at his face and, as the light of memory dawned upon her, her doubt became certainty. Away back in the golden age of her girlhood, Edna had known and loved this man with an intensity that, with women like her, endures a lifetime. They had been familiar friends, although she was his junior by many years; but, though fond of her, he had probably never thought of asking his quiet little favorite to be his wife; and so he had left her in those days without ever knowing how entirely her heart was his own. Edda knew that all the light of her youth had burned out in the blight that this misplaced love had brought upon it. That was years ago; but the darkness of its great anguish yet overshadowed her heart, and would never be lifted from it. Sober, quiet little Edna! She would have given worlds never to have met him again. The blood beat tumultuously into her brain, dizzying her with its impetuosity. She felt her face flush and pale alternately with feverish agitation, and, shivering with nervous dread, she shrank closer into the corner of her seat, thankful that her silence and reserve had prevented them from addressing to her any of those common-places customary between fellow-passengers.

At noon the stage stopped before a station by the wayside, the postillion calling to those on the inside to get out and take dinner here. The old lady, who had stated that this was her home, scrambled out with her dog with such surprising agility that she was on the ground before the gentleman could alight and offer his assistance. Edna rose from her seat, numb and cold, and stumbled to the door of the coach. He was standing there, and, with a quiet "Permit me, Madam," lifted her down and set her on her feet. But the rocking of the coach had transmitted its motion to her body, and, as she stood suddenly still, a faintness seized her, and she would have fallen had he not caught her as she was sinking. With grave courtesy he offered her his arm—she knew he would have done so had she been Mrs. Methuselah—and, leaning upon it, she walked into the house.

The table in the dining-room was smoking with victuals, but Edna, feeling that she could not eat a mouthful and dreading to meet her traveling-companion there, pleaded indisposition to the landlady and walked out again in the open air. Around the building she found few objects of interest. A German, whose appearance testified his recent arrival from the land of his forefathers, was seated on a bench under a cottonwood-tree, playing on a cracked accordeon, from which he elicited anything but inspiring strains, though Edna guessed from the rapt look in his rubicund countenance that he had himself undergone spiritual transportation to the seventh heaven of bliss by his performance. She requested of him to know where she could get a

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drink of water. The Dutchman, without breaking off in his tune, coolly returned:

"*Sie müssen Deutch sprachen, oder ich verstche ihnen nicht.*"

Edna stared at him an instant with her beautiful, astonished eyes, but, discovering at that moment where the fountain stood, she ran over to it and helped herself to water. Then she repaired to the coach again, and soon saw the gentleman and the postillion coming toward it. She had governed her feelings, habituated to self-control, so far as to contemplate with calmness this afternoon alone with the man for whose sake her life had been a desert. And yet it was not wholly without its own pensive sweetness, this profound, romantic grief of Edna's. She saw him place his firm, white hand—shapely and aristocratically formed—on the panel of the carriage-door and spring with one bound on the inside. The coachman took his station on the top, cracked his long whip, and the horses dashed along the level plains.

"Have you ever traveled this road before?" asked Mrs. Gerrishton's companion, making an effort to draw the silent lady into conversation.

"Often," came quietly from behind the vail, and there Edna stopped.

The gentleman betook himself to his paper and cigar, after discovering—as they generally do when they ask—that smoking was not disagreeable to her. And so the long afternoon waned slowly toward its close.

Edna, grown tired of her seat, knelt down in the bottom of the coach by the doorway, looking out on the rugged, grand outlines of the Black Hills, as they loomed up in the distance before her. She unloosed her vail from her face that she might better enjoy the sun-lit, solemn majesty of the place. A passing breeze caught at the light fabric and sent it flying across the inside of the coach. The gentleman, with instinctive gallantry, bent to pick it up, catching at the same time a gleam of chestnut curls from the doorway. Feeling the loss of her vail, Edna turned her head involuntarily, and he fixed his calm eyes full on her face—a face that was neither dark nor fair, the cheeks faintly flushed with the evening cold, wondrous hazel-dark eyes, and a bright, picturesque mouth which looked more beautiful and less sad when the lips were half-parted as they were now. Mutual exclamations of "Edna Gerrishton!" "Major Alton!" rung upon the air, and then he caught both her hands in his in a firm, strong pressure and drew her up very near to him on the seat by his side, gazing upon her with deep pleasure in his eyes and the same smile on his lips that she had always remembered.

"You have really grown handsome, Edna," he was saying after the first emotion of surprise was over, "nor do you look a day older than when I last saw you. Where have you been since Arthur died?' the latter hesitatingly, as though fearful of causing her pain.

"In Denver," said Edna, who was struggling to retain her composure.

"You are too delicate to travel alone, he rejoined, as he would have done years ago. "Where are you traveling now?"

"I am going to mamma," said Edna, choking back the passionate tears that filled her eyes, for her nerves had sustained a fearful tension all day, and now she felt that her strained self-possession was abandoning her.

"And your mamma is—where?"

"In California."

"A long way for you to travel, Edna, and you were always too much a child to take care of yourself But Arthur—he died in Denver?"

"Yes, nearly a year ago," and here she broke down completely and sobbed aloud. The gentleman was shocked and pained, but far from suspecting the real cause of her emotion. Reproaching himself for touching upon subjects that could occasion grief to his little friend he gradually turned the conversation to the days of their old friendship. There was that in Major Alton's manner that could infuse a thrill of his own magnetic nature into the most torpid heart. He was a man whose powers of fascination few women could resist, and, as Edna felt all the inthrallment of the old spell in his voice and manner, the sadness dissolved from her heart, the old color came back to her cheek, and the bright tantalizing smile of her girlhood once more flashed upon her lips.

"I am glad you are going to California," he broke off in the midst of their animated talk, "for you were always enthusiastic to see it. You even wrote a sonnet to the memory of that excellent State, in which you described it to be a place

"Where the summer days were calm and blue
As the azure heart of a violet,
And the summer stream and soft south wind
Sang all day long their sweet duet."

Edna smiled. "I have not been there yet, so I have never verified the truth of my description."

"But I have," returned he, "and while there have often repeated those lines for the truth contained in them."

They talked a long, long time until the evening-red faded into the dim, indistinct twilight, and the twilight deepened to a purple, radiant gloom into which trembled the faint, uncertain light of large lustrous stars overhead, flashing across the dark-blue concave of the sky.

He had told her that he would accompany her as far as Salt Lake City, where his business detained him. The succeeding days passed rapidly enough for both of them. At the end of a week's travel they arrived in the mysterious City of the Saints. Though they had made little haste in their journey, on account of Edna's delicate health, yet she found her strength quite exhausted, and was obliged to remain here a week to recover. At the end of that time Edna bade her friend adieu. His conduct had been invariably kind to her, and only those who have loved as hopelessly as she did can understand the pain of her parting.

"It is my sincerest wish that we may meet again," the Major said, as he warmly wrung the little pale hand which she mechanically held out to him, and never knew how the blood was called from it to sustain the almost dying heart.

And so they parted—friends, as they had always been.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Gerrishton sat reading one day on the shores of the grand Pacific waters, two months after her arrival in California. She had been for some time watching the waves ebbing and flowing along the shining circle of the sands, until they flushed into opal splendor under the beams of the sinking sun. Then she rose to go home, and found herself suddenly confronted by a man who had been evidently observing her for some time.

"Major Alton!" she exclaimed as she had done once before, receding backward a step, while a pallor grew till it rested like a shade on her brow.

He stepped forward eagerly and drew her to him with a hold too strong for resistance.

"Your year of mourning is expired now, Edna," he said, speaking rapidly and intensely as she had never heard him before; "have I come too soon to ask you to be to me what you were to Arthur, a noble friend, a faithful wife? I love you, Edna, as you were never loved. What shall I say? Will you love me, Edna, Edna?"

Would she love him? There are moments in life when the sudden, intense ecstasy of unexpected joy has in it more of pain than delight. Edna's head, with its wealth of chestnut curls, sank heavily upon his shoulder, and her reply was rendered too indistinct for him to hear in the gush of happy tears that rained from her eyes against his cheek.

HE IS COME, MY BELOVED HE IS COME.

BY DORA DEAN.

RING out in the full of your gladness,
O sweet-singing birds of the leaf!
Bud forth in the bloom of your glory,
O flower, and leaflet, and tree!
Sweet bells of the forest, make music
To welcome my warrior home;
Ye babbling brooks, hear me tell you,
He is come! my beloved, he is come!

I WAITED all morn at the window,
I waited all noon at the gate;
At even I sought the acacia,
And wondered my love was so late.
And I thought of great cannon and battle
The prison, the halter, the tomb,
When sudden his arms closed round me,
He is come! my beloved, he is come!

O PALE rose of Sharon, bloom brighter,
Do you hear not his footsteps anear?
O "four o'clock," open your bosom!
O lily-leaf looking so sere,
Why wither you off in your sadness,
Why faint you all gray-faced and numb?
He is here who revived *my* cheek, lily,
He is come! my beloved, he is come!

LITTLE SUSAN'S MISHAP.

A WARNING TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY MARY B. LEE.

MRS. CLEANWELL was an indefatigable housekeeper. Everything gave way to her desire to keep her house in the most perfect order at the least possible expense. She always had some scheme of economy in her head. The comfort of her husband and children was of no importance compared to her own plans of cleaning and order.

Every May, no matter what the state of the weather, this lady took up her carpets, displaced her furniture, and emptied her closets. Mr. Cleanwell and all the little Cleanwells generally took cold—sometimes Mrs. Cleanwell herself suffered; but what was health in

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comparison to the May cleaning? Of no importance at all.

Mr. Cleanwell was a meek, easy-tempered man, who seldom opposed his wife's wishes. Occasionally, however, he made a modest request. Coming down one chilly morning, he said in his quiet way:

"I hope, my dear, you have a good fire this morning. I am quite chilled."

"It is rather cool for this time of year, but we can do very well without a fire. It is the second of May, you know—and I told Bridget not to take time to make a fire, but commence right away at her own room."

"My dear, I am afraid we shall all take cold, as we did last year. Couldn't you wait till the weather is warmer?"

"Nonsense; I wouldn't get through before June. If the children are cold, they must stay by the kitchen fire. It never does to put off work of this kind. Men don't think cleaning of any importance, but women know better."

The master of the house shivered a little as he sat down to a very poor breakfast. One by one the children came in. "How cold it is," said one. "It's just like winter," observed another. "Ma, why don't we have a fire?" asked the third.

"Ah, here's father's pet, with her eyes only half open," Mr. Cleanwell said, as little Susan, the youngest, came into the dining-room.

Susan was cold, too, and her father sent her into the kitchen to warm herself. Very soon he went away to his business, feeling chilly and sad. A comfortable home he provided, if Mrs. Cleanwell would only be moderate in her views of cleanliness.

Three of the children went to school. They were sent off very early, with directions not to come home to lunch. Then this busy mother gave Susan express orders to play in the court-yard, and be as good as possible.

Then the great half-yearly upsetting began. Mrs. Cleanwell worked as hard—indeed, harder than the help. Very uncomfortable was the house when Mr. Cleanwell returned in the afternoon, weary from his day's toil. Mrs. Cleanwell was tired and cross. No pains had been taken to make the evening meal a pleasant one. The children complained of the cold, for the weather was still far from warm. Mr. Cleanwell shivered over his cold meat and half-drawn tea, and, when the meal was finished, took his hat and went out, a

An idea did pass through Mrs. Cleanwell's head: "Perhaps I am driving my husband from his home." But she had too firm a confidence in his principles to harbor such a thought long. She was right. Mr. Cleanwell had strong principles, or he would have sought comfort elsewhere long before. He merely walked in a neighboring park for a short time, then came home again, and, as there was no comfortable place to read, retired to sleep and dream of warmth and comfort.

The next day was quite as cheerless. Mr. Cleanwell went to business feeling cold and dull, and the children went shivering to school. Susan was told as before to give as little trouble as possible, and went to play on the walk.

Among Mrs. Cleanwell's experiments in economy was a solution of potash to save soap. She prepared a quantity, which she left in the yard, and the help was directed to bring some in to clean the kitchen utensils. Bridget had the pots and kettles on the floor, and a big copper kettle in her hand, when Susan ran in. "Bridget, I want a drink of water."

"Oh, thin, child, ye must wait. I couldn't stop to give it till ye. Don't ye see me hands is full?"

"But I'm so thirsty. Please give me a drink?"

Bridget, imbued with the spirit of her mistress, was proof against the little girl's entreaties. True, she was hurried and driven, and Mrs. Cleanwell always scolded if the work was not quickly done. A portion of the dissolved potash stood in a cup on the table. Bridget was just going to use it on the copper kettle.

As Susan turned to go away, she saw the cup, and, taking it eagerly, drank some of its contents. When she tasted the liquid, she was frightened, and ejected what was in her mouth; but she swallowed a little, enough to burn her, and make her run screaming to her mother. It took some time to make Mrs. Cleanwell understand what the child had done. Then even the strong-minded Mrs. Cleanwell was frightened. She was at heart a good woman, and loved her husband and children. She would have been a tender wife and mother, if the demon of house-cleaning had not taken possession of her.

Bridget was sent at once for the doctor, and Susan was taken on her mother's lap, and alternately scolded and petted.

"What possessed you to touch it? There, don't cry, the doctor will give you something to make you better. Why did you touch it?"

"I was so thirsty—I thought it was vinegar, and I like vinegar so much."

The child had seen Bridget use vinegar to clean the copper kettle, and thought the cup contained some of that acid.

"But I told you vinegar was not fit to drink. There, there, don't cry."

"I—was—so—thirsty,—and—and—Bridget—wouldn't—give—me—a drink."

Mr. Cleanwell came home to a sad household. Poor little Susan lay in bed, with her mother attending her. The doctor had come and gone, leaving directions for the treatment of the child. Her mouth was badly burnt inside, as well as her chin and hands, where the solution had touched them. The physician could not tell her how far the internal injury extended; but Susan kept moaning, "Oh, it burns, it burns!"

The room where Susan lay presented a forlorn appearance. It was Mr. and Mrs. Cleanwell's bedroom. Mrs. Cleanwell herself was vigorously scrubbing the paint-work when the accident happened to Susan. The pail of suds and the brush lay on the floor, which was damp in several places. The bedstead stood in the middle of the room; the bureau was moved out from its place. In fact everything was out of its own place, and took up the place of something else. Poor Mr. Cleanwell was almost overcome. Nothing but the suffering and danger of the little girl prevented him from expressing his feelings in language unbecoming to a husband and father. He bent over Susan, calling her pet names, and begging her to tell him what hurt her. She could hardly answer him, and in despair he went out to seek further advice.

The little Cleanwells were in a state of consternation below, where Bridget was meekly giving them their supper. On coming from school they were informed that their little sister had poisoned herself with potash. They told their companions in the street, and the report spread through the neighborhood. Two or three neighbors, acquaintances of Mrs. Cleanwell, came in to inquire and condole. One of them, Mrs. Pettit, kindly put away the cleaning-utensils and pushed the furniture into proper places. She offered to help in any way, but there was nothing in particular for her to do; so, after some kind advice to Bridget and the children, she went home.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleanwell sat up all night, doing what the doctors advised; the father full of smothered indignation—the mother repentant, and longing to cry out her sorrow and receive her husband's forgiveness; but both waiting to see what the end might be.

In the morning Mrs. Pettit sent to inquire. The answer was, "We can see no change." Little Susan lay quiet, no longer able to speak, and little hope was entertained of her recovery.

Mrs. Cleanwell had leisure to weigh in the balance the relative value of house-cleaning and health during the long, sad days that followed. Then her sincere repentance, and determination to act differently in the future, were rewarded by the recovery of little Susan.

There were other troubles to contend with, but they seemed light in comparison with the great fear which had overshadowed them. Mr. Cleanwell had an attack of rheumatism, and the little Cleanwells were afflicted with heavy colds.

"What a heartless wife I have been," Mrs. Cleanwell said one night when her husband was suffering from the effects of her obstinacy; "but I hope it is all over. If Susan had died, I should have felt that I had murdered her. Your illness, too—that is on my conscience. When shall I see the end of my folly?"

"Don't grieve about the past. I can bear this, since Susan, my little pet, is spared. But I must tell you Mrs. Pettit's plan. I believe I expressed myself pretty freely to Mr. Pettit on this subject of house-cleaning. I was so angry, so indignant, I was obliged to open my heart to some one. He told me that he never knows anything about cleaning, though the house is always in order. I asked him how Mrs. Pettit managed. He promised to ask, and did so. This is her method: She hires a woman, and only has one room upset at a time. She begins after Mr. Pettit goes to business. She never does any of the cleaning herself; but she overlooks the work, and puts the drawers and closets in order. The room is in perfect order again before Mr. Pettit returns in the afternoon. The next morning another room is attacked, and so on until the work is done."

"Excellent! In future Mrs. Pettit's plan shall be my plan."

And it was. Mrs. Cleanwell kept her house as neat as ever, but in a more reasonable way. She learned that it was not necessary to risk the health of the household in or-

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der to do the half-yearly cleaning. Whenever she felt inclined to return to old ways, she thought of little Susan lying white and speechless, poisoned through her neglect and perverseness.

THE LESSON OF LOVE.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

WERE you half in earnest, darling,
Or did you just disguise,
When you said, so very gravely,
Looking straight into my eyes—

YOU must surely recollect it:
'Twas the time you'd been away,
And we had not seen each other
For two whole nights and a day—

WHEN you said, in jest or earnest—
Which it was I could not tell—
"If you do not care about me,
You have learned your lesson well.

"IF to the promise made me
You are not leal and true,
You must have studied carefully
What lovers say and do.

"FOR you ne'er refuse my kisses,
Nor shrink from my embrace,
And the sunshine is not brighter
Than the lovelight on your face.

"OH, my tempting little treasure,
Whom I doubt while I adore,
Never counterfeit so cunning
Deceived a man before."

DON'T you recollect you said so,
You cruellest of men?
And I'll whisper now a secret
Which I did not tell you then:

FIRST I saw that sweet, sweet lesson,
In which I've grown so wise,
A thousand times repeated
In your smile and in your eyes.

THEN I looked within my soul, and there
I read the self-same part;
And I never can forget it,
For I learned it, dear, by heart.

PARIS, THE CITY OF CHANCES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

ABOUT three years ago, one beautiful March day, I sauntered with a friend through the gardens of the Tuileries.

Snow-drops and crocuses were in blossom, and hyacinths of all colors filled the air with their sweet perfume.

Among the innumerable promenaders who, like ourselves, were out enjoying the balmy spring air, I noticed one who passed and repassed us, looking closely and searchingly at every new-comer. I wondered at his strange behavior. He was elegantly dressed, had a pale, sallow face, and dark, intelligent eyes, which never rested long on one object. There was an air of restlessness and impatience about him as he still passed back and forth among the pleasure seekers.

"Here comes Dumarsais, and he is trying to avoid me, but I will not permit it," said William. Taking my arm, he approached the young man. He was possessed of an exceedingly pleasant exterior, a distinguished carriage, and was peculiarly polite in his greeting; yet, strange to say, he was dressed in a shabby suit, nearly out of fashion. M. de Dumarsais blushed slightly when William inquired for his health; but gave a kind answer, and accepted his invitation to dine with us that day.

"We will take some four-hand exercises," said William, playfully, for Dumarsais had been for a short time his pupil in music.

"You will find I have not made much progress," he replied. At this moment the man with the pale face and searching eyes approached, and, bowing politely to Dumarsais, whispered, "I wish to speak a few words to you, if you please."

Dumarsais looked at the gentleman astonished, and said, "You are probably mistaken in the person, sir! I do not know you."

"Only permit me a few words in private, sir; I shall explain all to you."

"Well, then, so be it," replied Dumarsais. As he followed the stranger he turned to William, saying, "I shall see you again at five o'clock."

When they were out of hearing, I expressed myself deeply interested in the young man, and William gave me his history.

His father was a colonel, and an adherent to the Orleans party. After their fall, it is said that he still remained in Paris, and sought to raise a revolution in their favor. For this his life was sacrificed. The last time his wife saw him alive was on the first of December, 1851.

This sudden and terrible loss prostrated the affectionate wife and mother. The little Louis—then twelve years old—was in Normandy, paying a visit to a rich uncle, when the sad news reached him that his father was no more, and he returned to his afflicted mother but to see her expire. The shock was too great for one of his nervous temperament, and he sank under it.

Physicians forbade his studying, or otherwise exercising his mind, while in this state of physical weakness, which lasted for years.

His uncle, who was a widower, childless and rich, took paternal care of the delicate boy, and declared him his heir.

At the beautiful country seat of the baron, Louis finally recovered his health, but youth—that period for study—had nearly passed, and he had learned nothing. To be sure, he could dance, fence, shoot, and perform gymnastic exercises to perfection; but his mind was uncultivated, and he was incapable of settling himself at any profession, though he had already become skilled in spending money.

About this time his uncle moved to Paris, and thus Louis Dumarsais and William became acquainted. Louis desired to take music-lessons, and William, who was a proficient in the art, became his teacher, receiving a Napoleon for each lesson. He learned to play a few waltzes, though he had no talent for music. That he was neither a gambler nor debauchee was owing more to his natural goodness than to his uncle, who was so fond of his handsome nephew that he gave him an abundance of money to spend, with the privilege of occupying his time as he pleased.

But Dumarsais' pleasant life was to change. The old uncle became the prey of a shrewd young widow, who no sooner entered the château as his wife, than she began to seek cause against the innocent, unsuspecting Louis; and by crafty falsehood so set the Major against him, that he was expelled from the house and disinherited.

It was a wicked thing for the old Major to do, but there was no help for it.

Louis remained in Paris, retrenched in dress and other expenses; but, in spite of it all, he got into debt. He wrote, but he could find no publisher. He offered his services as fencing-master, but could not obtain a position. He had no money, no friends, no luck. His wardrobe he sold to clear himself of debt, and now he is as you beheld him to-day, a young and handsome man, without a decent suit, and without knowledge.

"But beauty is a rare and splendid gift," I said. "Perhaps it may win the heart of some rich fair one. Paris, of all cities in the world, is richest in chances. He may yet be lucky."

But what was my surprise to behold the same Dumarsais enter the dining-room at five o'clock, in the most elegant toilet imaginable. Nothing was wanting, from the finest beaver to the small fashionable kid boots, and an elegant gold watch and chain of the most exquisite workmanship.

William also looked surprised, but he said nothing till after Dumarsais left, as he said, "to fulfil a promise he had made to appear in the last act of the great opera then being performed at our best theater."

"How could he have come by funds so suddenly?" I asked.

"Perhaps he has become reconciled to his uncle," said William; "I'm sure he could not have gained his money in a dishonorable way."

"He will doubtless tell you all about it, you have known him so long," said I. "But, after all, I am not so much astonished. Paris is the city richest in chances."

After that I met De Dumarsais almost daily; sometimes in one theater, then in another, on promenades, in the Bois de Boulogne, on horseback or driving—and he never used a horse that was not faultless. Though there was no lack of equestrians, Dumarsais—by the elegance of his manner and exquisite dress—was sure to attract the attention of all.

At first he was usually alone, but later I noticed him with companions, mostly young men of distinction.

At last I saw him in the Bois de Bologne beside a carriage containing two ladies, one elderly, the other young and handsome, and dressed in half mourning.

De Dumarsais was always amiable and pleasant when we met, and we occasionally took walks together; but he never spoke of his changed circumstances.

One day, when dressed more elegantly than usual, I heard Baron B—— say to him, "I also need a new summer suit. Where do you get yours made, De Dumarsais?"

"At the most tasteful tailor's in the world—at L——'s."

"And where is that, pray?"

"I will go with you there; it is late to-day—to-morrow. L. serves my friends well—that he does every one, and he is also moderate in his charges."

"May I also profit through your recommendation, dear De Dumarsais?" asked another friend.

"With pleasure. Let us meet to-morrow at eleven, in the grand café."

Dumarsais was there at the appointed time, and chatted gayly with his friends as he conducted them to the rue Rivoli, and into a large house. They ascended a wide, dark staircase, and entered a large, well-furnished room. At their entrance a gentleman arose to

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meet them. It was the same tall, well-dressed man with the sallow complexion and searching eyes who had so eagerly pounced upon De Dumarsais in the Tuileries, in March last.

"I bring you two of my dearest friends," said Dumarsais, returning his polite bow somewhat haughtily. "Now, Mr. L., please take good care that they are well served."

"Certainly, M. de Dumarsais."

"I do not wish to flatter you, L., but I see no reason why I should not speak the truth. You are a genius, and you have, by your skill in painting, greatly pleased a lady of my acquaintance who has purchased your picture."

"But M. de Dumarsais"—

"Not too modest, dear L.; though still the director of a clothing-store, you are not the less a skillful painter, and that is why you show such perfect taste in selecting color and material to suit the figure and complexion of your patrons.

"July is already oppressive, and we may expect a hot August. Invent something captivating for the baron, for he is going to Baden-Baden, and will create a sensation there."

"I see already what he wants. Tall, straight, and a brunette—I shall choose everything becomingly."

"And there is a German poet on the shady side of forty. You know already what he wants."

The director smiled and rang a bell. A young man, holding in his hand several strips of paper, answered the summons.

"Take the measure of these gentlemen, M. Korn. I shall now retire and reflect on the combination of colors which are to give to your suits the stamp of perfection."

At the end of September I left Paris for a month. On my return William told that De Dumarsais had married the beautiful young lady in half-mourning, whom we had once seen in his company. She was wearing weeds for her betrothed, who had died of consumption, leaving her the mistress of 400,000 francs, when de Dumarsais was introduced to her. She soon transferred her affection from the dead to the living, and a love-match was the result.

One day when my friend and I were dining at the *Château Lafitte*, De Dumarsais unexpectedly joined us. William joyfully greeted him, for it had been long since they had met, and, taking the proffered seat, De Dumarsais proceeded to explain the change in his fortunes.

"I have been absent nearly a year in Normandy. The wife of my uncle died suddenly of cholera, and among her effects were found letters which proved to her husband her true character. Feeling the wrong he had done, he wrote immediately to me begging my pardon. I hastened to his side, taking my Adèle with me: so I am again in his good graces. He loves my beautiful wife, and has made over to me a charming country-seat, where I hope each summer to receive a visit from you."

"But what was the secret between yourself and the strange gentleman who pounced so suddenly upon you in the Tuileries some three years ago?" asked William.

De Dumarsais laughed. "It is a good story, and I will tell it you, my friends—in confidence, you understand." We promised the strictest secrecy, and he proceeded:

"You heard the strange man address me, asking a word in private. His manner was so earnest that I was persuaded to accompany him to his house in the rue Rivoli, where, he said, he had a project to lay before me, and we could talk uninterrupted.

"On arriving at his house, which was grand and imposing, I was shown into a well-furnished apartment. Taking a strip of paper from his pocket, the stranger proceeded to take my measure. This done, he disappeared, but soon returned with an elegant suit of clothes, which he offered to give me in exchange for my shabby attire.

"'And why,' I asked, 'do you propose such an unequal bargain.' I must confess that I thought him a lunatic.

"'You shall know all when you are dressed,' he said.

"The temptation to again behold myself in decent attire was too great for me to argue longer. I donned the apparel, and the delighted donor led me to the mirror.

"'This is certainly not bad,' I said, surveying myself.

"'I should think not! You are like a young god! Your very demeanor, the way of putting on your gloves—ah! my young friend, I'll *swear* you are either a noble or an artist,' said the stranger.

"'My name is De Dumarsais,' and I must confess to a little pride as I pronounced it.

"'Ah! yes, I know your family, an old and distinguished one. But did not your uncle employ the tailor, R.?'

"'He did.'

"'That is delicious. R. has no taste. But pardon me, M. de Dumarsais, you are not rich?'

"'Unfortunately I am not.'

"He placed wine and glasses upon the table and urged me to drink with him, but I refused.

"Then taking a glass himself, he drew pens and paper from a desk, and began to write rapidly.

"I surveyed this strange gentleman with surprise. When he had done writing, he handed the paper to me and requested me to sign it. It read as follows:

"'L——, director of a clothing-store in Rue Rivoli, and M. de Dumarsais, of their own free will, make the following contract: During a year, L. agrees to furnish gratuitously every month, or oftener if required, a full and complete suit of clothes. In return, said De Dumarsais agrees to wear these suits daily, and in fine weather to appear at all the fashionable promenades, to patronize the café, and three times a week dine at the best hotels.

"'Further, said De Dumarsis agrees to ride in the Bois de Bologne, and to make the acquaintance of other young gentlemen of rank; and, when opportunity offers, praise my taste and recommend them to my establishment.

"'For the above considerations, said L. agrees to furnish said De Dumarsais, one hundred francs per month, to defray his expenses.'

"I signed the paper, and laughed at my fortune, though I thought L. had lost his wits.

"He laughed louder than myself, and rubbed his hands at the thoughts of his good fortune, saying—'R., my would-be rival, will now rob me of no more customers. Your form and figure, your position, will put my suits in their proper light. Ah! my fortune is made.'

"And L. was right. I brought him many customers from the society in which my faultless wardrobe procured my entrance.

"My year had not yet expired when my engagement to Adèle made it necessary that I should get released from the contract with L.; and, though the generous-hearted merchant was loth to receive any remuneration from me, I pressed a few thousand francs upon him. I give him my custom still, but at a more profitable rate to him than formerly, and I am happy to state that the customers I brought remain his patrons still."

"Of which I am one," said William, laughing, as he shook De Dumarsais warmly by the hand.

"Truly, Paris, as you say, of all cities in the world, is richest in chances."

A DIRGE.

BY C. L. CLEVELAND.

SING no more the songs of old!
She who was their soul is dead;
And 'twere mockery o'erbold
To sing of joy when joy hath fled.
Sing no more, for memory's past
Conjures up the ghost of woe;
Darkness on the land is cast,
All the stars in dimness glow.

WHEN those songs were in their palm,
And the singer of them sang,
Little need had we of balm,
As her lightsome warbles rang
Happy thoughts and thrilling blood
Through our hearts for evermore,
And a shining angel stood
Smiling in each open door.

OH, to see her as of old,
Coming like a phantom bright,
Gliding in the radiant fold
Of a brimming, clear delight
Sent from elements afar,
Where the mystic planets shine,
Tribute of some saintly star,
Making her, of earth, divine.

PERCHED beside the pearly keys,
Singing as her soul would long,
Bird-like, in unconscious ease,
Pleasing all with varied song.
Oh, her happy, wondering eyes!
Oh, her shining, shadowy hair!
Luminous angel of the skies,
With our human sorrow bear!

THEY were of her soul a part,
Those old warbles—they arose
To the throbbing of her heart,
To her spirit's hidden glows.
How her cheeks would pale and flush!
How her aspen lips would tell
Of each wild, melodious gush,
As its raptures rose and fell.

AH, my mourners, gather round!
Ye may well bow down and weep.
Ye, indeed, have never found
One who can her places keep.
Oh, the midnight hour is lone;
All the rooms she used to fill
Seem so dead without that tone—
Dead, and mystically still.

EVEN now I hear the toll
Of that heavy funeral bell,
Echoing, in a muffled dole,
To my spirit's solemn spell,
Like a dead weight in the night,
Crushing on the struggling breast.
Hush! 'tis vain. Oh, think aright:
She hath peace and angel rest.

SING no more the songs of old;
Let their echoes sadly soar
Through the willow, o'er the mold,
As a requiem evermore,
Where she sleeps, with silent head,
'Mid the gems of earth's hid zone.
Let the dead be with the dead:
We shall meet her by the Throne.

CONTENT converts everything near it to the highest perfection it is capable of. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold: it heightens smoke into flames, flame into light, and light into glory: a single ray of it dissipates pain, care, and melancholy from the person on whom it falls. In short, its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven.

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A TALK WITH GIRLS.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

WHEN I was young I thought it was very nice to be a girl, and I heartily pitied women who had passed that age of enchantment, and especially those who had sunk themselves in marriage, and were "tied down" with half a dozen children.

I was not so much afraid of old maidism as some girls; in fact, I thought it would be rather nice to be an independent old maid, possessed of resources by which to achieve money and social position.

I never thought the time would come when I should look with absolute pity upon girlhood—upon girls in all the pride and flush of their triumphant youth and beauty. Yet, it has come to that—not only to pity but to fear; pity for them, for their ignorance, their utter unconsciousness of any change to take place in their relations to the world which surrounds them; fear for the strength of their womanhood, and their ability to cope with the destiny that lies in the unknown future.

It is, perhaps, part of the merciful providence of God—it is, at any rate, a natural part of the ignorance and arrogance of youth that we never imagine for a moment that the dark history of any other life can be repeated in our own. Whatever happens to others, *we* shall escape the common lot because we intend to be so much wiser than our fellows; forgetting that what we do depends infinitely more upon what we feel than upon what we know.

How little the Empress Eugénie imagined that, with some differences—due more to her own and the emperor's personal character than to changes in public opinion—the fall of *Marie Antoinette* would be her own.

Not long since I happened to spend a few days in the society of a girl and a woman, both of whom interested me. The girl was pretty, stylish, and a belle. Gentlemen generally admired her, and she flirted a good deal and carried herself with a certain haughty assumption of superiority such as girls are very apt to put on, and which sometimes puts down meek and unoffending little women who have twice their real character and merit.

The woman was young, and I had known of her only a very few years ago as a beauty and belle also, but her claim to both titles was gone. She had had a child and lost it, and, by the merest little accident, lamed her foot, so that she was obliged to walk with a crutch; and, though there were still the evidences of grace and loveliness, yet they appeared as the reward of interest and investigation rather than upon the quiet surface, and most people passed her, as she sat in an arm-chair or passed lightly yet slowly by with the aid of her crutch, without a second thought, except one of undefined pity.

And she was an object of pity. Her husband was kind to her, but she had almost passed out of his life. He was young, strong, hearty, handsome, and full of life and vigor. She had woke up to the knowledge that she could not expect to hold his affection except upon equal terms; that, from his wife, the whole strength of his nature would demand, sooner or later, what she had not to give—youth, strength, health, and the attractions which he most admired in women.

He laughed and talked with the girl, who never condescended to notice the wife, and people called it a flirtation; but I do not think it was. I think, in his heart he knew that his wife was worth a dozen of this silly, insolent girl; but married men like to flirt with girls, especially when there are young men standing by to see. It flatters their vanity; and, talk of the vanity of women, it bears no comparison with that of men. The vanity of women is simply called into existence by the flattery of men, and outlives marriage but a very short time. The vanity of men, on the contrary, is inherent, and lives and grows forever—breaking out, until old age, in a dozen different shapes and forms.

Such was the girl, and such was the woman; and I knew not which to pity the most—the pride and ignorance of the one, or the helplessness and just awakening knowledge of the other.

Girls, in this country, form a very prominent part of the social system, and are petted, indulged, deferred to, and "worshiped," in a style unknown in any other. This arises very much from the tenderness and weak indulgence of American mothers, who, occupied in the conscientious performance of their wifely and maternal duties, relinquish the claims of "society" to their daughters, and, not unfrequently overpowered by the burden of their responsibilities, determine to spare their dainty darlings the practical knowledge and experience of the woman as long as possible.

It is hardly necessary to say that this is as cruel to the girl as it is to the mother; and the objects of such short-sighted indulgence can scarcely be blamed for selfishness, for acquiring an altogether undue conception of their own importance, and for neglecting to cultivate those womanly qualities which they are credited with, but are taught practically to despise.

There is no doubt that the modern girl is a very pretty and pleasant object, in her stylish costume, abundant hair, neat boots, and a jaunty hat; the only thing which mars her appearance is her manner, which is affected, conscious, and burdened with an attempt at that haughtiness which accords only with age, experience, and recognized social position.

American girls are not wanting in intelligence; and if they will stop to think for one moment, perhaps they will discover what it is that they pride themselves upon. Is it their youth? Well, that is something; but it is not at all as good as age, any more than the blossom is as good as the fruit, the up-springing corn as good as the ripened ear. Modesty, therefore, better becomes youth.

Is it on account of the adulation, indulgence, and flattery they receive?

But to what is this offered? Less to the inexperienced girl than to the genius of womanhood, which she is supposed to embody in its most attractive form. She is not *herself* in the eyes of men; she is the charming epitome of the self-sacrificing mothers, the devoted wives, the loving sisters, that have lived, and loved, and suffered; and unless she is capable of realizing in her own person the purity, tenderness, and virtue, that they represented, she is false to her sex, a libel on womanhood, and a shame instead of a glory to all the world.

The object of being girls is simply to learn how to be women. The woman is just as much nobler than the girl, as the man than the boy. What would the world have been, peopled with girls and boys? Girls, then, should honor the women of the past, for creating the ideal which man worships in the present, and determine that, at least, it shall not suffer loss or deteriorate at their hands.

The first thing to be considered is, that we cannot live for ourselves alone—that we are, each of us, a part of a great system that depends upon the condition and action of its members for its efficient working, and that our pleasures are not only subordinate to our duties in the general plan, but dependent upon our performance of them.

Take an illustration: I knew a young girl passionately fond of dancing. At fifteen, her mother allowed her to go to balls and parties. At seventeen, she married a young man almost as fond of gayety as herself. At twenty-one—her age now—she is a wreck. She is haggard; her complexion has lost its freshness; she has a disease which occasions her the most dreadful suffering, and incapacitates her from ever becoming a mother. Of the sweetness and serenity of a healthy, happy life, she knows nothing; her existence is simply one wild craving after excitement, and is a torment to herself, as well as to her husband, who is continually harassed and tormented by her exactions.

Now, there was nothing wrong in that love of dancing and gayety which laid the foundation for all her misery; it was simply that she allowed it to obtain possession of her; that, instead of subordinating it to her health, to her duty at home, to the obligation which she should have been taught lay upon her to become a good, healthy, and useful woman, she permitted it to enslave her, to dwarf her, physically, mentally, and morally: and brought about her punishment by depriving her of the very power as well as principal stimulus to enjoyment.

How often do girls throw away their birth-right for a mess of pottage in this or some other way!

One of the great causes of the number of unhappy marriages at the present day is the want of health—of true womanliness in the girls who become wives. Men have a right to demand for a wife a woman with an active, reasoning mind, in a pure, sweet, healthy body. It is the business of girls not only to train themselves to this, but to learn how the wife becomes the more perfect woman; how she is fitted to be the mother of children; how she can best preserve the love of her husband, secure the respect and confidence of her children, and perfect and carry out the beautiful design of her own creation.

The half-boy, half-man, may admire the pretty delicacy of a baby face and a slender form, and imagine that nothing can ever make him waver in his devotion to the tender little piece of feminine help-

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lessness, who is so willing to transfer the whole burden of her life to his broader shoulders. But he does not yet know himself, and is perfectly unconscious of the tests to which life puts the boy's affection and the man's truth and loyalty.

Ignorant as both are, it is not surprising that the conclusion is often arrived at that both were false, and that, henceforth, neither owes affection or duty to the other.

The foundation for very many of the difficulties of the woman is laid in girlhood, and could be prevented by the firm and judicious management of a wise and careful mother. The climate, to begin with, is stimulating, and exceedingly trying to the fine physical organization and nervous tendencies of women: and this, added to our rapid modern life, develops womanhood before the period for girlhood has arrived. It is often remarked that "we have no girls, that our girls are women before they lay aside pantalettes." There is a great deal of truth in this, and the efforts of the mother should be principally directed to restraining this precocious tendency, and perfecting their development by regular stages through a true and natural growth.

I admire the mother who can see the young pretty daughters of other women *fêted*, caressed, admired, and *displayed* at balls and parties and entertainments, and withstand the pressure to enter the lists with her own, until at least they have laid the foundation of solid acquirements, and the perfect health, guaranteed to the young who are free from hereditary diseases, by regular and temperate habits, and sufficient unbroken sleep. There is not the slightest danger to girls in habitual and even hard study, if it is varied with gymnastic exercises, and their strength sustained by plenty of good, wholesome, well-cooked food, and abundant sleep.

Between fifteen and twenty, girls are very apt to get "notions" on the subjects of food and sleep—sometimes they imagine that meat spoils the complexion, and restrict themselves to a vegetable diet.

Then again, they fancy themselves in love, and they sit up in a disconsolate way until all hours of the night, looking at the moon, or writing terrible nonsense on slips of paper, which they hide carefully away, but are very anxious some one should see.

A little of this is probably inevitable, and, if there is nothing worse, it is soon outgrown; but the very best preventive, as well as the best remedy, is health and occupation. With perfect health, existence alone in youth is enjoyment, and loss of appetite lasts but a very short time if the digestion is good. Girls should be regularly and actively employed—not in making cosmetics, or arranging frizzes, or "dropping in" upon friends, or parading the streets, or eating confectionery, or taking in paper-covered novels at one mouthful, or the thousand and one other worse than useless ways, in which girls manage to kill time—but in the proper and legitimate duties which belong to their age and positions, and which it is the business of mothers to define and map out for them.

The very presence of girls in their youth, and freshness, and beauty, should be sunshine—and when to the charm of their grace and sweetness is added knowledge, and thoughtfulness, and power, and willingness—the world, as well as their own immediate friends, rejoice in their coming.

The very opportunities and prosperity of our happy country surround men with peculiar temptations, and it is the province of American women, and should be considered a sacred duty, to make the home so true and pure, that it would serve as a safeguard, as well as a shrine, to the husbands, fathers, and brothers, who are beseiged from within and without, in the desperate excitements of business and political life.

Above all things, girls whose education has been completed should not allow themselves to live in a condition of forced dependence upon any man, be he father, brother, or husband. A practical knowledge of the details of housekeeping does not have to be *learned*. If a girl has had the advantage which she ought to have had, which every girl has a natural right to, of living in a well-ordered house, and of participating to some extent in its occupations, she will know all these things as naturally as a boy knows how to whittle with a penknife. But she ought to know something else. She ought to have a profession or a trade, by which she can earn an honorable living, and not be driven to that most poor and despicable of all means of obtaining a livelihood—marrying for a home; or, by which in the event of being left with children, as thousands of women are, and dependent on her own resources, she can find in it a pledge of future comfort for them, and creditable independence for herself.

A little industry, energy, and self-reliance on the part of girls, would do much to save men from temptation to dishonor, for many a man has taken the one step which led to disgrace and ruin, for the sake of the fair and dainty daughters, who hung helpless upon his hands at home.

Finally, girls, remember that it is from within us, and not from without us, that the highest good comes. You are no better, perhaps worse, for a bracelet some one has given you; but you are a great deal better and more worthy of love, for having conquered a temptation to pride, or selfishness, or laziness.

Remember, also, that it is good to wait, that the brightest flowers, the ripest fruit come last, not first—that everything comes in time to those who work, as well as wait.

Do not marry unworthily—because, if you do not, you are fearful you will not marry at all.

Lastly, respect your own bodies. Consider them the shrine which God intended you should keep holy. Allow no familiar touch, unless sanctified by the brightest and purest affection, such affection as hallows the home, and can only exist accompanied by respect. If the usual lot of wifehood and motherhood does not fall to you, remember that true womanhood is better than either, and that they are advantages only so far as they develop our higher natures, teach us to forget our narrow selfishness, our individual interests, and form centers from which flows forth our love toward all humanity.

You are not the wife of one man, who would, perhaps, seek all his life to restrict your sense to his range of vision—or the mother of children, who might make you wish that you had better never been born than have given birth to them; but you may be the kind sister, the virgin-mother to the desolate ones, who feel the need of sympathy and affection—and your faith and patience, you may be sure, will be richly rewarded, here and hereafter.

Diamonds of Thought.

MONEY.

Money borrowed is a foe
Vailed in kindly seeming;
Money wasted is a friend
Lost beyond redeeming.

Hoarded, it is like a guest
Won with anxious seeking,
Giving nothing for his board
Save the care of keeping.

Spent in good, it leaves a joy
Twice its worth behind it;
And who thus hath lost it here
Shall hereafter find it.

Industry and Indolence.—Every industrious man, by his labor, manual or mental, depends upon his own exertions for fortune and for fame. Every indolent man depends for subsistence upon the labor of others—upon patrimonial resources, upon trick and fraud. One adds to the common stock of wealth and human enjoyment, the other adds nothing. The last are like the grain-worms that consume our crops, without rendering any equivalent to society.

Let Children Think and Act for Themselves.—Miss Muloch says to parents the time must come in every family when it is the children's right to begin to think and act for themselves, and the parents' duty to allow them to do it—when it is wisest gradually to slacken authority, to sink "I command" into "I wish," and to grant large freedom of opinion, and the expression of it.

Life.—Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age, then a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honors, then to retire. The wise man will make the most, and get the best out of every season of it as he goes along.

Labor.—Love labor; if you do not want it for food, you may for physic.

Our Spice Box.

"Sound on the Goose."—A pious negro woman was once caught by her master stealing a goose, and the next Sunday partook of the communion, after which her master accosted her as follows:

"Why, Hannah, I saw you to-day at the communion-table."

"Yes, tank de Lord, massa, I was 'lowed to be dere wid de rest ob His family."

"But, Hannah, I was surprised to see you there," he said. "How is it about the goose?"

She looked a little surprised, as if she did not understand the question, but, catching the meaning, exclaimed—

"Why, sar, do you tink I'se a-goin' to let an old goose stand atween me and my Maker?"

Marketing.—A little ragged urchin, begging in the streets the other day, was asked by a lady who filled his basket if his parents were living.—"Only dad, ma'am," said the boy.—"Then you have enough in your basket to feed the family for some time?" said the lady.—"Oh, no, I hav'n't neither," said the lad, "for dad and me keep five boarders. He does the housework, and I do the market'n."

Inferential.—A mother, who had with her a little daughter, was examining the figure of a horse on a tombstone, and wondering what on earth it was an emblem of. There was nothing to explain it in the inscription. "Mamma," said the little one, as they moved away, "I shouldn't wonder if she died of the nightmare."

Why is a jailer like a musician?—He fingers the keys.

Why is money like a whip?—It makes the mare go.

When may we think a woman is past recovery?—When she is speechless.

Why is a thief like a ticket porter?—He is in the habit of taking other people's property.

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MIRROR OF FASHIONS

THE PARISIAN STYLE IN FURNISHING

BEAU IDEAL OF BEAUTY AND ELEGANCE AND THE PERFECTION OF ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Fashions of this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not COPY. *It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by the best taste at home. Its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace constant and important hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, and yet keep themselves informed of the changes and novelties of the Fashions.*

AMERICA LEADING FASHION.

As an evidence of the fact that New York has for some time led fashion, next after Paris, and seems likely to achieve the supremacy, of which the latter city will in all probability be deprived, we may mention the fact that we have, for a considerable period, supplied fashion wood-cuts to leading European fashion publications, and have now a proposition before us to furnish leading colored plates, heretofore obtained in Paris, to a distinguished London periodical.

This shows conclusively that the public mind is getting tired of the eternal iteration of old styles and the dead past, which French and German fashion-mongers depend solely upon, and look with hope to the New World for an infusion of new ideas in dress, as well as in railroads and other practical matters of daily life.

The New York *Herald*, in its issue of September 2, comments upon the present aspect of affairs in the following style:

"The tendency to an American standard of fashion and to emancipation from foreign dictation in matters of dress and taste were never so strong as at present. At the opening display of fall styles at Mme. Demorest's yesterday this cheering fact was established, and in the bewildering variety of costumes there exhibited the majority were of genuine American origin. In fact we were shown unmistakable proofs that some of the leading London fashion magazines copy these styles, and have made arrangements with Mme. Demorest to procure her fashion plates and descriptive cards for the benefit of the English public. This is the revolution which we prophesied in former articles on the fashions, that the good taste and artistic ideas of American ladies on the subject of dress would supersede the extravagant and often antiquated styles of the Parisian world. All day yesterday the headquarters of fashion, over which Mme. Demorest presides, were crowded with ladies anxious to find out what they should wear this fall, and, what is of equal importance, how they should wear it."

As we have never slavishly copied European models, or submitted to any absolute dictatorship, but actually originated or boldly modified, according to the best American ideas, every design submitted to the public for the last twenty years, we may, without egotism, claim to be in some sort the founders and representatives of popular American modes; but we confess we did not expect so soon a European endorsement of our claims.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

THE cold gray of the November skies seems to invite the warmth and comfort which we find in the full colors and soft thick fabrics which characterize the fashionable materials of the present season.

The tinted buffs, the pale grays, the light browns, the delicate mauves, which were worn through the summer, and part of the autumn, have given place to woolen cloths, in "cloth" colors—olive, nut-brown, plum-color, maroon, and, more fashionable than all, the dark tint of the purple grape, which is more blue than purple, and almost as much black as either.

These colors are repeated not only in merinos, Parisian cloths, serges, Janns cords and poplins, but in plain rich *poult de soies*, which are offered at $4.00 per yard, and are made without overskirts, and with little trimming except the finish that the handsome lace collarettes and sleeves give to a comparatively plain toilet.

The new lace sets have acquired so much importance that they are worth more than a passing mention. The sleeves are generally made flowing, or demi-flowing, to suit the flowing or ruffled dress sleeves. The collars are of all styles, the plainest cut with two points in front, more dressy ones forming a square or heart-shaped chemisette, and later designs still, vests, cut straight to the waist. All these are made in Valenciennes lace and insertion, and the softness of the exquisite fabric harmonizes wonderfully well with the somewhat subdued tint of the dress, and gives a thoroughly lady-like tone to the whole toilet.

The tunic, or overdress, has been adopted with great readiness, and proves to be a most useful and universally captivating institution. In English twilled cashmere, it makes a very cheap yet stylish garment, that can be worn in the street, or in the house, and uses up all the old silk and poplin skirts satisfactorily.

In gray, trimmed with black velvet, over black poplin, silk, or alpaca, it makes a very handsome and becoming costume, yet almost any skirt can be worn, with the cloth colors for tunics now in vogue.

Of course, the richer materials, the wool *satine* velvet, velveteen and others, are desirable, but they are used, with the exception of the wool-*satine*, more to form the suits *complet*, than the less perfect costume.

The union of velvet and *gros-grain* seems indispensable this season to the formation of the grand toilet, whether for the street, visiting, or party wear. Young girls, of course, do not indulge in such weighty grandeur, but a rich *gros-grain* dress, with dark velvet train, and mountings, with perhaps a finishing of narrow real point lace, constitutes a very imposing toilet for matrons.

For visiting, and street wear, the most elegant suits *complet* are made of Lyons velvet, mounted with *gros-grain*, or with a rich black moresco embroidery, in which a slight amount of fine cut jet is introduced.

The hats for these toilets are of velvet to match the suits, and are ornamented with thread lace, or a long ostrich plume, and feather *aigrette*, made of jet, and fastened with jet or jeweled ornaments.

The cloaks nearly all take the form of tunics, or half-fitting *casaques*. Some simulate a velvet coat, with *gross-grain* vest, cuffs, and *revers*. Others reproduce a style of last season, in the puffed skirt and jaunty jacket, half-coat, half-basque.

Very little satin is used, even as trimming, although it certainly is admirably adapted to light up lustrous silks and woolen fabrics.

One of the nicest, cheapest, and most useful materials for evening wear, and for brides in the country, is fine white alpaca, trimmed with colors (*gros-grain* or satin), for evening, but with white frosted or uncut velvet for a bride. It can be cleaned and dyed, and never wears out.

TRIMMINGS OF MUSLIN.

FLUTINGS of white muslin are still put on as a trimming to silk dresses; they are spaced so as to show the silk material between. These flutings are sometimes merely hemmed round; sometimes they are edged with narrow Valenciennes lace.

Flounces of richly embroidered muslin are placed upon silk dresses, rose-colored, pale blue, mignonette-green, mauve, maize, or cerise; each flounce is headed with a ruche the color of the silk.

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OUR FALL AND WINTER BULLETIN OF FASHIONS.

THE success of our new fall and winter Bulletin of Fashions, for the use of dressmakers and ladies generally, has been unprecedented. Orders are received for it faster than they can be filled, and the universal testimony is, that, as an assistant, guide, and splendid ornament to a show-room, it is invaluable. Notwithstanding the reduction in price, the plate is the same size, the figures as varied and more beautifully finished than ever b - fore. The costumes include every description for house, evening, promenade, and carriage wear, and are so distinct as to enable any lady to select a toile: from the different styles and copy it accurately. Price plain, only 50 cents; colored, $1. With ten full-sized patterns of principal garments—50 cents extra.

TOILETS FOR THE MONTH.

STREET SHAWL COSTUME.—Petticoat of olive-green poplin, trimmed with a flat, plaited flounce, headed with two one-inch bands of black ribbon velvet, spaced between. Overdress cut from a Scotch shawl, dark blue and green mixed plaid, and consisting of upperskirt bordered with fringe, and jacket, with *revers* and wide sleeves, all bordered with fringe. Sash of the same. Black velvet hat, with Scotch *aigrette*.

WALKING-COSTUME, No. 2, is of black velveteen. The skirt is plain and cut walking length. The *casaque*, which forms a small, close-fitting coat, is plain also, with the exception of a vest, and cuffs of bright-blue *gros grain*. The entire costume is piped with black *gros grain*.

A HANDSOME DINNER OR EVENING DRESS is of turkois-blue silk, cut with a train, and ornamented round the bottom with three plaited flounces embroidered on the edge with blue silk. The corsage is cut out square, the sleeves shaped to the elbow, and both covered with the tunic of white muslin, which is cut to the shape of the dress and ruffled with embroidered muslin to match the flounces on the skirt the ruffles upon the sleeves falling below the elbows, and soft frills outlining the square front of the dress.

A BALL DRESS of white tarlatan is trimmed with four flounces, bound with blue satin and overlapping each other. The top flounce is headed by a fold of satin, edged on either side with white lace. The front of the skirt is covered by a rounded apron, trimmed in the same way, only with three instead of four flounces. At the sides are two deep-pointed *paniers* of satin, united at the back by a long chain of white lace bows, in the center of which are blue cornflowers. The white lace is also used as a bordering for the *paniers*, which are caught up over the hips with bouquets of cornflowers and silver wheat. A similar bouquet attached to a lace barbe forms the headdress.

A DINNER DRESS of peacock-colored *faille* is cut for a matron, with a trained skirt, a high, plain waist, and long coat sleeves. A straight vest, and deep-pointed cuffs of satin matching the silk in color, are trimmed upon the body and sleeves, and covered with collarette and cuffs of rich old point lace. This is the only trimming, with the exception of a basque sash of satin, trimmed with lace.

A TUNIC-COSTUME consists of a skirt of Scotch poplin, dark green and blue, ornamented with a flat plaiting put on with a cross-cut band of black silk. Tunic of black wool *satine*, cut all in one piece, looped up on the sides and finished with a border of knotted fringe. Wide sleeves, bordered with fringe. Belt with fringed rosette at the back. No ends.

A NEW WINTER COSTUME of maroon velvet consists of plain petticoat, tunic skirt trimmed with *grebe* and jacket to match—the latter fitted to the waist and cut up in basques. The jacket is close at the throat, but a row of the *grebe* outlines a collar, and pointed cuffs.

A VERY RICH EVENING DRESS of sulphur-colored *faille* has just been made for a *trousseau*, trimmed in a very deep Vandyke pattern, with rich white lace all round the bottom of the skirt setting up a short distance from the edge. Lace of the same description was draped upon the low bodice so as to form a kind of hanging sleeves at the back, and fully outlined a most graceful upperskirt. Seven rows of pearls, graduating in size formed a necklace.

A VERY PRETTY MORNING DRESS is of the softest gray cashmere, light shade, trimmed with folds of light-blue *gros-grain*. Wide sleeves, gray belt trimmed with blue, pointed collar of old Mechlin lace, and blue, knotted tie, complete this costume.

IT is said that chloroform is an excellent article for the removal of stains of paint from clothes, etc.

ELEGANT STREET COSTUMES.

(See large Plate.)

FIG. 1.—An exceedingly rich costume of black Lyons velvet, the skirt of a comfortable walking length, made entirely without trimming. Long, graceful *paletot*, lined with satin, fastened up the front with rich *passementerie* ornaments, and artistically looped at the sides under large ornaments to correspond. Long open sleeves, lined with satin, falling over the close ones. Satin collar and *revers*. *Chapeau rond* of black velvet, trimmed with a scarf of purple *crêpe de Chine*, loops of black velvet, and a flowing purple plume.

FIG. 2.—A handsome *costume de promenade* in garnet Irish poplin, trimmed with a rich tassel fringe, and bias bands of velvet of the same color. The skirt is bordered with a deep flounce, over which fall detached oval pieces, arranged in fan-plaits, and edged with narrow fringe headed with velvet. These are surmounted by the wide fringe and two rows of velvet. The simple overskirt, entirely without looping, rounded back and front and open at the sides, is trimmed with fringe and velvet. A tight-fitting basque, with pointed front, round postillion, and long tabs at the sides falling over the openings in the overskirt, completes this stylish suit. Gipsy hat of garnet *gros-grain*, trimmed with autumn flowers. Tie-strings of *gros-grain* ribbon, fastened on the left side.

FIG. 3.—A *recherché* visiting-toilet, arranged with a dress made in two shades of green *poult de soie*, and an elegant cloak of black velvet. The demi-train skirt, which is composed of the lighter shade of silk, is bordered with a deep flounce of the darker shade, surmounted by narrow ruffles, alternately light and dark, three falling and two standing, and a puff of the darker shade, edged with thread lace, which separates the standing from the falling ruffles. The cloak, which is a tight-fitting Polonaise, is pointed and open down the front, and is trimmed around the bottom with Chantilly lace, headed by an elegant *passementerie*, slightly sprinkled with jet, having small jet pendants. The pagoda sleeves, lined with satin, are ornamented with *passementerie*, the same trimming being disposed over the shoulders, around the neck, and on the short basques at the sides. Bonnet of dark green velvet, ornamented with a white ostrich plume, and a braid of *gros-grain* of the two shades in the dress. Tie-strings of *gros-grain* ribbon, of the lighter shade.

FIG. 4.—This *distingué* carriage toilet is composed of a robe of purple *gros-grain*, made with a demi-train skirt entirely without trimming, and a black velvet *casaque* trimmed with rich *guipure* lace, and bands of black *gros-grain*. The *casaque* is tight-fitting, with rounded fronts trimmed to the waist, and the back quite *bouffant*. Lozenge-shaped ornament of velvet and lace, surmounted by a full bow, in place of a sash. Chantilly lace *fichu* reaching to the waist. Coat sleeves handsomely trimmed to correspond. "Pamela" bonnet of *gros-grain* to match the dress, trimmed with velvet and *crêpe de Chine* of the same color, the difference in the materials causing an apparent difference in color.

FIG. 5.—A stylish costume, made in maroon *satin de Chine*, the skirt ornamented with an 18-inch flounce arranged as seen in the illustration, and garnished with narrow folds of silk of the same color. Very long, full Polonaise, trimmed with a handsome twist fringe, and feathered ruchings of silk, both of the same shade as the dress. It is looped very high on the sides under maroon velvet bows, and is relieved in the back by tapes underneath. Silk ruching arranged square on the waist, and over the shoulders. Graceful flowing sleeves, looped on the inside of the arm under velvet bows, showing close sleeve underneath. Gipsy bonnet of narrow velvet, trimmed with *gros-grain* ribbon, and a long flowing plume of the same color.

FIG. 6.—*Coiffure de bal*, especially appropriate for a lady with an abundant *chevelure*. The hair is arranged in loose tresses, apparently without any studied design, presenting an appearance of graceful carelessness which is perfect in its effect. A cluster of wild roses is placed on the left side, from which depend garlands, mingling with the loose curls which fall over the shoulders.

FIG. 7.—A graceful *coiffure*, suitable for either home or evening wear, arranged in the back with a wide braid, surrounded by curls, and in front with perpendicular finger-puffs, and short curls falling over the forehead.

DOUBLE SKIRTS.

THERE is some novelty in the form of double skirts. They are cut in three separate parts. The back is no longer gathered up *en poof*, but the fullness expands very much below the waist. The paletot is open at the back and at each side. Frequently a sort of basque is attached to the corsage of the robe, and this, with the full bows and ends attached to the sash, are sufficient for out-door dress. A costume of gray poplin or cashmere may be made thus:—The first or lower skirt with several narrow flounces, and the second edged with a single flounce, festooned up *en panier*. The corsage, high and close-fitting, is confined round the waist by a broad sash of black velvet or of maroon *gros-grain*.

ALPACA FOR BRIDES.

VERY handsome and serviceable bridal dresses are made this season of fine white alpaca of the Buffalo brand. This brand is preferred on account of its closeness and fineness of texture. They are trimmed with white terry velvet and satin pipings, or bands of swansdown, or with white silk fringe, headed by folds of satin and *gros-grain*.

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BONNETS FOR NOVEMBER.

THE bonnet of the season is the bonnet of the seventeenth century in miniature. It has the upright crown, a small, flaring brim, and narrow, stiff curtain. The trimmings, consisting of bows, short, curled feathers, and ends of lace or ribbon, are set up on the side in the perked, jaunty fashion that everybody has seen in old fashion-plates.

The distinction, of course, between these and the round hats is much more marked than last season. The new bonnets have a character of their own, and are considered quaint but very stylish.

The fashionable combination in materials is velvet and *gros grain*, in several shades of one color—brown, purple, or dark-green. There is, perphas, a little mixture of black lace with these, but no contrast of color in the trimming.

Black and white are also in great favor. Black Lyons velvet and white terry velvet, and satin, with black lace, and tea-roses in dark, glossy leaves, for trimming.

When the bonnet is made of different shades of one color, it is always the velvet that is the darkest, and forms the body part of the bonnet—the lighter shades, in *gros-grain* silk and feathers, being mounted upon it as trimming, pipings, and linings.

A very handsome bonnet is made of Havana velvet, trimmed all round with folds of *gros-grain* in a lighter shade, terminating in wide ends, edged with knotted fringe. The sides of the hat are trimmed with bows of *gros-grain*, with ends of lace intermixed, and two short, curled ostrich feathers, of a lighter shade than the silk, arranged to droop over them.

A very handsome Pamela bonnet is of gray *gros-grain* mixed with blue, and ornamented with two long, flat ostrich-plumes—gray and blue. Both colors are light, but the blue is bright and forms an exquisite contrast. The brim has double quillings of blue upon the inside, and two pairs of brides, gray and blue, one of which is tied at the back, the other under the chin.

A very dressy visiting-bonnet is of pink *gros grain*, the brim turned up and lined all round with black velvet. The back is ornamented by bows of black velvet and pink ribbon (*gros-grain*, to match the silk). The sides have a puff of pink ribbon, with a fringed end, wide, which curls over the top. Pink strings.

A bonnet of Nile-green velvet (a very light blue-green) has a crown and curtain trimmed with white lace laid on flat, and a very long white ostrich-plume which lays flat to the sides of the crown and droops over the curtain to the shoulder. The effect of the trimming, in these soft colors, is very graceful and becoming to a delicate blonde, and is unbroken by the intrusion of flowers or any less flexible ornament.

In round hats, the French turban and the Genoese—a hat with a rather high, straight crown, and brim turned up at the sides, but not at the front or back—are the favorites. The "French" turban differs from the old round turban, in being long, with brim rolled up at the sides somewhat deeper than at the front and back. Velvet scarfs, long, flat ostrich-plumes, and jet *aigrettes*, with immense clasps, are all used as trimming. The decoration is always placed high on the crown and surrounds it, generally allowing drooping ends or plumes at the back.

Vails are very little worn in dress; gauze vails being generally carried as a protection against wind.

JEWELRY.

THE unique set of jewelry which we illustrate this month is from the establishment of Ball, Black & Co., which is a sufficient guarantee for exquisite workmanship and chaste design.

The breastpin is designed with a

gold bar, having a square tablet set with a large pearl, and pendant chains sustaining two bright gold buttons, each set with a similar pearl. From the tablet is suspended a gold button, ornamented to correspond, which sustains a *fleur de lis* shaped ornament, set with three smaller pearls, which forms a support for two flat, swinging rings, between which is a swing-bar holding a tablet set with three

diamonds, and three pendant buttons set with pearls. Earrings to match. Price for the set, $160.

HATS.

THE MAGIC HAT, of white French felt, trimmed with garnet velvet and long ostrich plumes. White point lace is mixed in the velvet bow and falls over the brim in front.

SAPPHO HAT, of drab felt, trimmed with black velvet; a coque's plume is set at the side and falls over the crown, fastened by a jet ornament with streamers of *gros-grain* ribbon.

The above are sketched from hats now on exhibition at the establishment of J. R. TERRY, 19 Union Square, New York.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED STEEL PLATE.

FIG. 1.—A *recherché* dinner dress made in green *poult de soie*, garnished with silk two shades lighter. The short skirt is bordered with two broad bands of the material, edged with the lighter shade, the deep flounce is bound to correspond, and the heading is composed of narrow ruffles of the lighter shade bound with the darker, attached by a band matching those on the bottom of the skirt. The court-train is trimmed to correspond with the heading to the flounce, and is looped back at the sides, displaying broad *revers* of the lighter shade. Pointed waist, with square neck and flowing sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Chemisette and undersleeves of point lace.

FIG. 2.—A handsome street-costume for a child, made in French gray cashmere, trimmed with bullion fringe of the same color and bands of garnet velvet. The suit comprises a skirt encircled with two bands of velvet, an overskirt describing three points in the back, and a wide apron trimmed with velvet and fringe, and a jaunty basque trimmed to match. Round hat of gray velvet, ornamented with bows of garnet velvet and gray plumes.

FIG. 3.—A stylish home dress made in *Havane* brown French poplin, trimmed with velvet two shades darker, edged with satin of the intermediate shade. The short skirt is encircled with two bands of velvet, and is further ornamented with bands of the same width, pointed at both ends, placed diagonally and graduated in length from the front to the back. The train tunic is bordered with a deep facing of velvet, which is graduated to about half the depth in front. Plain waist with heart-shaped neck, ornamented with the new style of *revers*, and a standing row of black lace. Flowing sleeves trimmed with velvet and lace. This toilet may be quickly transformed into a stylish walking-costume by the substitution of a handsome overskirt or Polonaise for the train.

FIG. 4.—A lovely evening toilet for a dancing party, to be made in light-blue *taffetas* and white organdy. The short skirt is ornamented in front with a trimming, *en tablier*, of rows of black lace, headed with feathered ruchings of white silk. The rest of the skirt is entirely covered with narrow flounces, alternately of the silk edged with fringe, and of organdy edged with Valenciennes lace. Waist with square neck and flowing sleeves, trimmed to correspond.

FIG. 5.—Visiting-toilet in black Irish poplin, trimmed with bias bands of the same edged with satin and narrow *guipure* lace. The design of the trimming on the skirt can be easily copied from the illustration. The overskirt, which is additionally trimmed with fringe, is square and open in front, and is looped at the sides into a tab which forms a continuation of the postillion. High, plain waist and coat sleeves, trimmed with folds and lace. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with crimson plumes.

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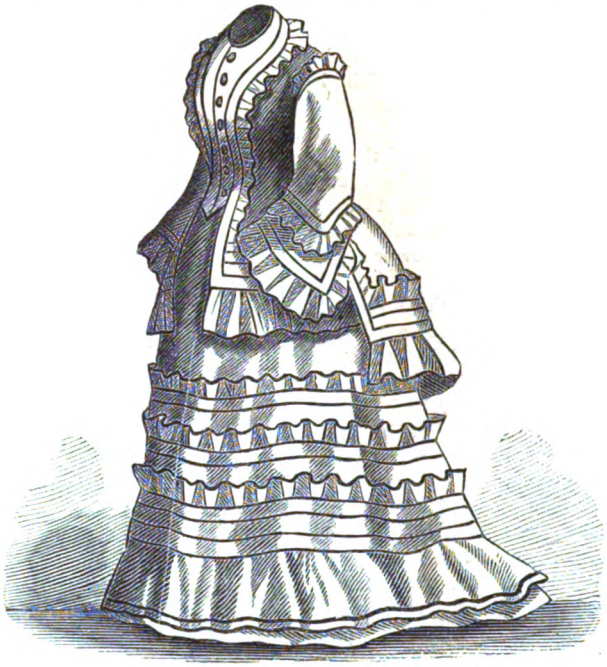
FANCY JEWELRY.

FANCY jewelry was never so generally worn as it is at the present time. We see *bijoux* of every sort suitable for toilets of every style. These articles of imitative jewelry are highly tasteful and artistic in design and execution, and their comparatively moderate price enables a lady to have an almost endless variety. We have seen imitation *parures* which may bear comparison with the most costly production of the jeweler's art. Among the most elegant ornaments of this kind, we may mention the medallions of the Louis XV. style, with paintings on enamel set round with small pearls. Others are in the *Renaissance* taste, with subjects in filagree-work on a black ground. A third class have ciphers and other designs in relief on plain grounds. Crosses of various forms, Byzantine, Maltese, or Roman, are ornamented with filagree-work, or a set with imitation *pierreries*. Other crosses are of lapis-lazuli, agate, or malachite; and lastly, there are the plain gold crosses worn by the peasant women of Normandy. Ornaments of cut jet, as brooches, chains, bracelets, &c., are also much in favor; they are worn only in *negligé* toilet, and they possess the advantage of being in harmony with any dress.

Strings of jet beads, and indeed beads of all descriptions, medallions, crosses, &c., are worn in profusion. Ear-rings are in great favor; and it is difficult to say whether long drops or short *boutons* are most fashionable, or whether gold drops are preferred to those of colored crystal and enamel. All are alike worn. The open corsage, now generally adopted, renders the use of neck ornaments almost indispensable. The band of ribbon, or velvet, from which heretofore the cross or medallion has been suspended, is now occasionally varied by a narrow ruching worn close to the throat in the style of the *collier de chain*. This sort of colarette is very becoming to the face.

WHERE DO THE BLONDES COME FROM?

IT is certainly surprising how much larger now is the proportion of fair women to dark than it was some years ago. Blonde powder and washes certainly have a great deal to do with this. Brown hair, of any shade not actually black, can easily be turned to blonde, especially to the fashionable blonde, which is a rich golden, almost reddish color. When impossible to change into golden, the hair should be blue-black to excite any admiration in the present time.



VISITING-COSTUME.

MADE in garnet Irish poplin, the round skirt bordered with a flounce of medium depth, edged with two rows of velvet of the same shade. The skirt is further ornamented with folds of silk of the same color, and plaited ruffles of the material, each edged with garnet velvet. Coat-shaped basque, open up the back and at the sides to the waist, trimmed to correspond. Vest of garnet silk.

The silk, velvet, and poplin must be of exactly the same color, the difference in the materials causing an apparent difference in the shades. The same design in blue, brown, green, or plum-color, would be equally as *distingué*.

WALKING-COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—A stylish suit in maroon *satin de Chine*, the skirt bordered with a fourteen inch flounce of an entirely new design. The flounce is arranged in broad box-plaits, caught at the bottom, and is edged with two plaited ruffles headed with narrow velvet. The same trimming, reversed, forms a heading to the flounce. The graceful Polonaise, trimmed with ruffles, velvet and fringe, is square in front and open in the back, the new arrangement at the sides imparting a sufficiently *bouffant* appearance without any looping. Flowing sleeves trimmed to match. High neck with *revers*, simulated by a ruffle headed with velvet.

Fig. 2.—A peculiarly lady-like suit in brown French merino, trimmed with broad folds of the material, surmounted by bias bands of bright plaid poplin. The suit consists of a skirt, garnished with three rows of trimming; an overskirt, open at the sides and slightly looped in the back by tapes underneath, and a tight-fitting basque with coat sleeves, trimmed with a broad ruffle at the elbows.

PARTY TOILETS.

TWO elegant evening dresses, recently completed, were made as follows:

The first is of English pink silk, with train-shaped skirt, trimmed with six thick ruches, fringed out and put on alternately with six flounces of Valenciennes lace. Tunic of plain muslin, falling in full folds gathered up under strips of Valenciennes lace insertion. Behind, a treble *panier* of muslin puffed out one above the other by rose-colored ribbons, and trimmed round with a deep flounce of Valenciennes lace. Round the bottom of the skirt there is a muslin *bouillon* with a strip of pink ribbon run through it, and a strip of Valenciennes lace insertion on either side. *Watteau* bodice, cut low and square, over an under-bodice of pink silk, and trimmed all round with a rose-colored silk ruche and border of Valenciennes lace.

The second is an evening dress of white tarlatan over a skirt of white *poult de soie*. The skirt is train-shaped and trimmed round the bottom with a deep flounce, the heading of which is fastened on with a wide strip of black velvet; above this flounce there are two flutings of tarlatan, also fastened on with black velvet. A tunic of the same material as the skirt is looped up and puffed out into three *paniers* with bows of black velvet. Low bodice with fluting and black velvet ribbon around the top. A wreath of pomegranate blossoms in the hair, and a bouquet of similar flowers on the corsage, set off to great advantage the elegant simplicity of this toilet.

HINTS FOR MOURNING.

ROBES of white serge, or even of muslin or tarlatan, with a large waistband of black *gros-grain*, and jet ornaments, are considered mourning. Velvet is not mourning.

Mourning bonnets are made rather larger than others, and are only trimmed with ruches of crape. Jet may only be worn after a certain period. After jet, white tarlatan roses, with black foliage, will lighten a black toilet very much. Feathers are not mourning.

Mourning dresses, for evening wear, are made of white Canton crape, flounced to the waist. They are trimmed with gauze ribbons. White Canton crape is a suitable material for a bride who is in mourning.

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FALL AND WINTER CLOAKS.

THERE is nothing new to record in cloaks, or in the garments which are used to complete out-door costumes for the present month. Tunics and *casaques*—the latter cut in coat style—are the prevailing modes, and everything worn is but a variation from them.

Among the prettiest things are the "morning" jackets, of soft, white Persian lambs-wool cloth, slightly embroidered and piped with black, or trimmed with black velvet—cuffs and collar. *Casaques* are invariably cut up on the back and richly trimmed. Bands of white satin, covered with rich black *guipure* lace, are a favorite method of trimming black velvet coats. Ruches of black and white silk above wide black lace are also very effective.

A very new design for a tunic has a front cut all in one piece, and a postillion basque at the back, beneath which the back, which is cut separate, is united to the waist; the looping up and trimming hide the seam at the sides.

There are other designs which consist of postillion basque and upperskirt, wholly separate from each other, so that, if required, the basque can be worn without the skirt, and *vice versa*.

The favorite mantles are of the Metternich cut, and are generally made in cashmere, black or white, lined, soutached, or trimmed with knotted fringe. A very new style is the *manteau jardinière*—a vestment of black cashmere with a colored border of silk embroidery and a fringe of colors assorted. A great many opera cloaks of white Astrachan are worn, with a deep border of goat's hair fringe.

BASQUES AND TUNICS.

THE material has a great deal to do with the make of the dress. If it is light and easy to plait and drape, a long looped-up tunic looks well; but if it is thick and unwieldy, like cloth or velvet, a jacket with plain basque is much preferable.

There is a new kind of material, called *gros-grain de laine*, which makes up very pretty costumes This material is either self-colored or shot, either of two colors or of two shades of the same color. The skirt is trimmed with flutings and cross-strips of the material, piped with satin of the same tint, or of the darkest shade; when there are two, the basque or tunic has one fluting and strip all round.

EVENING TOILET.

A SIMPLE yet elegant evening toilet—the dress of turkois, blue *faille*, made with a demi-train skirt, bordered with a deep flounce, which is surmounted by broad bands of the material, edged with plaitings of white *crêpe de Chine*. Overdress of white *crêpe de Chine*, trimmed with white *crepe* fringe and feathered ruchings of blue. The skirt of the overdress is open and pointed in front, very long and *bouffant* in the back, and is relieved at the sides by sashes of blue *faille* which descend from the waist and terminate under large bows trimmed with fringe. Pointed basque, trimmed with fringe and ruching, and broad short sashes of blue *faille*. Corsage open nearly to the waist, and page sleeves trimmed to correspond.

SHAWL COSTUMES.

WE illustrate, this month, two styles of the shawl costumes, as they are called, which are so much in vogue at present. They are generally arranged by cutting an all-wool long shawl in two, using one-half for the overskirt, and the rest for the basque, or loose sack, whichever is preferred. Some of the handsomer ones are made of plaid ladies' cloth, trimmed with bullion fringe to match. They require a walking-skirt of some kind to complete the costume.

No. 1 is arranged with a plain gray shawl—the overskirt, open up the back and looped up the sides—over a skirt of brown *satin de Chine*. The basque is nearly tight-fitting, and is confined by a belt and sash.

No. 2 is made in Sutherland plaid ladies' cloth, trimmed with bullion fringe to match, and is worn over a black silk skirt. The overskirt is closed all round, and is looped at the sides near the front, so that the draping extends across the apron. Tight-fitting basque, with flowing sleeves, and sash to match.

THE "NILSSON" TOILET.

SOON after her arrival, Mlle. Nilsson had a personal interview with Mme. Demorest, at which the Queen of Song manifested much pleasure, and expressed a wish to have a toilet arranged for her after one of our own designs. This, of course, was gladly done, and the result was the

"NILSSON GRAND TOILET,"

which is illustrated in this number of the Magazine.

It is composed of a petticoat of rich white *gros-grain*, with Duchesse lace flounce, put on in the Spanish style, with white satin ruchings. The train is of heavy blue *gros-grain*, bordered with two rows of Duchesse lace, with a white satin band through the center. The train is lined with white satin. The *antique* sleeves are bordered with deep lace ruffles, the bodice cut *à Raphael*, and ornamented with a double row of rich lace, and a bouquet of flowers. The whole design is purely classical, and worthy of the subject.

NEW BOOTS.

A NEW style of boot has been introduced, the upper part of which is composed of open-work stripe, through which the stocking shows, but this stocking is of silk, and of the same color as the dress. This is very well for the country and croquet, but in town the plain boot of *satin de Chine* matched with the toilet is more ladylike; or perhaps we should prefer to all others the tight fitting black kid or satin boot, with high heels, than which nothing makes the foot look smaller and prettier. For the house, the high heeled shoe of bronze or bright-colored kid, to correspond with the dress, is made with a very large rosette of ribbon, or of ribbon and lace, and sometimes with ribbon sandals tied above the ankle.

As for slippers, they should always be of the color of the *peignoir*. These, by-the-by, are now uniformly made in the *Watteau* style—that is, flowing down from the top, without waistband, the yoke outlined by a fluting put on square.

The new "Empress" heel can be adapted to any and all of these styles in shoes, and is rapidly taking the place of others, regular shoemakers being unable to make any that will compete with it.

BREAKFAST SHAWLS.

SMALL double shawls of Cashmere, trimmed with Flemish lace, are in great vogue for morning wear; and for elderly matrons, or ladies in mourning, a plain but elegant style, bordered with a deep fringe of pearled black *chenille*.

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THE NEW SHAWL COSTUMES.

This novel and perfectly original idea has not only found great favor in the eyes of many ladies, but it has suggested quite a number of changes and modifications of those that were already in vogue.

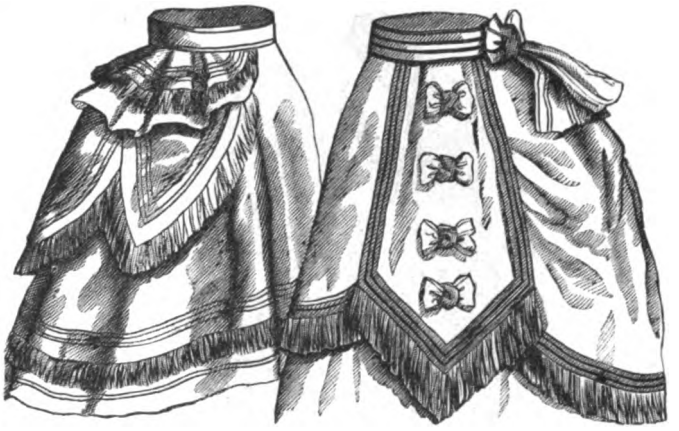
The "shawl costume" is, in fact, no longer confined to shawls, but is made in a great variety of materials—in mixed water-proof, in plaid woolen goods, and in gray mixtures, of good quality. The adoption of the style has revived a demand for the bullion fringe in black and white, and also in variegated colors, which was a feature of the winter fashions several years ago.

The black and white fringe looks particularly well upon the gray mixed cloth, and also upon shepherd's check; upon the latter it is not unfrequently headed with bands of black velvet, which form a border, and add to the effect without detracting from the character of the costume. In fact, throughout, it is always desirable that the gipsy style of the dress should be preserved, and nothing does this better than the high-colored plaids, or the dark mixtures, which allow of a somewhat contrasting border and parti-colored fringe finish to the jacket and the upperskirt, which constitute the major parts of the dress—the petticoat or walking-skirt being of secondary importance so long as its color and style do not interfere with the main design.

DRESSING FOR HEALTH.

After all the absurdities that have been written about dress, it must be conceded that it was never so sensible and never so comfortable as now. There is nothing in the ordinary dress of ladies, at the present time, to prevent them from accomplishing anything in the way of business or pleasure, while recent improvements afford them the means, by as simple and more perfect a method as that employed by men, of relieving the hips and back of all weight. Our Combination Suspender and Shoulder-Brace is the most simple and perfect article of the kind in existence; made of the best elastic, adjusted so as to support the back and relieve the body of all weight and pressure, the result is admirable, and needs only a trial to render the aid of so easy yet ingenious a contrivance indispensable.

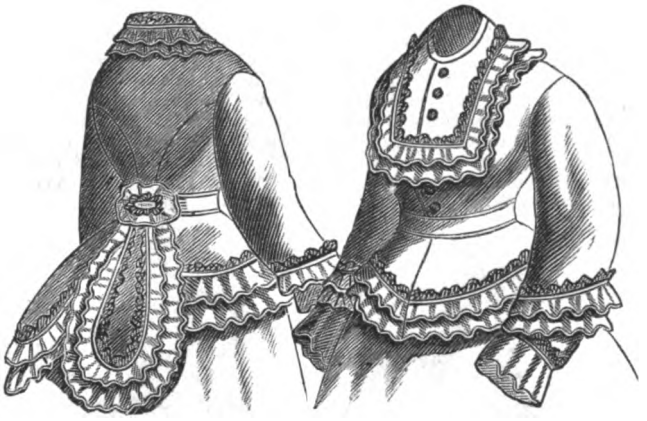
Health constitutes the happiness of the body; knowledge and virtue that of the mind.



LATEST STYLES OF OVERSKIRTS.

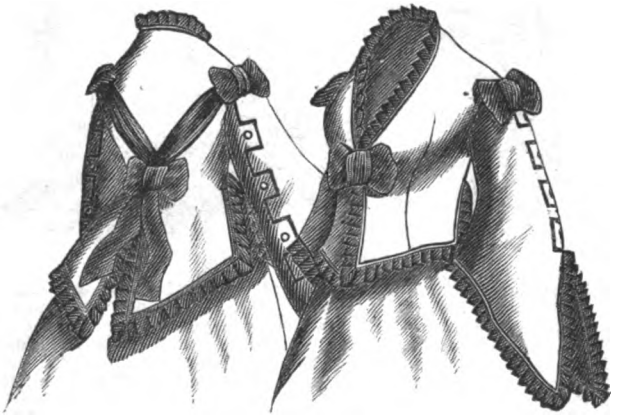
The "Kellogg" is very much admired for its simplicity, and can be worn with or without looping, according to fancy. It has a round plain apron, and the back is ornamented with three sash ends surmounted by a plaited postillion. This overskirt, when added to a dress with a pointed bodice, completes a very stylish walking-costume, without any additional outer garment.

The "Raymond" can be very appropriately made in any goods suitable for autumn wear, trimmed with fringe and folds of the material or of silk. The pointed side gore is trimmed round to represent a sash, and ornamented with bows.



ALBERTA BASQUE.

This jaunty basque may be used with equal propriety for either house or street wear. The one from which our illustration is taken is intended to complete a costume in purple French poplin, garnished with ruchings of the material, edged with velvet of the same color, and headed with a band of velvet surmounted by narrow guipure lace. The lozenge-shaped sashes in the back add very much to the general stylish appearance.



AUGUSTA JACKET.

A jaunty house-jacket, made in white serge or cashmere, trimmed with black velvet, or silk. It is tight-fitting in the back, and half-loose in front, the back being held in place by a belt underneath. The design would be equally as pretty in any bright colored goods, trimmed with black and gilt.

THE NEW FASHIONS IN FURS.

November is the month when ladies begin to really require furs, and naturally want to learn all the new facts concerning them. "Are furs fashionable?" is a very unnecessary though frequently asked question. Of course they are fashionable. Here at the North, they are indispensable to comfort, and the constantly increasing taste displayed in their manufacture makes them quite as indispensable to perfect beauty and winter fitness of attire.

A visit paid recently to the establishment of F. Booss, 449 Broadway, corroborated the fact of which we were already in possession, that furs are indispensable to the season's outfit, and gave us quite a new idea of the uses and effects of which this always elegant and really imperial fabric is capable.

The new "pocket" muffs have already achieved a European as well as American reputation. The new features this season are the substitution of the boa for the collar, and the introduction of Rose Marten—a beautiful dark fur, almost black—in place of the mink.

The fashionable furs are Russian sable, seal-skin sets (jacket, muff, and small collarette), fine mink, which has become a standard fur, and ermine for evening wear. Of ermine, the quality is exceedingly fine, the shapes most elegant, beautiful and elaborate.

The seal-skin jackets constitute a most distinguished garment, and are indeed only worn by ladies of high taste and fashion; they are much prized abroad, and are considered very reasonable in price, at $100 or $125 for the entire set.

Rose Marten is quite a new fur, dark, with somewhat long hair, and is made in sets, consisting of muff and boa, the latter fastened at the throat with the head of the animal. These sets are quite cheap, and take the place of ordinary mink. Corresponding to them, are the sets of white "Arctic Fox" for evening wear, composed also of muff and boa, richly mounted, and very showy, at comparatively small cost. These are well adapted to ladies who wish to dress with care for theater, or opera, yet whose means are limited.

Fine mink is scarce this year, and the price is fully up to last season; later, it will probably advance still higher.

In the size and shape of muffs there is nothing new to note, with the exception of a hand-bag of seal-skin, handsomely mounted with clasp, etc., which is also a muff, and

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therefore extremely useful for promenading and shopping purposes. The round muffs have not changed in size; they have only somewhat increased their high and elaborate style of mounting and finishing.

Rich chenille tassels are now used, instead of silk or bullion, finished with handsome *crochet* headings.

Children's furs are a specialty here, and the variety of designs for them seems inexhaustible. Grebe is so much used by ladies, especially young ladies, that it should hardly be classed among children's furs, yet it is especially *distingué* for misses of from twelve to fifteen, while their smaller sisters nestle in sweet little sets of Persian lamb's-wool, lined with rose pink, in delicate ermine, or in the less costly but pretty Astrachan, or the less used because so frail Chinchilla.

ATHALIA SLEEVE.

ESPECIALLY adapted for home dresses, made in any goods suitable for autumn wear, and particularly pretty in silk, trimmed with folds of satin.

ZELMIRA SLEEVE.

AN appropriate style of sleeve for a shaded costume, or for one arranged with two contrasting colors. Suitable for either house or street wear.

SMALL SCOTCH SHAWLS.

THESE pretty shawls are very fashionable this season for breakfast purposes. They are light, all wool, and some of them twilled. They seem to have quite superseded for the moment the Shetland article.

JACKET OF ASTRACHAN.

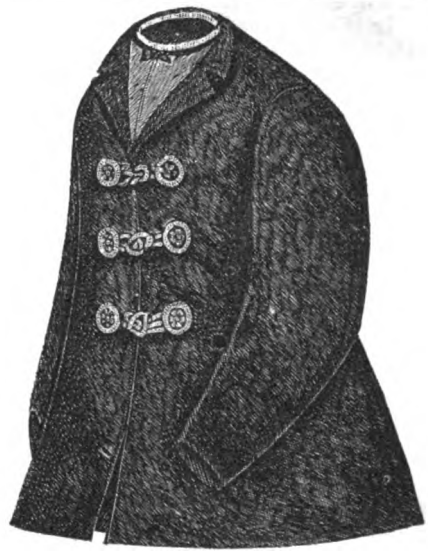
FURS.

JACKET OF ASTRACHAN.

The Astrachan jacket differs from the sealskin in cost, in quality, and therefore in beauty, to the eyes of the initiated. It is a very elegant garment, however, in white or black, and is bordered with a long, crimped goat's-hair fringe, which adds much to its effect. The Astrachan jacket, it will be observed, is closed at the throat, and fastened down the front with loops of twisted silk cord and crochet buttons.

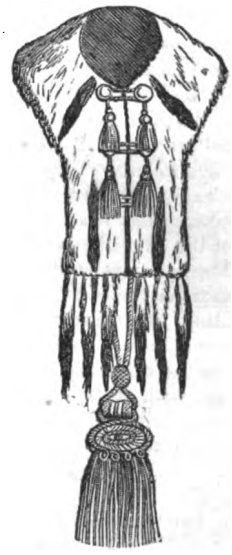
SEALSKIN JACKET.

ANOTHER of these handsome garments is a jacket of sealskin, so much esteemed among the most distinguished women of England and France. The beauty of this fur consists altogether in its fine dark color, and wonderfully soft, silky texture. The jacket is a plain, close sack-shape, richly lined with silk of the same color, and mounted with handsome substantial cords and buttons.



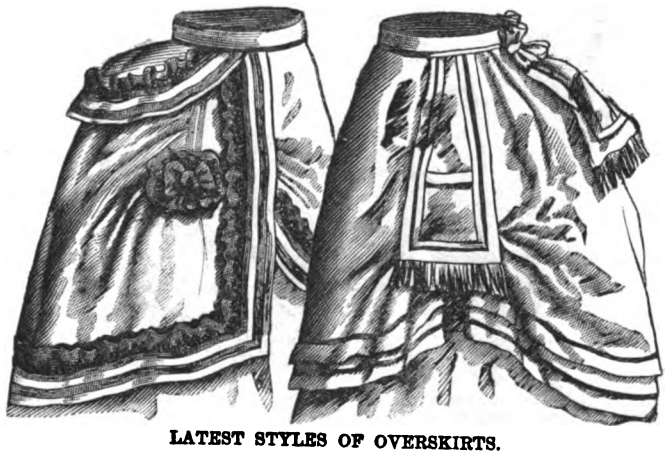
SEALSKIN JACKET.

ERMINE SET.



ERMINE SET.

This consists of a round muff and collarette of the finest and most delicate fur, lined with quilted white satin, and mounted with rich tassels, which give evidence of the increasing luxury which marks every detail of modern dress. Sets of this description are specially adapted for visiting, reception, and carriage purposes. Lighter and less costly furs are equally effective and less expensive for evening wear. From the establishment of F. Booss, 449 Broadway.



LATEST STYLES OF OVERSKIRTS.

THE "HYPATIA" is already a favorite, and is likely to remain so. The round apron, rather wider than is usual, is looped into the sides, which are long and square. Instead of looping the back to form a *panier*, the middle width is left much longer at the top, and gathered into the side seams, as seen in the illustration. The full rosette on each adds very much to the general stylish appearance, and the round postillion is a very pretty substitute for a sash.

"LA POCHETTE" is simple yet stylish, and will be found very appropriate for ordinary wear, trimmed with folds and fringe in the manner illustrated. The short square sashes at the sides used to retain the loopings, also serve as pockets which will be found very convenient.

CHIGNONS.—Rolls, with curls massed down the center, very loose, and somewhat "fluffy," still continue as the most fashionable kind of chignon. The front hair is either worn in puffs, or lightly curled and *crêped*. A butterfly bow, with or without ends, is the usual ornament.

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HOW QUEEN VICTORIA LIVES.

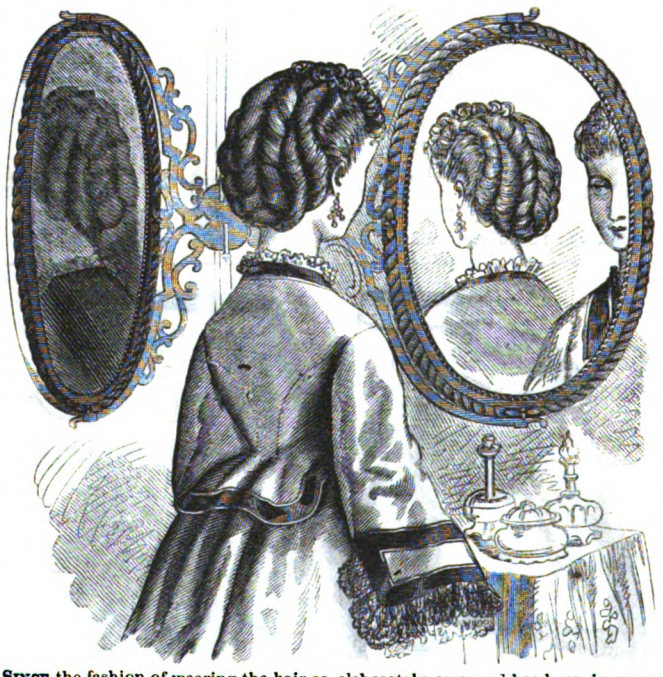
It is well known that Osborne House is the favorite English residence of Her Majesty and the royal family. The many happy years spent there in company with the lamented Prince Consort has endeared it to their hearts, and his presence must more especially seem to pervade this almost private residence. Visitors are not admitted to Osborne House to view the mansion and its grounds during the residence of the royal family; and it is not thrown open in their absence as a show place, though an order to see it may be obtained through the interest of one of the household. When the Queen retires to the Isle of Wight she dispenses with as much show and state as is possible to one of her exalted rank, and the royal family follow her example in this respect. The ladies in waiting are allowed to receive their especial friends; so being at Cowes I drove over to see a friend of mine at present in waiting, and who was in her own apartments when I arrived, and quite alone; she had not accompanied Her Majesty on this particular afternoon. She offered to take me over the house, which offer I gladly accepted. What struck me most was the exceeding simplicity in the furniture and decorations of the apartments; they contained some exquisitely rare pictures and china, but there was a subdued tone about the whole house, and not the slightest attempt at display. The view from the windows was enchanting, commanding as it does on one side the boundless ocean, and on the other the busy Solent, covered with crafts of every build and size, forming an ever-changing panorama to the eye. My friend showed me four beautiful little dogs, the especial pets of Her Majesty; two were of toy terrier breed, and two King Charles breed—the ears so long you could tie them behind their backs. These dogs were reposing in little white and gold baskets lined with quilted satin. Two other dogs were out driving with the Queen. When we had thoroughly gone over the house, and were pointed out the different rooms of the royal family, and had duly admired their tasteful and elegant arrangement, which had such a home-like appearance (books in every language, more especially German, scattered over the tables; also elegant needlework, lacework, embroidery, illuminating materials, Berlin wool work, music of the old and new masters, etc., lying in profusion about the apartments, proving that the fingers as well as the minds of the royal family are fully occupied when at Osborne), my friend took me through the grounds, which were most beautifully planted and laid out. This was the especial care of the Prince Consort, and the result of his supervision is indeed perfect, as of their kind and size they are unrivaled. After I had fully enjoyed all their beauties, we re-entered the house, and passed Her Majesty, who was followed by the Princess Louise. She was looking remarkable well. The Queen was attired as usual in black; but the black had nothing sombre about it, but looked rich, matronly, and very *distinguê*. The dress was of rich *poult de soie*, with a very long train, quite plain; a half-loose black silk jacket, and black bonnet. The Princess Louise wore a very fine white muslin, with flounces, trimmed with blue, *fichu* to match; and white bonnet, with blue forget-me-nots.

LADY'S BUSINESS SUIT.

As so many ladies now take an interest in business, it has become necessary to have some style of dress suitable for the purpose, and as convenient and appropriate as a gentleman's business suit.

We give two views of a costume intended for this purpose, made in invisible green broadcloth, trimmed with deep facings of black *gros-grain*, cut in inverted scollops on the upper edge, and finished with a rich black galoon.

The suit consists of a circle skirt, rather shorter than those used for ordinary wear, a Polonaise, plain, and buttoned down the front, the skirt slightly full, and gathered under the sash-shaped basques in the back, and looped high on the sides. A leather *aumôniere*, attached to the waist, falls over the loopings on the left side. *Revers* of black *gros-grain* set on the waist, and deep-pointed cuffs on the coat-sleeves, which are finished at the hand with plaitings of silk. A round cape, which we illustrate elsewhere, is to be added to the suit in inclement weather.

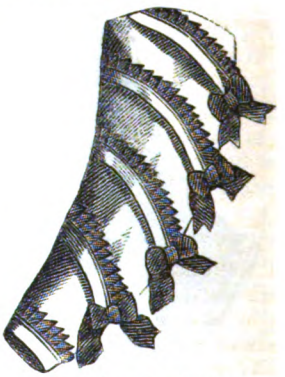


SINCE the fashion of wearing the hair so elaborately arranged has been in vogue, ladies have experienced, more than ever before, the necessity for some combination of mirrors by which the back hair could be seen during manipulation.

This want is now fully supplied by an ingenious contrivance called "Scottron's Adjustable Mirror." It is simple in construction, composed of two oval mirrors of the same size, hung in movable frames which are so arranged that the glasses can be turned in any direction needed, affording at the same time full views of the side, back and front, from head to foot, if desired. The mirrors are connected by a hinge, and can be conveniently attached to any wood-work. They are not only adapted to dressing-rooms, but will be found invaluable to dressmakers, hairdressers, tailors, hatters, and in many other branches of business where the fit or appropriateness of a garment is to be decided. We have several now in use in our establishment, and find them almost indispensable. They are manufactured in different sizes, and vary in price from $15 to $35.

CAPE FOR LADY'S BUSINESS SUIT.

To be made in the same material as the suit, lined with flannel, and trimmed to correspond. It is cut much longer in the back than in the front, and can be closed entirely or left open, according to fancy.



ERNESTINE SLEEVE.

A HANDSOMELY shaped coat-sleeve, rather close at the wrist, ornamented with folds of the material, surmounted by plaited ruchings of the silk arranged in a simple design, and finished on the outside of the arms by ribbon bows. Especially appropriate for home dresses.

GLOVES.—Kid gloves are rigidly of a tint to match the dress, the lightest cream, pink, and buff tints being reserved for evening wear. White is rarely seen.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

It requires real courage and strength of mind not to dress children in the fancy costumes in which they look so pretty, and in which every one admires them; and it requires still more judgment to select toilets that will gratify the taste of fond fathers and admiring friends, and yet meet the requirements of good common-sense, not to speak of the limits of the ordinary purse.

The one that comes the nearest to the mark is the simple Scotch dress, not the full Highland costume, with its silver and gemmed ornaments, but the plain dress of everyday life, which is reasonable enough to please the most thrifty of economical mammas.

It is quite time we had a house that would make a specialty of Scotch goods and Scotch suits of all kinds for ladies and children; but, in the mean time, when ladies, in their shopping excursions, find them, let them make a note of it.

We also must call the attention of those persons who make clothing for children at home, to a change in the cut of boys' trowsers. They are still wide at the top, but sloped toward the knee, below which they fit quite close, and are fastened with three small buttons. The jacket is made loose, a sash sometimes tied round the waist, and the waistcoat dispensed with. With a jacket of velvet, this forms what is called the Italian costume.

A pretty costume for a little boy is of gray twilled cashmere, with trimmings of garnet velvet. The trowsers, very wide at the top, are held round the waist by a belt of velvet, fastened with a broad buckle. The sailor jacket is trimmed with velvet, and buttons to match.

Very pretty costumes of gray mixed tweed are trimmed with black or brown braid; with these are worn leather belts, black or brown.

English fancy materials, light, but soft and warm in texture, are much sought after. The prettiest are of silver-tinted gray, and are trimmed with silk pipings and rouleaux of one or two shades of color.

For instance, a pretty little gray frock is ornamented with narrow flounces and cross-strips, all edged with a double piping of blue silk and satin, the latter of a darker shade. Pipings round the low bodice and short sleeves. The half-fitting jacket is trimmed with one flounce and cross-strip, with pipings to correspond.

A lovely little toilet for the evening is of rose-colored muslin and white guipure. The skirt is trimmed round with three flutings edged with guipure. Several rows of narrow flutings describe a small round apron upon the front part of the skirt. The low bodice had similar flutings put on *en bretelles*, and all the middle part between the bretelles was of white guipure over rose-colored silk. Guipure edging round the top and armholes; no sleeves, but large bows of rose-colored ribbon on the shoulders, and wide sash of the same.

Sensible people, however, prefer dresses of white, or bright scarlet, blue, or canary-colored wool, ornamented with white silk embroidery, or black velvet, to thin materials, for the cold season, and these can be made as pretty as the heart of a mother can desire.

Outer garments for young children and for girls take altogether the form of sacks, paletots, and *casaques*, or tight-fitting jackets, with basques. There are no round cloaks, except for babies, and even these have sleeves and a cape, and take the form of a long sack.

Overdresses have taken the place of aprons for girls. They are made in alpaca, to wear with Scotch plaid, merino, and colored cashmere costumes—the bodice a sort of square bib, front and back, held by straps over the shoulder. Hose very long and fanciful, boots high, and drawers short, the ruffles visible only, is still the rule.

Babies outfits are growing always more and more costly. Dresses are masses of tucks, or puffs, and Valenciennes. All the underclothing is trimmed with wide real lace.

WATER-PROOF OVER-GARMENTS.

Fig. 1.—A sack cloak in black water-proof, trimmed with wide Hercules braid. It reaches nearly to the bottom of the skirt, is buttoned all the way down the front, and is so arranged that it can be looped at pleasure. A round cape, reaching to the waist, can be added under the hood, if additional warmth is desired.

Fig 2.—This exceedingly convenient arrangement for water-proof cloth will be found a welcome substitute for the ordinary circle cloak, and is much more desirable, as it allows the free use of the arms. It consists of a circle skirt, without any fullness at the waist, buttoned down the front, and a double-breasted sailor jacket with coat sleeves. Our model is in blue waterproof cloth, trimmed with bands, collar and *revers* of black silk and rubber buttons.

WATER-PROOF SUITS.

Water-proof cloth will be much used in suits this season, especially for those intended for business.

Fig. 1 is a suit of English water-proof, mixed green and black, arranged with a skirt, short basque with coat sleeves, and a Metternich cape, trimmed with wide black Hercules braid.

Fig. 2.—A suit of gray water-proof tweed, trimmed with bias bands of black silk, stitched on by machine, and large flat silk buttons. The suit consists of a skirt, a little shorter than those used for ordinary walking-costumes, a loose sack which forms an overskirt and is slightly looped at the sides, and a cape, belted in the Metternich style in the back, the same belt confining the sack. This cape can be reserved for very inclement weather, if desired, as the costume is stylish and complete without it.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

A new style of this most comfortable hood, so arranged that the tie-strings form a scarf to protect the throat most thoroughly. It should be made in scarlet cashmere or opera flannel, lined throughout, and trimmed with black velvet or pinked ruchings of the material. For infants, it would be very pretty made in white, trimmed with a color or with swan's down. Plain patterns can be obtained for 25 cents.

Query.—How do people manage to sleep on a *spring* mattress all through the *winter?*

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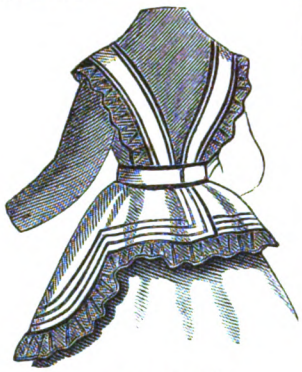


LIZETTE APRON.

FRONT AND BACK VIEWS.

THIS dressy little apron is one of the prettiest designs for the purpose that we have offered this season. When made in black alpaca, trimmed with scarlet braid, or in black silk, trimmed with velvet, it will be found an excellent substitute for an overdress to a school suit.

GLENGARRY CAP.

MADE in black velvet or beaver cloth, trimmed with bright Scotch plaid. Quite as pretty and equally as appropriate as the turban for a skating-costume, and indeed the most convenient and economical style for a school cap, as it is easily made, takes very little material, and is not injured by rough usage.

CHILD'S LEGGIN.

LEGGINS are almost indispensable appendages to the winter outfit of children,

EUNICE DRESS.

MADE in crimson cashmere, trimmed with narrow black fringe and crimson velvet. The skirt is encircled with two narrow flounces, surmounted by fringe and velvet, a row similar to the headings being placed on the edge of the skirt. Overskirt, with short, round apron, describing five points at the sides and back, slightly looped, and trimmed to correspond. High, plain waist, with square trimming of velvet and fringe, and coat sleeves with pointed cuffs.

ELNORA DRESS.

MADE in blue Empress cloth, the skirt ornamented with narrow flounces headed with blue velvet, set on diagonally at the sides and straight across the back width, finished on each side with velvet bows. It will be noticed that the second flounce only is continued around the back of the skirt—thus, with the velvet bands across the front width, completing a very pretty design. High, plain waist, with the trimming arranged as *bretelles* in front and square in the back. Coat sleeves trimmed to correspond.

RUDOLPH SUIT.

A STYLISH suit for boys from six to ten years of age, consisting of Knickerbocker pants, vest, and loose jacket. Made in mixed gray cloth, trimmed with narrow black braid and lasting buttons.

WARREN SUIT.

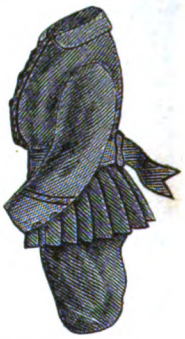
FOR boys of five years. To be made in navy-blue cloth, or serge, trimmed with narrow black velvet or *soutache* braid. The suit consists of short, tight pants, and a belted-in blouse, rather longer than those worn last season. The costume is completed by Russian boots, scarlet stockings, and a sailor-shaped hat of enameled leather.

The plain patterns of either of the above suits can be obtained for 40 cents; trimmed, for 75 cents. In sending for patterns, please give height and age.

and are also much worn by ladies. For children, they are frequently made in the material of the suit with which they are to be worn; but some handsome ones, made in black velvet, simply bound, and fastened with jet buttons, or in cloth, handsomely braided, can be appropriately worn with any suit. Patterns can be obtained for from 15 to 25 cents, according to size.

FLORENCE APRON.

A PRETTY school apron, most appropriately made in black mohair or silk, trimmed with velvet or silk folds and ruffles of the material. The bodice, which is quite high and broad in front, is continued over the shoulders like bretelles, and finished in the back with a ribbon sash.



EUGENE SUIT.

A FIRST suit for a boy, consisting of Knickerbocker pants, and a blouse with kilt-plaited skirt, confined by a belt with ends, fastened with a buckle in the back. To be made in cashmere, serge, or cloth, trimmed with velvet and jet buttons.

DESCRIPTION OF PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

REGINA POLONAISE.—The pattern which we present this month is an exponent of the most graceful style of outer garments which will be fashionably worn this season. It is especially adapted for cashmere, *satin de Chine*, or any soft material which drapes gracefully, but it can be very appropriately made in *gros d'empire*, or velvet, richly trimmed with lace and *passementerie*. A flowing sleeve can be substituted for the close one, if desired, or be arranged in conjunction with it to fall gracefully from the shoulder.

We propose, next month, to furnish a pattern of a boy's overcoat, which we are sure will be very acceptable to all mothers who study economy and have such garments to provide.

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MLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

WITH this number of the magazine we give a portrait of the greatest vocal celebrity of our time, Mlle. Christine Nilsson, the beautiful Swedish songstress, whose fame has outrun Jenny Lind's, and who, while still surrounded by the magical charm of youth, has won a reputation which outlives age.

Our special interest in Mlle. Nilsson, however, commences with the evening of September 20, 1870, the night upon which she made her *début* at Steinway Hall, before one of the largest and finest audiences that was ever drawn out by the magnetism of pen or voice in New York City. If it were possible for Steinway Hall to display dress to any advantage, it would have presented a more gorgeous appearance than the Academy on a "crush" opera night. Ladies appeared in full dress, in the close, narrow seats, and gentlemen forgot for once their laziness and indifference, and came curled, scented, and with roses in their button-holes.

An able critic gave the following truthful picture of her as she appeared upon her first entrance:

"When the moment arrived for the appearance of Mlle. Nilsson, expectation rose a full degree into eagerness, and expressed itself in that well-known combination of rustle and sigh which sweeps like a summer breath over large assemblages at such times. Even this died away into a breathless calm as the prima donna appeared. All impulse to welcome and to applaud was swallowed for a moment by the one-ecstasy of a satisfied curiosity. In that moment there was seen through several hundred lorgnettes a fair-haired, slender, and smiling woman, whose singular purity and simplicity of aspect, mingled with a chaste austerity, recalled, without gesture or movement, the living ideal of Scheffer's picture of *Marguerite*. It was a face that beamed without the brilliancy of beauty. It bore, too, the impress of nationality, but that hard type had been softened and lit by an inner development. Something of the chasteness without the chiliness of Northern snow in it, which, even as you gazed, seemed to retain some glorious tints of the borealis.

"The charm of a prima donna who could be *spirituelle* without being weak, who was *mignonne*, but vital at the first recognition, was indeed a fresh gratification in the concert-room. In this instantaneous summary, made by a thousand minds as subtle as they were sensitive, there was no opportunity for classification. Analogy itself found no exact counterpart. It was a face utterly unlike those of all preceding prima donnas. Something perhaps of the benignity which beamed in Jenny Lind's, but devoid of her robust and matronly repose; as far away from the splendor of Grisi as a snow-drop is from a passion-flower; as unlike the voluptuousness of Sontag, as the head of Minerva is unlike a nymph of Canova's; and comparing with the sensuous immobility of a Patti, still green in our memories, as a madonna to an odalisque. 'It is,' said Blaze de Bury, seeking before us for an explanation, 'the charm that belongs to the virgin character of Swedish maidenhood.'"

The music selected to complete this introduction was the devotional aria from Handel's "Theodora": "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." The delivery of this *morceau* was marked, first of all, by the pure and tender feeling which, indeed, the singer's face had announced in advance. The sentiment of the piece allows of no display of vocal pyrotechnics, and the absolute truth of the artist to her art was shown at once in the fidelity to the classical idea, which she breathed into unutterable sweetness in that exquisite prayer. There was no sense of being overpowered, or even astonished; only a feeling of divine satisfaction in the realization of a vital idea. Here was no trick of the stage; but a muse, an inspiration, an embodied genius of music, who would owe nothing to the mechanic illusions of art, but depended solely upon the truthfulness of her interpretation of it.

At that moment one felt not only the pleasure of the sense in seeing a lovely face and hearing a sweet voice, but a deep thankfulness that, amid the falsities of a false age, this singer was true to her nature and to the gift which God had given her. In this purity, this truth, this absence of trickery, was matter better than that contained in a hundred sermons.

The great effort of the evening, and the one that displayed all her great and varied powers of execution, was her famous scene from the Fourth Act of "Hamlet," which was turned into an opera for her, and which her personation of Ophelia alone saved from quick condemnation. This fair Ophelia is a revelation, slender and sweet; fair, even to transparency; with eyes luminously bright, the weirdness of a fay, the beauty of a virgin. Reason has abandoned mortality only to leave the soul more visible. She sings—lifting an ethereal voice to the lark. Wild roulades, in which the depth and pathos of love mingle with its gayer memories; laughter, in which tears have a part; a joy infinitely compassionable, a pain infinitely dear. She tears the flowers from her hair, and, distributing them, sings a strange, wandering melody of Sweden, penetrating in its beauty, luring and tempting, but treacherous in its loveliness, as the voice of a sea-nymph.

When the audience awoke from its inthrallment, wild bravos greeted her; women rose, men waved their handkerchiefs, and flowers fell like many-colored and fragrant raindrops. Baskets and bouquets could not satisfy the enthusiasm of her admirers, however. A ship, a harp, and a fire-screen of flowers, were among the magnificent tributes which, upon that first night, New York paid to the genius of Nilsson.

We have said nothing of her dress; it was costly, yet seemed simple. It was of superb white *faille*, covered with tulle, which was drawn back in folds from the front, and formed flat plaited flounces upon the lower part of the skirt. The side *paniers* were ornamented with trails of white roses, and a garland also extended round the bottom of the skirt. The low bodice was cut with small square basques, and covered across the bust with folds of tulle, outlined by leaves and rose-buds. Her headdress consisted of flowers and a diamond butterfly worth $2,000. She also wore a diamond necklace of great value, pin, and ear-rings. Her toilet was white throughout, relieved only by the slight foliage of the roses and the flash of magnificent gems.

Fortune has nowise impaired Mlle. Nilsson's native modesty, or rendered her otherwise than humble and gentle and diffident. Her periodical visits to the home in Sweden are paid without the slightest ostentation. At home, she takes part in the singing at the village church. "I am always glad to assist the poor," she remarked simply, on one occasion, when she gave her services for charity, "for I have known poverty by experience." Her success in the lyric world she is wont to ascribe to Wartel's excellence as a teacher, more than to any inherent merit of her own.

In all respects the private character of Christine Nilsson is a happy complement of the greatness of her public worth. Estimable by virtue of her accomplishments and of the high position her genius has secured, she is no less to be admired for the modesty and gentleness with which she wears her honors. She "bears her faculties so meek," that, to know her in private, is to merge admiration of the gifted artist into esteem for the unassuming woman.

WE commence our social meeting with a letter from

"MOLLIE AND NELLIE":

"DEAR MME. DEMOREST—I wonder if you know what an opportunity you have of doing us girls good and enlightening our tastes? There are thousands of us who wait eagerly your coming, and consult your columns as an oracle, looking each month for some words of substantial and lasting benefit, as well as for help out of our little perplexities. There is a subject upon which some of us have held differing opinions, and we need now some words from you to help us to a right decision."

One question is in reference to neatness in underclothing, and we give our verdict unqualifiedly in the affirmative. Choose fine material very neatly made, without any trimming at all, rather than coarse material, vulgar embroidery, and cotton laces. In reference to kissing, we have stated several times that we did not approve of indiscriminate kissing between boys and girls who are almost young men and young women. Girls should learn to consider their own bodies as the shrines of their maiden purity, and respect them accordingly. This will make them clothe themselves nicely, though no eye but their own see it, and prevent them from yielding to familiarity which trespasses upon those privileges which only nearness of relationship and affection can sanction.

"DEAR MME. DEMOREST—Please inform me the price of the electro-plated water-set and silver-plated tea-set that were in the September number. By answering the above, you will confer a very great favor on one who has been a faithful subscriber for many years, and ardently hopes all that you undertake may be crowned with the most complete success. I would like very much to make one little suggestion. You will perceive that my first attempt to be recognized in the 'Ladies' Club' gives me sufficient courage to write what I have long thought—namely, that as your Magazine is universally considered to be the only real Ladies' Book in the United States, would it not be a grand undertaking—one that the ladies of America have never before had placed before them—to give an additional sheet embellished with the portraits of distinguished women of the present day? We would have them framed, and our homes would then more than ever bless the name of DEMOREST, sovereign empress of them all. You doubtless think, because you have proved so generous in the past, that we may desire more for the future. Truly it is so; but we all would be willing to share an additional sum on our present price of subscription to defray the trouble, time, and expense.

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Having trespassed so long on your valuable time, I will only say that the women of America admit of only one true leader of Fashion and real friend—DEMOREST.

"MOLLIE."

A. E. G.—If the fashion articles are read, your friends will have discovered that shawls are not yet admitted *in propria persona* into polite society.

"H."—The sample of goods would commonly be called gray alpaca. It is, however, a very poor quality, a very ordinary mixture of cotton and wool, which would not dye well, because no mixtures ever do, but would take green as well as any other color. Sorosis is pronounced So-ro-sis.

MRS. N. S., COLUMBUS, O.—We have no space at pr sent for articles of the kind you mention.

N. G. AND W. B.—Make pink silk evening dresses short for girls of your age. Add overskirts, cut the necks square, the sleeves antique, and trim them full with pink silk ruching feathered out upon the edge and box-plaited in clusters, with spaces between occupied by box-plaiting of white silk.

"SAIDIE."—Short dresses are proper for bridal costumes when the bride is married in her traveling-dress. If it is a full dress wedding, the costume should be cut *en train*. With a gray suit, we should prefer a gray hat, trimmed with gray and scarlet, but the suit with white hat, trimmed with white and blue, would be very pretty.

SALLIE A. G.—Your samples are Japanese poplin. The lightest one would be useful made as a dinner dress, and trimm d with blue satin, matching the stripe. Your black silk walking-suit had better be made with two skirts, as they are still fashionable, and so useful to wear with a variety of dresses. Valenciennes would trim your blue *gros-grain* very handsomely, but it would cost a good deal. Why not trim your blue silk with flutings of muslin, and make for it an overskirt of muslin as well as silk? You can then change about, and wear your blue silk overskirt with your black or white, as well as blue, and your black overskirt with white, black, gray, or any other color. Your white dress, if of thin material, should be organdy trimmed with fluting and Valenciennes insertion. The overdress should be almost entirely composed of puffings and Valenciennes lace, the body high, open in front, and also composed of puffings and insertions, with lace upon the neck and lace ruffles for the sleeves. Make your morning dress of blue cashmere, and trim with bands of white silk plush, or very light-gray trimmed with blue. Your traveling-dress should be of Irish poplin trimmed with velvet. Bronze boots are only worn with brown poplin suits, or by little girls. The fashionable walking-boots are black kid, stitched with white in feather patterns, with the new Empress heel added.

M. J. H.—A new style of overskirt is made with square bibs back and front, held by straps over the shoulders. You could make your pink silk in this way, or with bretelles.

J. A. J.—A handsome chignon of curls and braids of real hair would cost you from $25 to $40. You do not say for what purpose you want your green silk.

ELLA A. B.—A very good Paisley shawl could be got for $40, but not an elegant one. A pearl ring could be got for $12 or $15, and would be exactly suited to your age. A handsome Roman sash would cost you $5. Linen collars, with fine edge of needlework, and elaborate collars of Valenciennes lace, wil be worn this winter. There are places in the city where very nice second-hand furniture can sometimes be bought.

MRS. W. H. A.—We should advise a suit of good English waterproof, trimmed with Hercules braid, for traveling that distance.

"LARREPEE."—The green material, of which you inclosed a sample, would make a pretty suit trimmed with black velvet. Black alpaca is as much, and, indeed, more worn than ever, since the "Buffalo" brand has supplied a reliable line of this useful fabric. It is trimmed with black velvet. Wet your curls thoroughly before winding them round the sticks or irons, and then bake them in a cool oven twelve hours; this will keep them in curl some time. Calico dresses are made with skirt and blouse belted in. Both simply hemmed.

B. P. P.—A black velveteen cloak, cut as a coat, and having cuffs and vest of blue *gros-grain* silk trimmed on, would probably be the prettiest and most dressy for you. Make your church dresses walking-length—only your evening dress s long. Get hat and gloves to match your wedding-costume. Travel in your Arab—it would spoil your velvet cloak. Your vail may be a light-gray, or a color to match your dress. The bridegroom should wear narrow white cravat, light-tinted kid gloves, and have others to travel in. Broad velvet is much used for trimming.

ELLA B.—The materials for gentleman's wrapper, with pattern, will cost you from $5 to $10; ready-made it will cost you from $15 to $30. You would have to send his measure. Trim your black silk alpaca with black silk velvet, and a double quilling of the material. A good lustreless silk would cost you from $2 to $3 per yard.

"MOTHER."—Pure milk from one cow we consider the best substitute for mother's milk—the risk in morals, manners, habits, and permanency, being too great to admit of wet nurses. Five years is not too early to send a child to school, provided the school is a good one and well ventilated.

M. A. H.—Kid gloves are reduced, at Stewart's, 25 cents on the pair. Two buttons are $2.25; three and four buttons, $2.50. Kid gloves can be got at $1 and $1.50, but they are not warranted.

MRS. C., IOWA.—Your desire is very praiseworthy, and we should advise the fancy store, by all means. You could send your orders to us for supplies, and, as soon as the "Tea Company" is in working order, we would give you an agency.

E. S. B.—Trim your little girl's blue merino with black velvet. Select a design from our illustrations.

V. KATE F.—Your plain dress of velveteen would look very well for house and church wear. Make the outside garment into a half-fitting *casaque* or paletot, and it can then be worn with any other dress. Make a white muslin overdress for your blue silk, and over this put a small, round *pardier* of the blue silk; this will make it very dressy, and help out your material. Should not recommend "moreen" under white muslin. Your black velvet hat would be suitable.

"PORTIA."—Release yourself from your engagement at once, and take care how you are so foolish as to be drawn into one again with a man you do not love. You have a good mother and a good home; be content. Stop oiling your hair, except with glycerine, and wash it thoroughly with borax and camphor-water. Again we warn you that you will bitterly repent marrying to escape a little imputation of being a flirt, which you can soon and easily live down.

"IF WE KNEW."—This poem, published in the September number by request, was written by Miss May L. Riley, now Mrs. Albert Smith, of Springfield, Ill.

VIOLA.—Make your wedding-dress of fine white alpaca. Light-brown, trimmed with a darker shade, would make you a pretty traveling-suit. Brides do not wear jewelry. Bridesmaids wear a locket, presented by the groom, and all, including the bride, may wear pin and ear-rings. Attach your vail to a wire, shaped to your head, if you can not fasten it to your hair.

"IVY-LEAF."—A *grisaille* silk, trimmed with black and white ruchings, would answer nicely for your bridal costume, be serviceable and yet stylish, and useful for after-wear. The bride's-cake should occupy the center of the table, and be cut *last*—the bride herself cutting the first piece. You are not obliged to have bridesmaids; it is becoming fashionable *not* to have them.

"DEAR DEMOREST,—1st. What colors are suitable to my complexion? Am round-faced, rather pale; dark brown hair, almost black; gray eyes.

"2d. Can you tell me of anything that will thicken the hair?

"3d. Do they make chain bracelets plated? and what do they cost?

"4th. Can you tell me of anything for polishing pianos?

"5th. Are gored dresses likely to be worn for some time?

"6th. Is velveteen simply cotton velvet?

"7th. Would you advise the study of medicine to ladies?

"8th. Please tell me the price of "Satine" cloth, now so fashionable.

"9th. Can point lace be made at home? Tell me the average price of point lace and guipure?

"10th. What will give the complexion a delicate appearance? ELLA S."

Ans. 1st. Gray, with *cerise;* black, with Roman colors; bright, *not* light blue; pink, with dove-color; garnet and green.

2d. A solution of camphor and borax with pure glycerine. Half ounce of gum camphor to one each of borax and glycerine. Dissolve in a quart of water.

3d. Not plated, but of a French composition. $5 per pair.

4th. The usual furniture polish, or kerosene oil. The latter is very good for rubbing any kind of furniture.

5th. Yes.

6th. Yes. There is silk-faced velveteen.

7th. Yes, if they like it.

8th. From 75 cents to $1.25.

9th. Yes. On a lace pillow, with bobbins. There is no average price; depends on the width and fineness. A fine *real* point, two to three inches wide, would be $10 per yard. Point *appliqué*, that is, the pattern applied (sewed) on a net foundation, would be about $5 per yard. Guipure, not *gimpure*, about $3 per yard.

10th. Avoidance of pork, pastry, coffee, and cake; daily bathing; exercise; a fruit diet, and protection from sun and wind. In addition, wash often in buttermilk, and sometimes in the expressed juice of cucumbers. Put lily powder on the face after being exposed to the wind, and wash it off with buttermilk in which horseradish has been grated. Above all things, be good-tempered. Nothing ruins the complexion like fretting.

"PERSONAL."—Our colleague is at present in China, selecting and purchasing teas to ship to our house in New York. When these are received, we shall be at once in a position to send out agents and take orders. Until then, and also until arrangements are made for abundant supplies of selected brands, contracts would be premature. We expect to be in working order by the New Year.

"LIZZIE AND FLORENCE."—See reply to "Personal."

"LOWLAND."—White Buffalo brand alpaca, trimmed with white uncut velvet, piped with white *gros-grain*, would make a very handsome bridal dress. A fine quality can be purchased for $1 per yard. We would advise a plain, trained skirt; an overskirt trimmed with a broad band of the velvet; square neck filled in with lace; flowing sleeves with lace under-sleeves. Striped bournouse, or loose jackets of white Molleton cloth are fashionable for evening—the latter is thick and soft, and trimmed with fringe or satin folds. We could send you the patterns mentioned. The cost would be $1.50. A bridal vail would cost you about $10; with wreath, $15. *Grisaille* simply means a *chene* mixture of black and white to form gray. Chemise-bands can be purchased at almost any price. There are sets of bands, and sleeves with cuffs, and yoke for nightdress, composed of lace and embroidery, on purpose for bridal sets, to be bought for $9 the set. Velvet cloaks will be very much worn. Your brown Japanese silk would make you a very handsome dress, trimmed with folds of black and white striped satin. We can send you any kind of waterfall you require, if you send the order.

"MME. DEMOREST—Is it proper to say, 'three pair of horses,' 'six pair of shoes,' &c., or 'three pairs of horses,' 'six pairs of shoes,' &c., or are both proper? Also is 'dozen' or 'dozens' correct in speaking of several?

"PERPLEXED."

Certainly not. You are speaking in the plural when you speak of several; therefore you say, "three pairs," or "three dozens." You would not think of saying, "three *horse*," or "three *shoe*." Would you?

KEEP CHILDREN BUSY.

ONE of the most important duties of the mother is to keep the children busy, furnish them with such occupation as will keep their hands employed and their brains active, and not leave themselves a prey to that idleness and vacuit which which leads to mischief and often to misery.

Little girls, that have ceased to be babies, may be kept busy and interested for hours together by a family of small five and ten cent dolls, furnished with wardrobes cut in ten minutes out of colored paper. A box containing such dolls and their clothes will cost less than a dollar, and supply an inexhaustible mine of comfort and pleasure.

Boys are less easy to satisfy, but they are generally suited with a ball and a few glass marbles.

Of course it is wise to begin as soon as

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possible to put them in the way of performing small acts of use and kindness for themselves, their parents, and their friends; and it is surprising how soon they can be taught to do an errand, to help themselves in small ways, and especially to avoid making work and trouble for others.

One of the great misfortunes of children born of rich parents is the condition they were born into of seeing everything done for them, of finding no necessity that they should labor and help themselves. Children are endowed with a natural restlessness of body and activity of mind, which require employment for their proper use and development, and, as they grow older, if these faculties are not put to a legitimate and proper use, they will either die out, or become so depraved as to be a curse to their possessor, rather than the blessing they were intended to be.

Sometime ago, we introduced two departments into YOUNG AMERICA designed expressly to stimulate and encourage this willingness and desire on the part of all children to be useful, and we have no doubt at all that the fault of laziness and want of ambition with which older boys and girls are so often charged, is more the fault of their parents neglect than their own want of faculty.

The bane of American life is its perpetual hurry. The father has "no time" to teach his little son how to make a kite, mend his sled, or solve his difficult arithmetical problem; the mother is "too busy" to allow her young daughter to retard operations by "helping" in the kitchen, and thus learning the mysteries of the culinary art which she soon learns to despise as an old-fashioned weakness on the part of "ma," and a duty only of servants.

Every child should be early impressed with the idea that work is the greatest of earthly blessings. It is the precursor of every joy and comfort, the source of the highest enjoyment, the solace in the deepest affliction; and by work we do not mean the roughest and coarsest kinds of handicraft labor, though even these are ennobling, and infinitely better than luxurious idleness; but we mean whatever occupies the body, heart, and brain Whatever tends to use or beauty, whatever aids, strengthens, improves or benefits individuals, and, through them, mankind at large in any way whatever, whether it is writing a book or teaching a boy to bring in wood and water for his mother.

Enormous injury is done to children by making them feel that they cannot be of any use. They are of the highest use in drawing us out of our own selfishness, in developing all the best and purest feelings of our natures, in giving us something beyond ourselves to love, and live and work for; but they can be made to realize a more material use by putting them to such occupations as they are fitted for, by teaching the boys to do the rougher chores of the house and garden, and wait upon their sisters, help their mothers, and perform at home those acts of courtesy which it is incumbent upon them as gentlemen to perform for women in after-life.

The girls, in their turn, should be taught from their earliest youth that upon women devolves the task of doing for their fathers and brothers a thousand things upon which their comfort and happiness at home depends. Men are away from home so much that not a few feel like strangers in their own houses, unless they are made to feel at home, by the pleasant air of preparation for them, and the welcome given them.

Very little girls can hem handkerchiefs or darn hose, or mend a hole in gloves, or pour a nice cup of tea, or brown delicately a piece of toast, or boil "papa's" eggs just right, and they can also learn to set aside their own play for a little while, in order to amuse baby brother, or carry a message, or wash carefully the breakfast cups and saucers.

It is, however, above all things important that boys and girls should be not only taught but made to wait upon themselves, keep their own things in order—toys, clothing, books, and whatever they hold as personal property.

There is no reason why boys should be allowed to leave articles scattered all over the floor, because they are boys, nor any reason why they should not be able to sew on buttons and strings, or mend a rent, and also be provided with the implements to do it. It is this eternal "picking up" after disorderly men and boys, who learn to think that picking after them is women's business, which makes the labor of women so interminable. Were each member of a family careful not to *make* work, the labor of nearly all households would be half lessened. In fact, the principal secret of a happy household is teaching the children how to help themselves and to help others.

A GOOD PUDDING.—Take one-half pound of bread-crumbs, six ounces of white sugar pour over in one-half pint of boiling milk, let it stand till nearly cold. then work into it one-fourth pound of fresh butter until it becomes very white. Then add four eggs, one at a time, stirring; it must be well beaten between each; then add the rind grated and the juice of a lemon; take a mold, butter and paper it well, then ornament it with candied peel and raisins, according to fancy. Pour into it the ingredients, put a paper over the top, also tie in a cloth, and let it steam gently for two hours. Serve it with arrowroot or custard sauce.

SNOW PUDDING.—The juice of three lemons, one cup of white sugar, whites of three eggs, half package gelatine. Let the gelatine stand half an hour in a pint of cold water, then throw off that, and add a pint of boiling water. Beat the eggs and sugar well, then add the lemon-juice and gelatine, and beat till it looks like snow.

JENNY LIND'S SOUP.—The following soup is stated by Miss Bremer to be the soup constantly served to Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, as prepared by her own cook. The sago and eggs were found by her soothing to the chest, and beneficial to the voice. Wash a quarter of a pound of best pearl sago thoroughly, then stew it quite tender and very thick in water or thick broth; (it will require nearly or quite a quart of liquid, which should be poured to it cold and heated slowly;) then mix gradually with it a pint of good boiling cream or milk, and the yolks of four fresh eggs, and mingle the whole carefully with two quarts of strong veal or beef stock, which should always be kept ready boiling. Serve immediately.

GOOD CHILDREN'S CAKE.—Mix a quarter of a pound of butter, or good fresh dripping, into two pounds of flour; add half a pound of pounded sugar, one pound of currants, well washed and dried, half an ounce of caraway seeds, a quarter of an ounce of pudding spice or allspice, and mix all thoroughly. Make warm a pint of new milk, but do not let it get hot; stir into it three teaspoonfuls of good yeast, and with this make up your dough lightly, and knead it well. Line your cake tins with buttered paper, and put in the dough; let it remain in a warm place to rise for an hour and a quarter, or more if necessary, and then bake in a well heated oven. This quantity will make two moderately-sized cakes; thus divided, they will take from an hour and a half to two hours' baking. Let the paper inside your tins be about six inches higher than the top of the tin itself.

LEMON CHEESECAKES.—Take two large lemons, grate off the peel of both, and squeeze out the juice of one. Add to it half a pound of fine sugar, twelve yolks of eggs, eight whites well beaten. Then melt half a pound of butter in four or five spoonfuls of cream. Then stir it all together, and set it over the fire, stirring it till it begins to be pretty thick. Then take it off, and when cold, fill your patty pans little more than half full. Put a fine paste—very thin—at the bottom. Half an hour will bake them.

WHAT WE OFFER TO SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.

IN addition to our new premium, the "Hand-book of Home Improvement," which we offer to single subscribers at $3 per annum, we have the pleasure of announcing that for the year 1870-71 we offer

A BEAUTIFUL CHROMO,

printed in eighteen colors, which can not be distinguished from an oil-painting, and forms an elegant and tasteful ornament for any parlor. This picture can not be purchased for less than *five dollars*.

We have decided also to keep open for one year longer the magnificent steel engraving of the

PIC-NIC ON THE FOURTH OF JULY,

which is conceded to be the finest and most costly premium ever offered by any publisher in this or any other country. It is executed in the highest style of art, by artists sent from Europe for the express purpose, is 28 by 35 inches in size, and costs $10.00.

ANOTHER NEW PREMIUM.

We have great pleasure in offering this year as a premium for the first time,

MME. DEMOREST'S BULLETIN OF FASHIONS.

This large and elegant plate, containing complete models of fall and winter styles for ladies and children, is indispensable to every head of a household as well as every dressmaker, and is accompanied by full directions, descriptions, and information concerning the detail of the wardrobe, all included in this book, "What to Wear and How to Make it," which is sent with the Bulletin, free, to every $3.00 subscriber.

Another valuable premium is

MRS. CROLY'S (JENNIE JUNE'S) COOK-BOOK.

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How to Act.
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HOW TO ACT

gives the etiquette of personal appearance, of the street, of shopping, of going to parties, of receiving company, of writing letters of invitation, of acceptance, of apology, of thanks, of congratulation, of condolence, and the like.

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"To W. J. Demorest."

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Many of our readers will be both delighted and astonished to find that we are now offering a year's subscription to the best musical magazine—contains about a dozen full pages of new and popular music in each number—as a free gift to every subscriber who pays $3.00 for Demorest's Monthly, in advance. Look at the specimen given in this number, and then determine whether you can afford to do without this valuable musical monthly.

In our December number we shall give as a supplement a full and complete list of Bulbous Flower-roots, with numerous beautiful engravings. These pages have been prepared by James Vick, of Rochester, one of the most enterprising and intelligent florists in America. Our readers who are interested in horticulture will find a rich treat in this supplement.

NILSSON "OPHELIA" MAZOURKA.

We shall give in our December number a new *Valse Mazourka* from the Opera of "Hamlet," arranged by Chas. Fradel, from the Nilsson music. We are sure our young lady subscribers will appreciate it.

Extract from the correspondence of the *San Francisco Chronicle:*

"Madame Demorest opened September 1st, exhibiting all the latest designs in ladies' and children's costumes, mantles, trimmings, etc. She is not an imitator of Parisian styles, but Americanizes the French designs that are not in harmony with our tastes and institutions, and also originates styles, having an inventive genius and artistic eye. She has a high reputation as a leader in fashionable designs, which she has won by her own energy, genius, and business talent; and she has her reward, not only pecuniarily, but in the love of those who know her, and the respect of all. [Followed by descriptions of numerous dresses.] Other costumes were equally attractive, but we have not space to particularize. Some of the new designs were very stylish."

PIANOFORTES.

It always gives us great pleasure from time to time to chronicle the various improvements that are constantly being made in the arts and sciences, and to give due credit to whom it rightfully belongs. The art of pianoforte-making in this country has been making rapid strides toward perfection, and America stands to-day the acknowledged superior in this particular branch of art.

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ERRATA.

In our music entitled "Wedding Bells," given in the September No., the lower brace of the first page should have F sharp in place of B flat at the signature.

FACTS FOR ADVERTISERS.

There are now just about 5,000 periodicals published in the United States, which include all the various kinds of newspapers and magazines.

Out of this 5,000 there are only about 25 that have the circulation, not more than 20 that have the number of yearly subscribers, and not one of all of them that has as many first-class readers, as Demorest's Monthly Magazine.

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We aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers: to exclude whatever is pernicious, at whatever sacrifice; and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely as represented.

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The Phrenological Journal, for October, contains twenty leading articles, with numerous illustrations, on Scientific, Social, and Literary Subjects, and a large amount of rich Miscellaneous Matter, Poetry, Personal Incidents, etc. Those worthy of special mention are Admiral Farragut; The Leading Generals in the European War; What can I do best? Editorship; Will the Man of the Future Control his Dreams? Sup't James P. Wickersham, of Pa.; "Liberal Christians," as viewed by a Congregationalist; Franco-Prussian War; Eccentricities of Genius; A Remedy for Blue Monday; and the racy "Answers to Correspondents." A new volume is announced, and a very enticing list of Premiums is offered, among them is a $55 GROVER & BAKER Sewing-Machine, for a club of only eighteen subscribers, at $3 each. The person who invests $3 in a year's subscription to this Magazine, will not forget to renew when the year expires. Price, per number, 30 cents. New subscribers for 1871, who send in at once, will receive the October, November, and December numbers of this year FREE!!! Address SAMUEL R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

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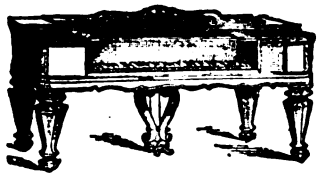

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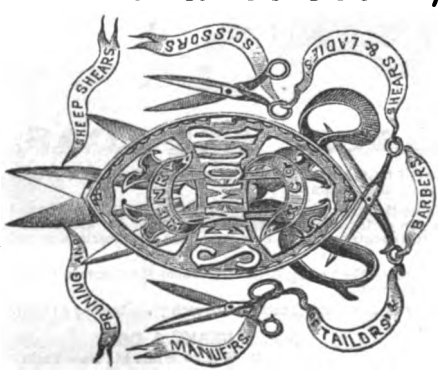

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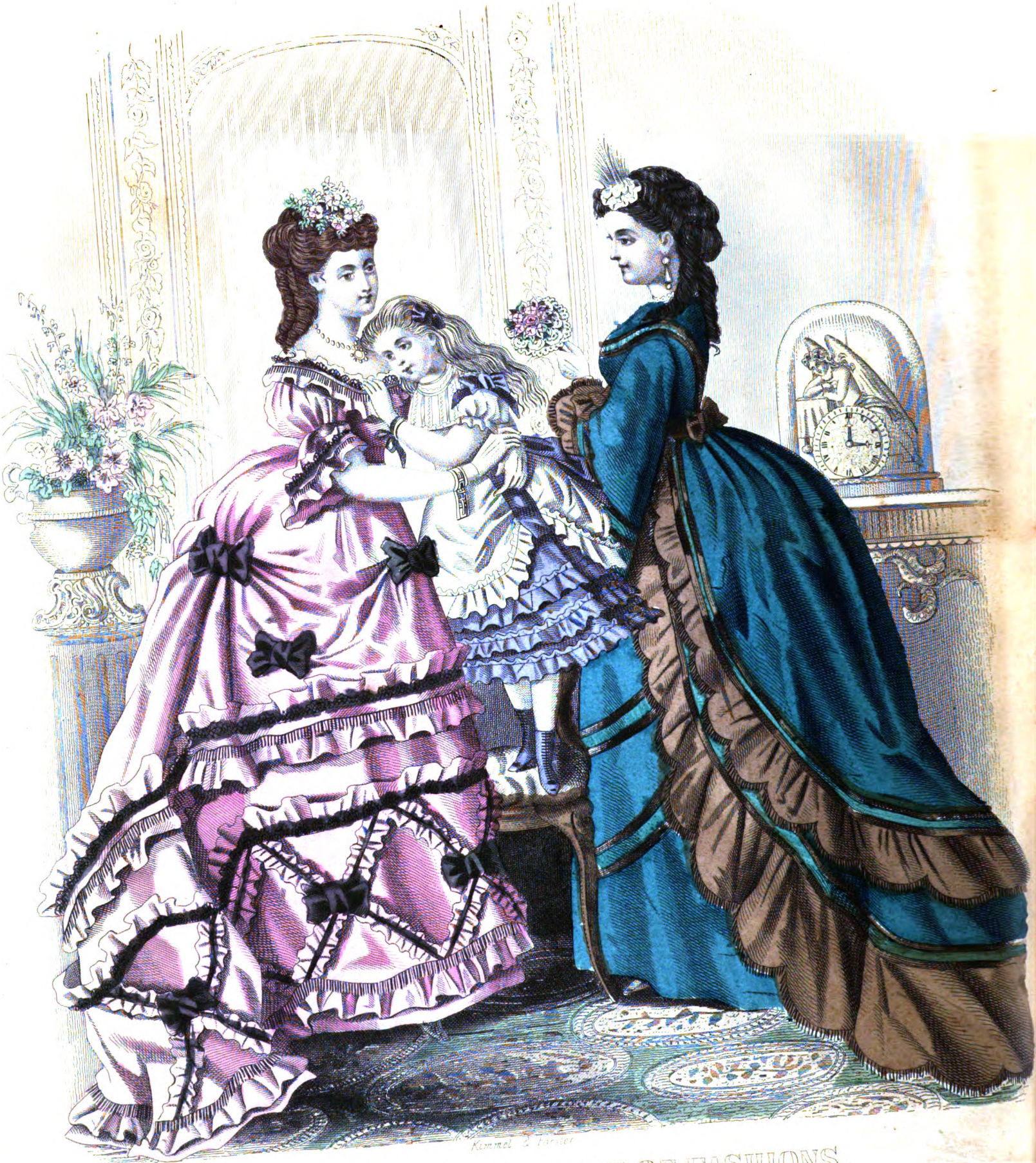

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838 BROADWAY N Y
DECEMBER 1870

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M dlle NILSSON'S FAVORITE BALLAD.

Spring and Autumn.

SWEDISH BALLAD.

A. PERUZZI.

1. Let me dream o'er my life's hap - py
Andantino.
p
Spring, Of my fond-est af - fec - tions the dawn— Past hopes back to me - mo - ry bring, And de -
All'o Moderato.
lights that for - ev - er are gone. Ah! La, la, la, la, la, la, la..... la,
la.... la, la..... la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.....
1st and 2d
3d
molto rit.
suivez.
f
pp

2 Then how grateful the early morn's breeze,
O'er the green meadows sweeping along;
And at eve, 'neath the sheltering trees,
How entrancing the nightingale's song.

3 But I mourn in the autumn's decline
Lost affections, hopes withered and dead,
And the joy which alone is now mine,
Is to dream of the happiness fled.

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Latest Styles in Coiffures and Bonnets for December.—*See Page 366.*

Outdoor Costumes for Children.—*See Page 366.*

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DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

THE WHITE CROSS

O WINDS of winter, wail!
Sad bells of sorrow, toll.
Clad in his icy mail,
Where the cold billows roll,
The Old Year died, and fell
Upon his couch of snow,
The sky his funeral bell,
The earth his bier below.
He filled his mission here,
And well deserves a crown;
We drop a sacred tear,
And wreath him with renown

And this white cross of stainless snow we raise,
A token of our love, memorial of praise,
The seasons came at his command, and lo!
Winter wrapped shivering Nature in her snow;
And roots of grass, and grain, and herbs and flowers,
Waited the blue-bird's call, and drum of showers.
And when, at last, the lingering flakes of snow
Melted beneath the robin's radiant glow.

Down came the golden showers,
Up came the laughing flowers,
In blue and white and red,
Like the flag overhead.
They shone on plain and hill,
And there sweet buds did spill
The odor of their praise.
And birds filled all the days
With song — a jubilee.—
Then thrilled each happy tree.
Next sober Autumn came
And filled the woods with flame.
Then Winter followed fast,
With snow, and scorning blast;
It finds us standing here
At the grave of the Old Year.
Ring in the better times!
Happy, happy, happy chimes!
Eighteen seventy-one is here.
All hail the happy year!
The future waits with fame;
Her torch, sun-lit, aflame,
Will light it on the way,
And hasten here the day
When right, not might, shall be
The motto of the free.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY

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FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

BY MRS. DENISON.

NOBLEST of England's noble daughters!
Sweet name that fills our hearts with rapture!
We old soldiers so used to slaughters,
Death, and destruction, and woful capture!

"DO you remember, Hal, the morning
When, in that Russian stable hoary,
She came like the day on midnight dawning,
Seeming enwrapped with some pure white glory?

"YOU still, brave fellow, your badge are wearing,
Straight down from forehead to throat, in scarlet;
John Ferris laid next, like a hero, bearing
The ugly thrust of a Russian varlet:

"I WITH a leg gone—now, who would think it?—
Maddened with pain, and with fever burning;
Water in sight, but how could we drink it—
Weak with vain efforts of reaching and turning?

"SOMETIMES I see them, Hal, grim Cossacks, bleeding;
Fair-haired Zouaves, with cold eyes staring;
Poor, battered Englishmen, silent, unheeding,
So bruised and broken—such fierce pangs bearing!

"SOMETIMES I feel that deadly stricture
Binding my knee, and the daylight fading;
I see old Scutari, a horrible picture
Done in deep ochre, with blood for shading.

"I LISTEN once more to the dull battle-thunder,
With cold, listless ears; for the groans about us
Seem fitter to smite the heavens asunder
Than the murderous, devilish sounds without us.

"THEN, Hal, came a vision from heaven to cheer us;
And what did you think when you saw it coming?
For I seemed to feel summer's fragrance near us,
With the roses all open, and bees a-humming.

"I THOUGHT of my mother—God help me—in heaven:
Her touch had charmed many a care from my bosom;
I thought of my wife in the sweet home at Devon,
And dear little Nelly, my one wee white blossom.

"SHE bathed your head, Hal—her fingers dropped spices;
To me she gave water—'twas richer than nectar;
One old Russian colonel, far-famed for his vices,
Swore, in terrible words, every man should respect her.

"WELL, all I hope, Hal, is, some day to meet her—
You and I, two rough soldiers, all battered and scarry—
Perhaps she'll not know us; but, thus we can greet her:
'You came like an angel of light to Scutari!'"

WHY
NELLIE WAS THANKFUL.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY MARY B. LEE.

NELLIE MORRIS belonged to a class of people called by the French *les nouveaux riches;* known here, some time ago, as the *codfish aristocracy,* but since the late little unpleasantness between different parts of our country, as *shoddy* aristocracy or shoddyites.

Nellie had a faint remembrance of living on the second floor of a plain house in a plain street, but, as she was very young at the time, and had rather a poor memory, she seldom remembered further back than the fashionable boarding-school where she had passed several years.

Nellie returned from school quite a stylish-looking young lady, her education supposed to be *finished;* but judging from her tastes and pursuits, it is not probable that her studies had been very profound. She never read anything deeper than the stories in our trashiest weeklies and monthlies; and, though she had some musical talent and could play very well, she gave up regular practice, and only performed on the piano and sang for visitors, and played by ear the tunes that took her fancy. Such an idea as taking up music as an art, and learning it thoroughly, never entered her mind. In fact the only art she did attempt to master was that of dressing in the latest style and looking pretty. To this worthy art she gave nearly all her powers of mind and body. In this Mrs. Morris aided and abetted the daughter; both dressed in the extreme of the fashion, and, though Mr. Morris sometimes sighed for former days, when, if he had less style he had more comfort, his vanity was gratified because *his* wife and daughter presented such a fine appearance.

He often surveyed them from head to foot while walking, and, in the pride of his heart, he whispered to his wife: "None of these grandees look any finer than you and Nellie; some of them are not dressed half as well."

And Nellie would answer: "Hush, papa; it's vulgar to speak that way. Madame Delmar said such remarks showed people were not used to wearing handsome clothes." Of course Mr. Morris would feel somewhat hurt, and think of an old-fashioned maxim about honoring one's parents.

One thing troubled Nellie very much, her complexion. She longed to be fair, and alas! her skin was dark and not very clear. She tried various cosmetics during her last year at school and since her return, but the dark skin would not become fair to please her. She was pretty and graceful, and, of course, her complexion suited her hair and eyes, but poor Nellie could not be satisfied with the charms bestowed on her by nature; she must improve on the work of her Creator.

One evening she came down very richly dressed for a large party. While she was waiting for the gentleman, who was to accompany her, she stood before one of the large mirrors in the parlor with the smile of gratified vanity on her face. Her brother Ned, a pleasure-loving lad about two years younger than herself, looked up from the paper he was reading, and, after regarding her intently for a moment, exclaimed: "I say, Nell, what have you been doing to your face?"

Nellie seemed confused for a moment, then replied: "Nothing; is there anything the matter with it?"

"Why, you know you have been doing something; your face was—what do you call it? brunette, I think it is, at tea-time, and now you have a white forehead and red cheeks."

"Ned, I wish you would sit down and read your paper; of course people look different at different times. Perhaps this warm room gives me a color, and gas-light makes people look pale."

Ned laughed, but in a moment his face grew serious, and he whispered: "Nellie, you have paint or something on your face; run up and wash it off before Gould comes. You don't know how men sneer at ladies that paint. The boys always notice ladies in the streets, if their faces are colored, and how they laugh! It isn't *high-toned,* as you are so fond of telling us all, and really aristocratic women think too much of themselves to change their complexions."

"Do stop, Ned," Nellie replied peevishly; "I have not used any paint, so you are quite mistaken; and now let me alone."

"If you haven't used paint you have used something as bad; and if you won't wash it off, I'll speak to father and mother; they won't have you go out like an actress."

"Oh, Ned, why can't you read your paper and let me alone? I have only used enamel, and I'm sure I know what's right better than papa or mamma."

"Of course you do," answered Ned mockingly; "but for all that I'll ask them what they think of ——" Here the dispute was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Gould, who, after a few moments' conversation, took Nellie to the party.

Ned informed his parents, and they expostulated with Nellie, but to no effect, as the silly girl was so charmed with the appearance that even their wishes and commands did not induce her to be satisfied with her natural complexion.

From that evening Nellie enamcled regularly her face, neck, and arms. Mr. Gould evidently did not object, as before the winter was over he and Nellie were engaged. Nellie's life was a gay one. From her point of view the sole objects of her life were a pretty complexion, fine clothes, and matrimony. Her face, like a wax doll, showed that her mind was vacant, and her health suffered from late hours and the use of cosmetics.

All this time a great change was preparing for this brilliant butterfly. A sudden illness carried off Mr. Morris, and, when his affairs came to be settled, it was found that he had speculated deeply and lost large sums of money. What to do was the question. The little means left might go farther in some other place, and the house they were in must be sold to satisfy creditors.

Nellie's good qualities were brought out by the affliction that had fallen on the family; and, besides, would she not be able to help them after her marriage? Poor girl, she did not understand that, without her father's reputed wealth, she was very uninteresting to Mr. Gould.

Very soon, however, he let her perceive that he wished to be released from his engagement. She did release him, and then, feeling crushed and hopeless, she assisted in the preparations her mother was making to remove to the suburbs of a neighboring city. Ned, and Lewis, a younger brother, found employment in New York, and Mrs. Morris and Nellie undertook the household cares.

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The two lads had a long, wearisome walk or ride to their places of business every morning, and the same home in the evening. Steady employment was new to them and fatigued them greatly. Nellie murmured considerably over the loss of means, and was far from the cheerful sister she should have been.

More than a year passed by in this way, and, as there was no stated income, the means left after the settlement of Mr. Morris's affairs grew less. Ned and Lewis were paid very small salaries, so that it became more and more difficult to make ends meet. Mrs. Morris spoke of trying to get sewing, which proposition her sons opposed; but Nellie for the first time began to see the necessity of doing something for herself. What could she do except sew? Even in plain sewing she was not very clever, but it required less skill than anything else. With regret she remembered how she had wasted time, when she should have been improving her mind. Then came the recollection that many flattering remarks had been made to her about her ear for music and her voice. It was so long since she had sang that even her voice seemed among the things of the past. She attempted a familiar air; at first the notes came with difficulty, but after some practice she found that her voice had not lost its power. She took out her old songs, but the words seemed out of harmony with present circumstances, and she could hardly bear to sing them.

While she was wondering if her musical talent could be made useful, and what steps she should take to learn its value, our yearly day of public Thanksgiving arrived. Nellie, far from feeling thankful for the many mercies of the past year, was filled with repining for the wealth and position which she regarded as hers by right. Ned went out for a paper, and came in reading with fixed attention.

"Here, Nellie," he said, putting the paper before her eyes, "you may be thankful, after all, that Gould is not your husband. Fancy being the wife of a thief."

Nellie read an account of an embezzlement, which was at last traced to Norton Gould, who had sailed for Europe with a large sum of money. Nellie shuddered as she read. After all, she had something to be thankful for that she was not the wife of an unprincipled man.

She felt as if she had escaped a fearful danger, and when Ned proposed that they should all keep the day by attending public worship, she did not refuse, as she had done ever since her father's death. Ned said there was a nice little church a few streets off, where he was fond of going.

As the brothers and sister walked to church, Ned unfolded a little plan of his own.

"You see, Nell, there is a volunteer choir in St. Martin's, and I have an idea of joining it. I know a young fellow in New York who has six hundred dollars a year for singing. I'm fond of singing. The only trouble is, I know so little about music. I wish you would teach me what you know on the subject."

"I hardly know anything, as I haven't practiced regularly since I left school; and *I* have been thinking of singing if I only knew whether my voice was good, and how to begin to learn what is required in a singer."

"We can ask the organist of this little church. He does not look too proud to be spoken to, and I believe he likes a large choir. We must do something to bring in more money without letting mother sew."

Nellie had no particular intention of being benefited by the Thanksgiving service, but the minister's voice compelled attention by its sweetness and earnestness, and when he preached a plain, practical sermon on the beautiful custom which has come to us from a pious ancestry, and named various causes for thanksgiving, Nellie's better feelings were awakened, and she realized how she had misspent her youth in devoting it to frivolous pleasures and pursuits. At the close of the service, she silently thanked her Father in heaven for saving her from being a bad man's wife, and for bringing her to see her errors.

Ned waited and spoke to the organist, who tried the voices of the brother and sister, and pronounced both good, but needing much cultivation. This organist, Mr. Müller, was a young German, to whom music was a passion. He was pleased when he became acquainted with those who loved music and wished to study it. So he took an interest in Ned and Nellie, strangers as they were to him, and permitted them to join his choir. They were to come to the church the next evening, as the choir met for practice every Friday evening after service.

Nellie's face was brighter than it had been for many months when she reached home, and the plain Thanksgiving dinner which Mrs. Morris had prepared was partaken of with cheerfulness. When Mrs. Morris heard the name of the organist, she said at once: "Müller was the name of that German family that lived in the same house with us before we moved up-town in New York. I suppose you hardly remember, Nellie, but one of the boys was always playing the organ, and you were with him a good deal."

"He used to call me in to sing with him. How long ago it seems. I haven't thought of Karl Müller for years. I wonder if this Mr. Müller, the organist, is the same person."

"Very likely," replied Ned. "I have a faint recollection of a grave boy who spent nearly all his afternoons before a small organ. I often found Nellie singing with him when you sent me to call her to tea."

Mr. Müller proved to be the same person whom the Morrises had known before their rise in the world. He remembered them very well, and, on account of former acquaintance, undertook to instruct Nellie in singing. She had a great deal to learn, but she worked hard, devoting to music the energy she had bestowed on her toilet. She looked many years older than she really was, because her face was wrinkled from the use of the enamel, which she had not touched since she released Mr. Gould from his engagement. As time passed, she improved in health and in appearance. Having something to occupy her time and thoughts was a benefit in every way, and the hope of soon being able to contribute to the support of her family cheered her and kept her from regretting her losses.

The poet says, "Sweet are the uses of adversity;" and so it proved in Nellie's case. From living an aimless, worthless life, she was learning to be of some use in the world, and using the talent which God had given her in his praise; for it is a noble use of the voice, to employ it in leading the psalms and hymns of the sanctuary.

When chanting the psalms of David, which were composed more than a thousand years before Christ, we are led back to the time when the shepherd king, the sweet psalmist of Israel, sang the same inspired verses before the Lord, and we remember that ever since they have been used in the worship of the church of God. They contain words to express the wants and aspirations of all people in all circumstances; and through them, and other portions of the Sacred Writings she heard in the church, Nellie was led to higher views of life.

About a year after joining the choir in St. Martin's, Nellie was paid a small salary in another church. This was a help, and encouraged her to study diligently, in hopes of receiving a higher remuneration.

Four years' study and practice found Nellie Morris a fine singer in a large church, and in receipt of $800 a year. Does she regret the wealth and fashionable society she once thought necessary to existence? She does not; but, as each year brings the day set apart for public thanksgiving, she shudders at the thought that a few months more of prosperity would have seen her the wife of a man of no principle, who only valued her on account of the means her father was supposed to possess. She is very happy in cultivating the noble art for which she has a talent, and Mrs. Morris is happy in keeping a pleasant home for her children. Ned and Lewis are doing well, and their few hours of home life are made delightful by their sister's sweet voice, which she is always willing to use for their pleasure.

Ned has cultivated his voice too, and uses it in the praises of the Church. He and Nellie sing duets, and Lewis listens. Sometimes Karl Müller is with them, and it is whispered that Miss Morris, the soprano, is likely to marry the talented organist of St. John's. It is very probable, as they were fond of each other when they were children together, and Nellie has learned to appreciate worth, and to value the substance and not the shadow.

Life may show her its glittering side again, as Mr. Müller has a large salary as organist of St. John's, one of the wealthiest churches in the city, and he has many pupils besides. Whether Nellie marries or not, we may be sure she will never sink again into a mere fashionable doll, but will use the talent she possesses for some good purpose. The knowledge she has acquired by her study has given expression to her face and light to her eyes, and has added to the real enjoyment of life.

CALUMNY.—A man without merit will live free from the envy of others; but who would wish to escape on these terms?

WORTH.—If we would perpetuate our fame or reputation, we must do things worth writing, or write things worth reading.

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COULEUR DE ROSE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

WHERE, in all thy garden-plot,
Is the dearest, sweetest spot?
Where thy stay is longest, latest?
Where the recompense is greatest?
Violets, lilies, pansies bright,
Daisies with their caps so white—
Hither, thither, oft she goes,
But she lingers by the rose!

SKIES so bright, and skies so blue,
How inconstant is your hue!
All the lovelier for the changing,
New delights for us arranging,
Purple, amethyst, and gold,
Through the orient gates are rolled;
Brightest colors they disclose,
But the loveliest is the rose!

OH, my darling, set apart
Place for roses in thy heart!
When thy feet have tripped the lightest,
When thy days have seemed the brightest,
Thou hast breathed the perfume sweet
Of the rose-leaves at thy feet.
Skies for thee are always fair,
If Love's rosy hue they wear.

A PROMISE IS A PROMISE.

BY A. M. DANA

"NO, nurse, not that dress," said Mrs. Mollie Lamont, waving aside the rich Persian robe de chambre, offered by her attendant; "I'll take my blue wrapper, if you please. I'm going down-stairs this morning."

There was a tone of calm decision perceptible in the voice, as though the speaker expected opposition and was prepared to meet it. Nor was she disappointed.

"Going down-stairs, ma'am!" exclaimed the Rhadamanthus of the birth-chamber, dropping the dress and placing herself upon the defensive. "Not to-day, I guess. Indeed, I can't take the responsibility no how. Come, there's a lady. Better be on the safe side. One day more ain't much," she added in a more conciliatory manner, as a vision of possible future patronage somewhat modified her patient's insubordination. "You shall go down to-morrow for certain; or, maybe, for a little while this evening."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed the young mother, scarcely suppressing a laugh at the defiant figure before her; "what a croaker you are!" Here is baby four weeks old, and I as well as ever I was in my life. I am not going to be treated like a child any longer. I have submitted too long already."

THE SURPRISE.

Concluding somewhat haughtily, she pointed once more to the wrapper of azure cashmere lying across a chair. But hard-hearted mother Halliday stood immovable.

"Well, it's fortunate that I am able to help myself," cried the young lady with rapidly rising anger, starting up to get the forbidden garment.

But, changing her position, the Inexorable barred her progress.

'Mrs. Lamont," she said—placing her hands upon her stout lips, and standing with arms akimbo and head inflexibly erect—"I can't let you; I *daren't*. You know I'm going away for a few hours to see my son off to the West, and it wouldn't be safe. Besides, Mr. Lamont would never forgive me. He don't want you down yet; so now, there."

The last few words were added hurriedly, as the young wife showed signs of taking the position by storm. Now she paused, and drew herself up proudly, while a vivid flush sprang to her cheek.

"What!" she exclaimed, "my husband not be glad to welcome me down again! Nurse, you presume too much."

"Well, it's the truth," cried the irate old lady, "and, thank goodness! here he comes to tell you so. Mr. Lamont," as the door opened, "I wish you would come here and manage your lady, for it's more than I can do."

The gentleman who entered viewed the situation with assumed gravity. "I think, if you will kindly leave us alone, I may be able to bring her to reason," he said; and, much as the gossiping old woman would have liked to witness the family fracas, she could not evade the door held so politely but persistently open for her exit.

The risible muscles around Mr. Lamont's handsome mouth were, though partially hidden by his heavy mustache, twitching dangerously; and, as he at last closed the entrance upon the retreating figure of the nurse, he burst into hearty laughter.

"What is it, Mollie?" he asked, going forward to his wife, from whose face the traces of anger had not yet vanished; "is the old lady upon the rampage?"

"Why, Charlie, she's just horrible!" was the excited answer. "I know one thing: when she once leaves this house, she doesn't enter it again. If I should ever need another nurse, though, of course," with a laugh and blush, "I sincerely trust that I never may—but, if I *should*, it wouldn't be her—that's certain. I'd sooner have Sairy Gamp at once."

The sight of his wife's irritation seemed only an additional cause of mirth to this gay young Benedict. "But what is the particular matter in dispute now?" he asked, bending laughingly to kiss the pouting lips.

"She wouldn't allow me to go down-stairs—even said that you didn't want me there," was the indignant reply. "The very idea! But she will find that I am not so meek as she imagines. You have not had breakfast yet, Charlie, have you? No? Well, help me a little, there's a dear, and I won't keep you waiting a minute."

Turning toward the mirror, and beginning hastily to brush her curls, she missed the expression of perplexity which crossed her husband's face; but the gravity of his tone when he next spoke arrested her attention.

"Mollie," he said, "suppose you oblige me by giving this up for today. Mrs. Halliday isn't just the most agreeable old lady alive; and I'm sure you're welcome to use your own pleasure about engaging her services a second time; but, while she *is* here, wouldn't it be better and wiser to obey her? Besides, I promise to take you down this evening, though all the lions in Van Amburgh's menagerie were to guard the way."

In spite of his merry words, there was a visible embarrassment in his manner. Evidently there was something more than appeared upon the surface. Mollie noticed it, and the brush dropped from her hand.

"Then she was right—you *don't* want me!" she cried, gazing blankly upon him; and, sinking into the nearest chair, she burst into nervous weeping.

For a moment or two, the young man paced the floor thoughtfully, as though revolving some uncertain point in his mind. Then he drew a chair near his wife, and took her trembling little hand tenderly in his own.

"Mollie dear," he said, "this is childish. You *know* that I want you down again as badly as you want to come. You may well exclaim against the nurse. But still, remember Mrs. Halliday is to be away, and—you and I are both inexperienced. Who knows what might happen?"

Again came that puzzling hesitation in his tone, and his eyes did not meet hers as frankly as usual.

"Now you see," he continued, "I have asked you to oblige me in this matter. I might enact the part of the cruel tyrant, and command you to remain; but I would not like to do so. Besides," with a merry twinkle, "I rather doubt the result of coercion in this case. I would much rather rely upon your honor and good feeling. Give me your promise that you will not attempt to go down till I come home, and I shall be perfectly satisfied."

He paused, and waited for a reply; but the delicate handkerchief was still pressed closely to her face, and she yet sobbed convulsively.

"Well, well," he resumed, "it won't do for us to quarrel. You will have to have it your own way; but I warn you it would be happier for yourself as well as for me were you to yield to my wishes. It isn't so much that I ask, darling."

Perhaps it was the tenderness of his closing words, deepened by the caressing motion of smoothing back the hair from her troubled

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brow, that checked her tears; but more probably her change of conduct was owing to that little sentence, "It will not do for us to quarrel." The words were few, but she fully realized their meaning. It was not with her as with many young wives, who, in the midst of conjugal troubles, can fall back upon the support of mamma and the indignant condolence of a flock of brothers and sisters. So, when, a year ago, pretty Mollie Boyne had outraged the prejudices and alienated the affection of an elderly half sister—her only living relative—by marrying contrary to her advice and desire, she knew that henceforward she and the man whom she had chosen must be all in all to each other—that, come what might, she could not look for sympathy aside from him, and that, as he said, it would not do for them to quarrel.

So far, there had been no cause for contention, for the young man—whose chief fault in the eyes of the older woman had been his city training—had turned out better than even she could have hoped. Indeed, as Mollie now remembered with a blush of shame for her petulance, from the hour when he had taken her to his heart as his bride, he had left no wish of hers unfulfilled—or, at least, *but* one. A desire which she had expressed a short time before to have the small lounging-room back of the parlor turned into a conservatory had not seemed to meet with his cordial approval. But even in this—as she was compelled to acknowledge—he rather evaded than denied her request.

With the remembrance of all this kindness fresh in her mind, she dried her eyes, and, looking up brightly, said:

"Well, Charlie, dear old fellow, for your sake I consent to endure this martyrdom one day longer; but, in the name of pity, don't let that ogress suppose that she has anything to do with my submission."

"Not I," exclaimed the happy young fellow. "I'm not quite so eager to share my laurels. Mollie, if you weren't the dearest little wife in the world, I would call you a regular brick! Hello, Poppet! are you awake?" and, turning to the cradle, the proud father began one of those series of whistlings and gesticulations by which those ignorant tyros in the art of nursing manage to frighten their offspring to the verge of idiocy.

"Well, I must be off," said he, as Mollie, with inborn mother-tact, came to the rescue. "I have your promise, haven't I, dearest?"

"Yes," she replied cheerfully, "I won't go down till you come home, unless the house gets on fire. But, Charlie, don't stay late, for baby and I will be terribly lonesome."

Left alone with her child, the young girl-wife fell into a reverie not all joyous. The one bitter drop in her cup was the thought of her sister Dorothy. The memory of those years of orphanhood wherein the staid older sister had supplied the place of father and mother, sometimes rose reproachfully before her, making her longing for reconciliation most painful. As a last plea for this, she had given to her little one the quaint old family name. But, as day by day went past, without bringing an answer to the letter announcing the fact, hope grew very faint; and now a few tears fell upon baby's face, as Mollie sadly admitted to herself that the last chance was gone. An hour later, fussy Mrs. Halliday having started upon her errand, her charge sat trying to while away the long, long, weary day, when the quick step and cheery voice of the old doctor was heard upon the stairway.

"Why, how is this?" he asked, as he came in. "Have you not been so well, Mrs. Lamont? I just ran in for a minute, to see how you and the little maiden were getting along; but I fully expected to find you down-stairs."

"So I would have been, had I been allowed," was the eager response—her indignation considerably augmented by the physician's words.

"Ah, I see," he replied—with a comprehensive chuckle. "Some of Mother Halliday's officiousness, is it? Well, I'll give you permission. Dress yourself and go down to dinner. You'll feel all the better for it."

"But for my promise, I would," she soliloquized after he had gone. "The very idea of keeping me shut up here till even the doctor tells me to go down! Well, a promise is a promise," she concluded, but there was a firm setting of her lips which indicated that an attempt to prolong her imprisonment would be dangerous.

Close upon the doctor's heels came two ladies,—morning-callers,—and almost the first words after greetings and congratulations, were—

"What a good rest you are taking, Mrs. Lamont! I only wish I had such an opportunity," and the speaker—whose full nursery was a constant demand upon her attention—almost envied the forced exemption of her friend.

Mollie was too proud to mention the constraint placed upon her, but she would have liked to relieve her mind by a full exposure of her nurse's faults. While she was hesitating, the younger lady asked:

"Have you visitors staying with you, Mrs. Lamont?"

"No one, whatever," was the reply. "It would be a poor house for visitors with the mistress shut in up-stairs. What made you ask?"

It was the inquirer's turn now to hesitate. "I was only wondering who the lady was that we saw while we were waiting in the parlor," she said. "You must excuse me for asking. I did not mean to be curious."

Mollie understood from the tone that her assertion had not been quite believed. Perhaps they thought that she was screening some poor relation whom she was ashamed to present.

"I suppose it was Mrs. Halliday," she answered, a little loftily. "She may have returned sooner than she expected."

"Perhaps," replied the other, carelessly. "It's of no consequence. We only had a glimpse of her as she left the parlor when we entered. But I should think a rich gray moire-antique rather an expensive dress for a nurse."

"A lady in a gray moire!" exclaimed Mollie, with a surprise too genuine to be assumed. "Who could it have been? There is positively no one staying here."

"*That you know of*," replied the other, pointedly, with a spiteful little laugh. "I hope it is not a case like the Saybrook's. Didn't you hear of that? Really? Oh, I thought every one knew. Indeed, it is too naughty to tell, but I suppose there was a terrible time when the *éclaircissement* came, and Mrs. Saybrook learned of the lady visitor who had taken her place and cheered her husband's loneliness during her illness. Oh, I assure you, Mrs. Lamont, men are deceitful. The best of them will bear watching." And again that meaning laugh rippled forth sneeringly.

Mollie's face flushed at the insinuation, and a reply scarcely consistent with good-breeding sprang to her lips. But the better tact of the elder lady averted it.

"Nonsense, Louise," she said, severely. "How can you talk so? Everybody knows what the Saybrooks are—scarcely to be mentioned in polite society. We have not yet asked Mrs. Lamont the baby's name. Have you named her?"

"Yes," replied Mollie, addressing her answer entirely to the speaker. "She is named Dorothy—for my sister—but of course we shall always call her Dora."

She hastened to add the latter fact, feeling that the old-fashioned name would be sure to excite the ridicule or commiseration of her companions.

"That's the blessing of diminutives," remarked Mrs. Lester. "When my little girl was born, ma wanted her called Louise, for myself; but Dick was determined upon Philena—the name of an old aunt of his away up in the hills somewhere. I've never seen her, and hope I never may; but he thinks her a sort of goddess, I believe. At first, I was awfully angry; but, by yielding gracefully, I managed to drop the first syllable; and now, no one suspects that my Lena has such an uncouth cognomen. Come, Helen, are you ready?"

Mrs. Allmond, the elder and graver of the two cousins, rose for departure. As she stooped to bestow a motherly kiss upon baby's tiny, pink face, a loud noise below in the hall attracted the general attention.

"What is that?" cried Mollie, involuntarily.

"It sounds like some heavy box being moved," was the reply. "I noticed a furniture car at the door as we came in."

"Perhaps Ninon d'Enclos is moving away," was the parting shaft of giddy Mrs. Lester, as, with a gay good-morning, she drew her sables closer around her, and glided from the room.

Mollie was more disturbed than she would have cared to admit. The instant her visitors left the room, she hastened to the window to see what was going on below. But here difficulty and disappointment met her. The house was a corner one, and her chamber had three windows—two looking front, and a deep bay projecting upon the side street. During her illness, the shutters of the front ones had been kept closed, the wide one on the side letting in ample light; and now, when she wished to open them quickly, the stubborn bolts resisted the pressure of her delicate fingers. Vainly she pulled and pushed at them, climbing upon a chair to try the upper ones, and almost cutting her hands in her vehemence. It was no use; and when at last she gave up the struggle, and, crossing over to the bay, parted the curtains

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of filmy lace, she had the pleasure of seeing a furniture car just disappearing down the street—only one minute too late to see what it contained!

Hot tears of vexation sprang to her eyes; and the circumstance, which, at another time, might have passed without her notice, now assumed gigantic proportions.

Who was the lady who was making herself at home in her house? If it were only a neighbor, she would, doubtless, have made her appearance before this time. Mrs. Lamont's hand was impatiently grasping the bell-pull to summon some one who could give her information, when the tidy young waiter-girl entered with her luncheon. On a napkin white as a snow-wreath, showing the edges of the silver salver beneath, rested flaky biscuits, a delicately broiled partridge, and a glass of wine-jelly, translucent as quivering amber.

At the same moment, only a square away, in the back street, Mrs. Barrett's slatternly maid-of-all-work bore to her a slice of blackened toast and a cup of lukewarm, smoky tea. Biddy's frowzy hair was all on end, and her brawny arms dripping with soap-suds; but poor Mrs. Barrett dare not complain. The thick slice of bread was burned on the outside—not toasted—leaving it raw and soggy within; and the lady's ears, rendered sharp by illness, deceived her very much if the plate did not fall on its way up; but she only smiled a meek "thank you," well knowing that even this repast, unpalatable as it was, must be shared with Bobby, the little two-year-old, who was already waiting by her chair for the tidbits which taste so good in mother's room. But to return from this digression and contrast.

Dainty Mrs. Lamont had no appreciation for the luxuries by which she was surrounded, or appetite for the choice viands brought before her. In her present state of mind, the golden fruit of the Hesperides would have seemed but Dead-Sea apples—deceitful and unsatisfying.

"There, Jessie, set it away," she said, as the girl prepared to draw a little circular table near her mistress. "I do not feel like eating. I want to talk to you."

A little surprised, the servant did as she was told, then stood awaiting further orders.

It was not quite so easy to make inquiries, after all. Mrs. Lamont hesitated, coughed slightly, hesitated another moment, then began boldly: "Jessie, there is a lady down-stairs. Who is she?"

The suddenness of the attack startled the girl. "A lady, ma'am?" she repeated. "A lady down-stairs! Why, who could it be?"

"I have asked *you* that," said her mistress, upon whom the conscious blush and confused manner were not lost. "I wish a direct answer."

The poor girl blushed and twisted the corner of her apron nervously, but did not reply.

"Why don't you speak?" cried Mollie, now thoroughly angry.

"Because I daren't," sobbed the perplexed maid. "Oh, ma'am, please don't ask me!"

This was even worse than Mrs. Lamont had feared. Now she was resolved to sift the matter to the bottom.

"Jessie," she said, more kindly, "I know that there is a—person" (she could not again say "lady")—"down-stairs. You can not conceal the fact from me. I *know* it. Now, I ask you to be a good girl, and tell me all about her—who she is, and when she came. Have I not always been kind to you?" she added, persuasively.

Jessie was a Scotch lass, with a spice of her native burns and braes about her.

"Be maun ken, ma'am, that I would shed my heart's bluid for ye ony time," she cried, impetuously. "But tell ye this I can't. The master would banish me if I spoke."

"Never mind the master," said Mollie, her face livid; "it is I who can dismiss you, if I chose. I have asked you a plain question, and I demand an answer. Do you understand?"

Besides her quaint dialect, Jessie held another Scottish quality, inherited from a covenanting ancestor—an unflinching firmness. It supported her now.

"Oh, ma'am, if you only wouldn't ask me!" she said piteously, but with no sign of succumbing.

"But I *have* asked you," returned her mistress. "Oh, Jessie"—reproachfully—"have you forgotten the nice shawl and wine-colored silk I gave you?"

"No, ma'am, ye ken that I forget none o' your kindness," she answered, sobbing afresh. "But I daren't! I daren't!" And, throwing her apron over her head, the poor girl fairly ran out of the room to escape temptation.

Mollie was sorely tempted to follow her, and she would, doubtless, have done so had she fully believed the scandal hinted at. But, dark as appearances were, she could not so entirely doubt her husband's honor. Something was evidently wrong, but not that—oh, not that!

For an hour she wandered uneasily through the upper rooms and the hall, leaning over the balusters, listening at the register—sometimes fancying that she caught the rustle of a silk dress, or a voice directing a servant; but, through all, remembering at least the letter of her promise. Then baby became fretful, and demanded her attention; and when, late in the afternoon, Mrs. Halliday returned, attributing the flushed cheeks and nervous trembling of her charge to over-exertion, she reproached herself severely for her long absence. "But she might make that shiftless Jessie tend the baby, till she gets a nurse," she said, by way of self-excuse.

Relieved from the task of nursing, the young mother threw herself upon a lounge in an agony of dry-eyed misery. Slowly the events of the day passed before her, and, summing all up, the picture was, indeed, dark enough. But then, on the other hand—even supposing the worst—could it be possible that Mrs. Halliday (who, if an ogress, was a most respectable nurse) would not only tolerate, but aid in screening, such a state of affairs? Or that Jessie—her almost petted Jessie—would fail to guard the honor of her mistress?"

It was certainly a puzzling case. But, puzzling as it was, Mrs. Lamont would not condescend to question the nurse. Giving up the struggle at last, she lay awaiting—half in hope, half in dread—the return of her husband.

Here, when the early winter shadows were closing in, he found her.

"Well, Mollie, are you ready?" was his cheery greeting.

No answer. The young man groped his way over to the lounge, whereon, in the dim lights, he could just see something lying.

"Why, here she is," he said. "Are you asleep, Mollie? Come, waken, pet. I want to take you down-stairs." As he spoke, he stooped down and kissed her.

Then the outraged wife rose up, and her concentrated indignation burst forth.

"Yes, you will take me down now when there is no longer danger to yourself—when you have removed your charming companion. You needn't start. I know that there has been a lady in the house—she was here to-day; though, I dare say, that now, when your wife can no longer be kept a prisoner, you have found for her other lodgings. But you need not have taken the trouble. If you are tired of baby and I, we will go away. My sister will not refuse me a shelter when I return with my poor, little, outcast darling in my arms."

Here the fierce attack gave place to hysterical weeping.

Mr. Lamont appeared half pained, half amused. Still, through all, he seemed resolved to keep up the deception. "'A lady in the house!" he exclaimed. "Mollie, you must have been dreaming; or" —quickly—"have you broken your promise?"

The implied accusation checked her grief. "It is not *I* who break promises," she answered, indignantly.

The young man was evidently relieved.

"Well," he said, "since you are so sure that there was a lady in the house, she may be here yet. Suppose we go and try to find her. Here is your shawl."

As he spoke, he essayed to wrap the soft, zephyr folds around her shoulders, but she shook them off pettishly.

"I do not choose to go down now," she said.

"But I choose that you shall," he answered, in a tone which she had heard scarcely once during her wifehood—the tone of the master. "You have been saying some very ridiculous things about your husband," he continued, "of which you ought to be ashamed; and now you must go and seek for this mysterious lady. Come!"

The firm air of command braced her like a tonic. No tender pleadings would, in her present state of mind, have succeeded half so well. Passively as a child, she allowed him to wrap the shawl around her, draw her arm within his own, and lead her forth.

Down the broad stairway, across the hall, and into the twilight parlor they went. Then came her first surprise. Instead of the heavy oaken door leading into Charlie's lounging-room, was one of richly painted glass, whereon, flower-crowned and with beckoning finger, was depicted the goddess Flora, while a light behind it made the glowing colors seem almost life-like. "Oh!" exclaimed Mollie, with a start of rapture, and unconsciously she clung closer to her husband's arm.

Smiling gently at her astonishment, he said:

"Suppose we follow her beckoning," and, leading his wife forward, he opened the door.

For an instant it seemed as though she had entered fairy-land. From a chandelier—whose astral globes softened the radiance almost

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to moonlight—fell a sheeny splendor over huge oleander and orange-trees, upon flame-tinted cacti, and waxen camellias; while around a mimic fountain was a fringe of scarlet verbenas, snowy allysum, and rare English violets, which filled the whole air with fragrance.

To complete all, her canaries and mocking-birds had found a home in this bower of the tropics, and, as if by previous arrangement, they thrilled forth a glad greeting as she entered.

For a moment, all her trouble was forgotten. With eyes dewy with tears and radiant with joy, she exclaimed—

"Oh, Charlie, how shall I ever thank you—ever atone!"

The rustle of a silken dress behind a spreading myrtle arrested her, and instinctively she started forward. But it was no evil woman who stood there prying with baleful eyes upon her happiness. For an instant the tried young wife was motionless as one stunned, then, with a wild cry of delight, she sank sobbing and shivering into the kind arms of sister Dorothy.

"My darling, you must blame that naughty husband of yours for it all," said the elder sister, when Mollie, grown calmer, could smile through her tears. "I only came this morning; and as he was already planning one surprise for you, he insisted on my making it a double one. He bound me, with the rest of the household, to secrecy; but I'm afraid I could not have endured the delay, had I not been busy all day arranging this treat for you. Now," she added, briskly, "I want to see my namesake. I won't wait any longer."

So Miss Dora was brought down, but not till Mrs. Halliday had carried her to the attic—"to make her high-minded," she said; and a happier group never gathered around a table than those who now sat down to the little celebration feast which owned Mollie as its cause and mistress.

Charlie would not listen to any of the meek apologies which his shamed little wife tried to make—meeting them all with a laughing disclaimer, or a teasing allusion to the lady visitor. But toward the close of the happy evening, as she sat nestling in her low rocker between her husband and sister, with baby going alternately from one lap to another, she ejaculated rapturously—

"Oh! I'm so glad that, through it all, I held to the motto—'A promise is a promise!'"

TALKS WITH WOMEN.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

WHAT WOMEN WANT.

AT a meeting of ladies, in Brooklyn, some time ago, the question arose, and a discussion followed, as to what women most wanted. Some thought money; some, education; some, the right of suffrage; and a very strong argument was made out by the supporters of each of these positions.

For my part, though money, education, and even the right of suffrage, are good things, put to proper uses, yet I have never felt that either was just what women most want, or what, if I had the power, I would choose, in order to effect the greatest and most permanent improvement in the present and future condition of the sex.

Isolation is living death. This is what women suffer from. What they want, in order to obtain other things that are desirable, is organization among themselves.

Organization is strength; isolation is weakness. And organization they can have without anything that they are not now in possession of.

The instant men—poor, illiterate, and alien—touch the soil of this country, they are enrolled in half a dozen trades-unions, and other social and political combinations. They are made at once to feel that they are not alone; that they have a stake in the community; that their interests will be protected; and their rights, as minute parts of a great social organism, respected and sustained.

Women, on the contrary, are as completely alone, though they were born and bred upon the soil, as if they belonged to another class in creation. There is no recognition of their humanity. This is not only an evil in itself, but it is productive of other and still greater evils. It renders women narrow, suspicious, and exclusive. They become afraid of the freedom, unity, and intercourse with each other which they most need. They voluntarily perpetuate, in short, the condition which was originally thrust upon them, and learn to value in themselves, the ignorance, pride, and prejudice, which are among the most deplorable results of their restricted position.

This feeling naturally renders the work of organization among women extremely difficult. Men meet on the ground prepared by a dozen different relations and conditions that create for them mutual interests. In business, in politics, in social or benevolent organizations, men, of all classes and under all circumstances, meet and work together, their united energies bent toward the attainment of their object, and, as a consequence, sooner or later they achieve it. Women, on the contrary, start with the idea, that, because associations do not exist among women as among men, therefore they never can—that there is something inherent in the nature of women to prevent it. What that something is, and that it is the result not of nature but of education, they proceed to show by placing between themselves and any breadth or freedom of action some barrier of custom or education, and overstepping them all the moment their natural, womanly sympathies are appealed to.

For example: accepting, as all good women do, the abstract idea of co-operation and unity of purpose as a means of advancement and mutual benefit, the moment a practical effort is made in this direction it is met by a thousand and one small objections. They are confined by household duties, and can not leave home; husbands are not willing that they should belong to a society of women; they do not wish to join a society composed of others than the members of "our" church; or, they are horrified at the idea of having their names in a book with women who belong to no church at all. Some have a fear, which they would not express, that they would be expected to invite all sorts of impossible and disagreeable people "to tea," and be "hail, fellow, well met," with them, in the streets.

Not one of these objections is valid, even if it is true. Women *do* leave their children and their households to attend the sewing-circle or the prayer-meeting, to make friendly visits or do shopping. Why not leave them occasionally for a less selfish and still more beneficent purpose?

The objection of a husband to the mere fact of a wife's joining a society of women would cease to exist when such societies became general, and could be cited now only as an evidence of oppressive marital authority. I should not advise a woman to run counter to the expressed wishes of her husband upon such a point. I would rather trust to time and patience to teach him better things, and give him more just ideas of the relative position of husband and wife in the marriage relation. It should be distinctly understood, however, that the concession was made in the interests of peace; to his ignorance and his prejudices; not to any shadow of right that he possessed to demand such self-abnegation.

As for the fear that association, for general objects, would involve special social recognition—it does not follow at all. It is true that accidental acquaintance does, sometimes, result in devoted, life-long friendship; but this is a blessing to be desired, not a consequence to be feared, and there is, certainly, no more necessity for social confusion to follow than arises from the general organizations of men. The lines drawn by natural distinctions and social habits are fixed and ineffaceable, and much truer and more permanent than those created by the ignorance or arrogance of individuals or cliques.

When our late civil war broke out, women then forgot their narrow scruples, their feeble punctilios, and sprung to the rescue. In the name of the Sanitary Commission they formed societies, and admitted any one who would scrape lint or make a pot of jelly. And see, in an inconceivably short time after they had organized, what a work they accomplished! No army was ever so tended and cared for; no war of such magnitude ever occurred in which the dreadful results were so judiciously and effectually softened, or so promptly stayed.

In this case the sympathies of women were fully aroused, and became universal. They forgot petty pride and jealousy, or, at any rate, did not allow them to interfere with the grand object, and so they achieved it, and immortality at the same time.

It may be said that here was an occasion that demanded action; that, when it arose, women were equal to it; that, if another one should arise, they would undoubtedly be found equal to it again.

But is there, then, nothing in existence that requires action on the part of women to prevent or remove? Is not, at least, the training and education desirable which results from regular organization? and is it not necessary to prompt general action in case of an emergency?

Could the injustice, of which women in many instances justly complain, continue, if united womanhood protested against it? Would the local evils which afflict com-

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munities rise to the proportions which they now frequently assume, if the powerful voice of a disinterested and energetic majority exposed and denounced them?

Would not women themselves rise immeasurably above their present position, and gradually learn to exercise the needful control over their own dress, personal habits, and the customs of society, if they found that life had better and higher uses for them than the fashion of their sleeves, and the amount of pasteboard requisite to the demands of social etiquette in the absence of brains? Above all, would not women be prepared to act with more efficiency in every relation of life, as well as in emergencies, if they were trained to action and expression, instead of to acquiescence and inertia?

It is of small importance upon what basis women come together, so that they do it, and form a regular and business-like organization. It will take some time to acquire a knowledge of, and learn to exercise their newly constructed machinery; and they will soon find themselves embarrassed with riches, in the number of uses to which they will be invited to put it.

The vital necessity of the whole movement is simply existence, and that the public are made aware of the fact. For this reason, the few woman's papers that are in existence should keep a standing record of women's organizations throughout the country, so that their strength in numbers could be made apparent, and they could be addressed simultaneously in case of any emergency needing united action. Brief reports of the meetings of such societies, containing just a summary of proceedings and progress, would assist the formation of kindred associations, and form a most interesting part of a woman's newspaper, as well as a valuable addition to the history of our times.

It is unnecessary to excite opposition or prejudice by starting upon a basis of woman suffrage. Start upon any basis you please: that of the household, literature, charity, music, science, or any other that addresses itself to the favorable consideration of the majority, and reserve the discussion of doubtful questions until you have educated yourselves to do so from an abstract point of view, and without personal feeling or acrimony.

There are questions of sufficient importance, in which all women are interested, to serve for years, or forever, unless they come to an adjustment; so that there is not the least danger of time or energy being wasted.

Of course, there is no objection to organizing on a basis of woman suffrage, if the women of any community desire it. The point which I desire to have clearly understood is this: that organization itself is the supreme object. The ends to be gained by it could easily be decided after the organization was complete; and, if an organized majority of women demanded suffrage, no power on earth could prevent them from obtaining it, in this country at least.

The need of the organization of women is eminent to-day, to prevent catastrophies that threaten the whole social superstructure with confusion and overthrow. The feeling of dissatisfaction among women has come to the surface of late years, but it exists quite as strongly among men. Men, particularly in the large cities, where they are not so dependent upon marriage for bodily care and comfort, are beginning to look upon it very much as they do upon religion: as a good thing only for women and children.

Conscientious ministers are becoming alarmed at this state of feeling in regard to religion, and are doing their best to infuse into the modern Gospel something of the practical spirit of the age—something that will be recognized as supplying the needs of men.

It is quite time that women came together, and took up their part of the discussion, in a spirit of inquiry and devotion to duty. Sink for a while the championship of their acknowledged wrongs, and ask themselves and each other if they have done their part—if men have nothing to charge them with in the way of neglect, of ignorance of the true nature of their responsibilities, of indifference, of selfishness, of pride, jealousies, and exactions.

Do not many women think they have done *all*, when they make themselves hewers of wood and drawers of water for men, and do they not neglect the weightier matters of the law, by failing to reveal to them, through their purity, tenderness, refinement, patience, and sacrifice of self, that higher moral nature, which they ought to find, and which was created to exercise, a saving influence upon the stronger physical and passional nature of man?

"Take care of duties, and rights will take care of themselves." At any rate, let us attend to duties first, and then we can with better grace ask for rights.

But, let me repeat, organization is strength. What is the reason that the working men to-day are so much better protected than the working women? The advocates of women suffrage will say, Because they have a vote. But that is certainly not all the reason. The more immediate cause exists in the organization of working men—in their co-operative societies, in their trades unions, and the like. Now I do not like trades unions—I do not like anything that arrays one class against another, any more than the something that arrays one individual against another; but, under present conditions, and until the moral is recognized as the superior force, protection is necessary and defence is necessary—quite as necessary for women as for men.

It is a common remark, when anything is required to be done, "Oh, interest the men; women can not do anything." Why? Because they have not the means. Thus the absence of means deprives them of power, and they suffer the stigma of ignorance and helplessness.

Organization would give them at once means and strength and power; it would give them organs for expression, and instruments for defence, and protection for themselves. Co-operation, interchange of thought with each other, discussion of ideas, discover to us what our needs really are, and organization will not only teach us how, but enable us to meet and satisfy them.

Men can not imagine an association of women, without a conspiracy against themselves, or unlawful doings of some sort. They do both themselves and women an injustice. Association teaches women, as it does men, liberality and subordination. If it teaches them their rights, it also teaches them how these walk hand in hand with their duties. It teaches them human as well as individual responsibility, and enables them to give to the good word, embodying the good thought, the authority of a hundred, a thousand, or a million of voices, instead of seeing it lost as the feeble utterances of one.

If my life would give to America large and liberal organizations for women, I would gladly give it; for nothing would do so much to equalize relations between men and women, remedy existing evils, and set the moral powers to work as a leaven in the community, as this stimulus to mental and spiritual activities among women. I give the wish, however, with a Christmas benediction to all my readers, and pray that it may be fruitful and multiply, and bring forth a hundredfold before the advent of next December brings to us the suggestion of its ever-welcome memories.

Literary and Art Gossip.

"HOUSES AND HOMES."—This is the title of a new lecture by Mrs. Celia Burleigh, who made a great hit last season with her admirable lectures on "Womanhood," and the "Rights of Children." Mrs Burleigh is a lady of singularly fine and graceful presence, and charms by her manner, while she impresses by her eloquence. She is one of the most accomplished and popular of the women lecturers now in the field.

"PHYSIOLOGICAL INSTITUTE FOR WOMEN." The new Physiological Institute, commenced by Dr. Anna Densmore in the fall of last year, has prospered beyond anticipation, and is fast becoming one of the most important of the charitable medical institutions in the city. The nucleus of a fine library has been obtained, and complete apparatus will shortly be secured. In addition to the free medical lectures, a dispensary is about to be opened, which will adapt itself particularly to the needs of seamstresses, poor teachers, and persons who want prompt and careful treatment, yet can not afford to send for a physician. Valuable medicines and other requisites have already been donated to this department, which is much needed.

Diamonds of Thought.

DOING GOOD.—Never did any soul do good, but it came readier to do the same again with more enjoyment. Never was love, or gratitude, or bounty practiced, but with it an increasing joy, which made the practicer still more in love with the fair act.—*Shaftesbury.*

MIRTH.—"Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,"—says Shakspeare; and a well-known lecturer recently said that "laughter was one of the best sanitary agents known to the medical faculty, and was withal an indication of intellectual vigor and moral soundness."

Our Spice Box.

THE PROPER HEALTH TO PROPOSE.—Alphonse Karr, the gardener-poet, has offered a *bon-mot* to the world. He was lately present at a banquet given by some of the disciples of Hahnemann. Toasts were given to the health of every medical celebrity by every body, when the president remarked, "Monsieur Karr, you have not proposed the health of any one." The poet rose, and modestly replied, "I propose the health of the sick."

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.—*Customer (in a hurry).* "Now, operator, can you cut my hair right away?" *Obliging Artiste.* "Yes, sa! Certingly, sa!" [A lapse of five minutes is supposed to be devoted to the newspaper.] *Customer (horrified).* "Why, it's *all* off!" *Artiste (complacently).* "Yes, sa. You said, 'cut it right *away!*'"

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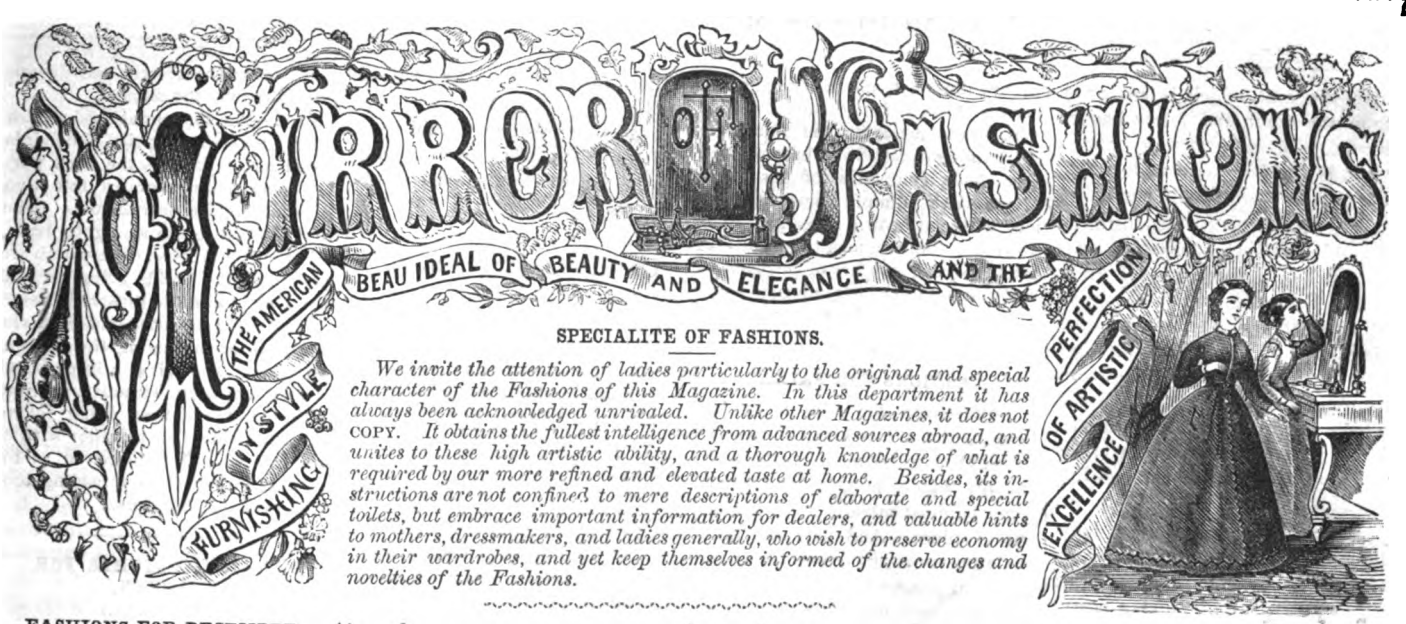

SPECIALITE OF FASHIONS.

We invite the attention of ladies particularly to the original and special character of the Fashions of this Magazine. In this department it has always been acknowledged unrivaled. Unlike other Magazines, it does not COPY. *It obtains the fullest intelligence from advanced sources abroad, and unites to these high artistic ability, and a thorough knowledge of what is required by our more refined and elevated taste at home. Besides, its instructions are not confined to mere descriptions of elaborate and special toilets, but embrace important information for dealers, and valuable hints to mothers, dressmakers, and ladies generally, who wish to preserve economy in their wardrobes, and yet keep themselves informed of the changes and novelties of the Fashions.*

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

THOSE who predicted the return of long skirts this season for street and walking dresses, must by this time confess themselves mistaken. So far from short dresses having lost any of the vogue they had achieved, they have gained great additional prestige. The most elegant materials are now made up into short costumes, rivaling in cost and pretension the most elaborate evening toilets.

There are two favorite methods of making these costumes. One consists of a skirt and full *casaque* or Polonaise; the other, of two skirts, the upper one very long, and a basque, or short coat with lapels.

The new methods of trimming exhibit the most extravagant use of costly materials. Suits of rich *gros-grain*, of the new shades, have the full and elaborate trimmings, plaited flounces, and headings lined with velvet many shades darker, and arranged so that the velvet gives the warm, rich tone to the dress, without being actually seen.

Suits of velvet are very distinguished, trimmed with a very rich crochet embroidery, into which the smallest quantity of cut jet is introduced, and bordered with wide guipure lace. The overskirts are very deep at the back, but are rounded up and looped very high at the sides.

The costume is not unfrequently composed of a velvet overskirt and basque, worn over a petticoat of rich satin trimmed with very narrow flounces, and quilted into a design as a heading. Black velvet is very effective in this way, over a skirt of blue or maroon satin, the entire costume—hat, gloves, etc.—carefully carrying out the idea of the colors, and other details.

The severity of the season following close upon a very warm summer, has brought out a great many fur-trimmed suits of great beauty and elegance. Colors, such as fuchsia, maroon, wine-color and dark green, are even more fashionable than black, and are displayed to the greatest advantage by rich bands of grebe or sable fur, and collars, cuffs, and *revers* of satin, or *gros-grain* trimmed on.

Jackets of quilted satin, bordered with fur, with or without sleeves, are used for breakfast and morning wear, and in white satin, with swansdown edge, are not unfrequently seen in the evening.

Many dresses for dinner and evening wear are composed of rich *gros-grain* or *poult de soie*, the flounces plaited over under ones of muslin, edged with Valenciennes lace. The upper skirt is looped high, and bordered with guipure lace half a yard wide; and the waist is composed of muslin richly trimmed and having sleeves, and small, loose jacket or bodice, which displays the decoration, and has fancy basques attached, which take the place of sash.

Very pretty party dresses are made for little girls, of white muslin, high in the neck, with long sleeves, and bright Roman scarlet or blue sashes. The lower skirt is trimmed with ruffles, the upper skirt bunched at the sides, and cut into a round or pointed apron in front, and very much trimmed, as is the puffed bodice, with Valenciennes.

The winter cloth suits for ordinary wear are becoming as popular as the linen suits for summer wear. There is no wear out to such suits, and they should be finished, therefore, with thick galoons or heavy braids that will last about as long as the material. Furs are used for trimming them by persons who expect them to serve as handsome winter suits.

In furs, sable is this winter taking the place of high-class mink. It is made up in about the same style, excepting that the lining is thick *gros-grain*, and no ornaments are used. Instead of tassels, and the like, the ends of the muff are drawn in with elastic, and close warmly over the wrists.

TOILETS FOR THE MONTH.

MORNING DRESS of light-blue French merino, cut with a Watteau at the back, and open (pagoda) sleeves. The skirt is slightly long at the back, and full, but perfectly plain. The bodice and sleeves are ornamented with a broad band of black velvet, which outlines a small pointed pelerine cape, terminating in bows and long ends at the back, and a border set up somewhat from the edge, upon the sleeves.

AN EVENING DRESS of Nile-green silk, is cut with a very long train, and trimmed in a deep Vandyked pattern, with two rows of silver fringe. The same trimming simulates an upperskirt, which is caught up apparently with silver grass, and surrounds the basque of the bodice, and the half-sleeve, which is open to disclose the coat-sleeve beneath, and the lining, which is of white satin.

A PRETTY EVENING COSTUME is composed of a white Llama overdress, low square bodice and draped skirt, and plain slip of turkois-blue silk, made entirely without ornament, with the exception of thick silk ruches round the neck and sleeves. A wide blue sash with fringed ends completes this dress, which is charming for a young lady who is a blonde.

A FASHIONABLE "BREAKFAST" COSTUME consists of pink silk, made with two skirts, and a basque, with open sleeves. The trimming is thick ruches fringed out upon the edge, and black velvet bows. The boots are silk with black stitching and black Empress heels, the gloves pink embroidered with black. The beautiful light English pink is the favorite shade.

A VERY HANDSOME BLACK TOILET is of heavy lustreless silk, cut with a train, and bordered with a plaited flounce, notched out over a flounce of plaited organdy, edged with Valenciennes. Above the silk flounce is a thick soft ruching feathered out, and above this a wide flounce of lace, also headed by a ruching. Surmounting this is a narrow flounce of silk, with a muslin flounce beneath, and a ruched heading. The foundation basque, with pagoda sleeves, is made of muslin, bordered with rows of black and white lace, put on full; over this is the silk jacket, bordered with thick ruching, the edge of which comes to the top of the lace.

A FASHIONABLE PROMENADE COSTUME is of fine black cashmere, bordered with crimped fringe, over a black silk or gray Irish poplin skirt. The cashmere overskirt is long, and gracefully draped, the jacket cut as a basque, and open with *revers*. To the silk underskirt of this costume a waist is attached, made of twilled cotton or linen. Upon this a little silk vest is mounted, and to this coat sleeves are attached of silk, which are worn under the open ones of cashmere, and, with lace ruffles and a little cravat, complete an elegant toilet.

A WARM WINTER WALKING-DRESS is composed of two skirts and a coat of dark-blue cloth, trimmed with heavy black galoons stitched on—five rows on the underskirt, four on the upper, three

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upon the coat, which is cut away from the front, and forms basque lapels. A close-fitting cotton waist is attached to the underskirt; the basque is lined with flannel.

A FUR-TRIMMED COSTUME, of dark-blue velvet, consists of a skirt trimmed with three rows of grebe and a Polonaise, which forms an upper skirt, and is trimmed with a single row of grebe upon the edge, and one row over the shoulders, forming a pelerine at the back, which fits in close to the figure, leaving the sides to flow over the arm and sleeves, something like the Metternich.

A PLAIN INDOOR DRESS, ladylike and stylish, yet without pretension, is made with plain skirt cut slightly *en train*, and a postillion basque, with flowing sleeves. A square collar of Valenciennes lace and undersleeves of net bordered with lace and puffings of net, complete this simple toilet, which may be made in silk, poplin, empress cloth, or serge.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED STEEL PLATE.

FIG. 1.—The train robe of rose-colored *poult de soie* is bordered with a deep garniture composed of plaited ruchings of rose-colored *crêpe*, arranged in a square design between two *crêpe* ruffles, the one on the bottom surmounted by a row of black fringe, and the upper one, standing, with black thread lace caught up against it. The ruchings are attached with narrow black velvet, and are ornamented with black velvet bows where they intersect. The long, graceful overskirt is of rose-colored *crêpe*, with a trimming composed of ruffles, lace, and fringe, confined by a bias band of *poult de soie*. This tunique is most gracefully looped by large black velvet bows, placed in an artistic yet apparently careless manner. Low pointed corsage and puffed sleeves, trimmed with *crêpe*, ruffles, lace, and fringe. A complicated coiffure of puffs and curls, ornamented with crushed roses and buds in foliage.

FIG. 2.—A simple and tasty party dress for a little girl. The skirt, of mauve *taffetas*, is ornamented with three pinked ruffles, forming their own headings. Over this is a tunique of white organdy, trimmed with a deep ruffle, and looped high on the sides by sashes of mauve ribbon. Short, pointed bodice of mauve *taffetas*, with ribbon shoulder-knots, over a chemisette of puffed organdy and Valenciennes insertion. Sash of mauve ribbon.

FIG. 3.—*Toilette de diner* of emerald-green *gros-grain*, the demi-trained skirt ornamented with deep scolloped flounces of nut-brown *gros-grain* disposed in the style of a court train. These flounces are graduated in width toward the waist, and are edged with narrow brown fringe, and headed with bands matching the flounces. A trimming *en tablier*, of brown *gros-grain* folds, completes the garniture of the skirt. Simple corsage, trimmed with nut-brown folds, and wide flowing sleeves trimmed to match the skirt. Stylish coiffure of horizontal *rouleaux* and long curls, adorned with a scarlet *pompon* and a white *aigrette*.

FASHIONS FOR FAIRS.

THE season for fairs is at its height, and a few hints in regard to what can be most easily and cheaply made, and, at the same time, be most saleable, may not be out of place. And first and last, but often most attractive, let us remind our young lady readers that if they possess remnants of silk or ribbon, or lace, or tarlatan, or merino, or bit of stiff lining, a few beads, and a trifle of gilt braid, or anything else that is bright-colored, they can, with very little time and ingenuity, make dolls' clothing that would sell with extraordinary rapidity, and be all profit.

Of course whole *trousseaux* and wardrobes might be made, but pretty out-door jackets, overdresses, aprons, sacks, talmas, fur sets, and the like, may be contrived out of what would otherwise find its way to the rag-bag.

Pretty cushions, if they are not too expensive, always find a ready sale. The favorites are square cushions of scarlet merino, with an initial or monogram in the center, wrought in white silk embroidery.

Another kind is made of pink or blue silk, and covered with a slip-case of book muslin, edged round with a ruffle of imitation Valenciennes lace. Paper muslin may be used instead of silk. Cushions of blue or crimson velvet are also very much admired, simply finished with a thick piping of satin.

Shoe bags and comb bags of brown linen are always in demand, and should be made up to cost fifty and seventy five cents, when they are sold. It is charging inordinate prices that brings fairs into bad repute.

Slippers of soft, thick white flannel sell well, embroidered with colored wool. They may be unmade, or made up on cork soles.

Families of dolls would find a large sale if they were arranged effectively, dressed substantially, and sold at a reasonable price.

Cravats, needle-books of a good and substantial kind, children's aprons, shaving papers for gentlemen, straw and rustic frames (imperial size), all find ready sale, and require little but time, taste, and willingness to produce satisfactory results.

A good refreshment table, at moderate prices, is a well-paying feature, but we would eschew lotteries and grab-bags.

COIFFURES AND BONNETS.

(*See Illustration.*)

OUR *elegantes* are, to a great extent, discarding the immense *chignons* which have heretofore disfigured their heads, and returning to more simple and sensible arrangements of the hair. No doubt great quantities of false hair will still be worn; but the tendency is toward a style of coiffure which will have the appearance, as nearly as possible, of the natural hair.

No. 1.—The style of coiffure most affected at present. It is arranged by combing all the hair back, adding a small Pompadour roll in front if necessary. The hair is then separated in two portions in the nape of the neck, and disposed in two braids, of three strands each, which are then turned up over the head and the ends arranged in a bow. Of course, a "switch" can be braided in with each side and a false bow added; but it must be done very neatly and naturally, or the effect will be spoiled.

No. 2.—An appropriate and generally becoming coiffure for an elderly lady. The back hair is arranged in a plain waterfall, or a loose knot, if preferred, and the front is disposed in four finger-puffs on each side. A simple cap is added, of white organdy, rather pointed in front, trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

No. 3.—A lovely carriage bonnet, in mauve velvet and *gros-grain* of the same shade, ornamented with a cluster of crushed pink roses on the left side, encircled by a long white plume which springs from a cluster of mauve ostrich tips on the opposite side. A double scarf of mauve *gros-grain*, edged with a *crêpe* fringe, falls from the back. A *rouleau* of velvet and *gros-grain* forms the face trimming. Brides of *gros-grain*, edged with velvet, carelessly knotted under the chin.

No. 4.—An elegant bonnet, of a modified gipsy shape, made in mulberry-colored velvet, finished around the edges with narrow folds of *gros-grain* of the same shade. An ostrich plume, of the same color, springs from a full cluster of shaded roses and buds on the left side, and is carried across and falls low on the right. A row of Chantilly lace is arranged *en diadème* across the front, above a *cordon* of velvet and *gros-grain*, and a fall of the same lace droops over the back. Tie-strings of mulberry *gros-grain* ribbon.

No. 5.—A "Tyrolienne," of black French felt, trimmed with folds of black *gros-grain*, and a long scarf of the same edged with narrow thread lace. A *gros-grain* bow relieves the right side, and a very long white ostrich plume, fastened in the front, is carried over the crown, and droops gracefully over the *chignon*.

No. 6.—An appropriate and stylish coiffure for a school-girl. The hair is parted across the top, the back portion being again separated into two parts and braided near the ears. The front hair is then thrown lightly back, and arranged in loose curls which are confined by the braids being carried across, as seen in the illustration.

No. 7.—The most fashionable style, at present, for arranging the hair of little girls. The hair is crimped and then combed back, without any front parting, a single tress being taken from each side, tied together with a ribbon bow, and fastened so as to prevent the hair from spreading too much over the shoulders.

OUT-DOOR COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN.

(*See Illustration.*)

FIG. 1.—A style of suit appropriate for boys from six to ten years of age. It consists of pants, jacket, and vest, of mixed brown cloth, and an overcoat of dark-brown beaver cloth. The coat is arranged with a long sack, over which falls a long circular cape, which is buttoned on under the collar and can be detached at pleasure. The whole suit is made without any trimming excepting rows of machine stitching near the edges. Brown cloth leggins. Glengarry cap of black velvet bound with plaid.

FIG. 2.—Suit for a girl of four years. Dress of blue cashmere, trimmed with narrow black velvet. Circular of white Molleton cloth, trimmed with black velvet, the hood quite pointed, and lined with black silk. Riding-hood of scarlet opera flannel, lined throughout, trimmed with pinked ruchings, and ornamented with a black velvet bow with long ends finished with tassels.

FIG. 3.—Dress of garnet *satin de Chine*, the skirt ornamented with a kilt-plaited flounce, headed by two rows of black velvet. Half-fitting paletot of garnet cloth, trimmed with rows of handsome silk galoon, crossed at intervals by small *passementerie* ornaments. The same garniture is carried down the center of the back to the waist, where it is finished with an ornament, with pendants, similar to those crossing the braid. High, black felt hat, trimmed with garnet velvet.

FIG. 4.—Suit for a girl of five years. Dress of Scotch plaid, the skirt bordered with a bias flounce headed with black velvet. Half-fitting paletot of navy blue cloth, trimmed with bands of Astrachan. The collar is deep and pointed in the back, reaching halfway to the waist. Gray felt turban, trimmed with blue velvet and a blue plume.

FIG. 5.—Walking-costume in pearl-gray French poplin, garnished with bands of blue velvet. The suit consists of a skirt and a Polonaise, worn without looping. The design can be easily copied from the illustration. Gray velvet hat, ornamented with blue velvet and blue plumes.

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WINTER BONNETS.

We are undoubtedly getting back as fast as possible to the period when hats and bonnets had a real existence, and were things to be seen, and felt, and admired, and counted upon as something that had a tangible existence. The "Sauar" bonnet and the little triangular Fanchon have gone out of existence; and now the Diadem is following suit, and in its place is the high hat, with long, sweeping plume, and the graceful and piquant Gipsy, with curved brim, and jaunty feathers set straight against the small crown.

A great many bonnets are made of the mixture of the browns, light coffee and chestnut brown, and two materials, velvet and *gros-grain*. The trimming generally consists of a long plume of the light color, and a tuft of pink roses in bronze leaves.

A very pretty bonnet is made of black velvet, the brim lined with blue, blue strings, which tie at the side, and three ostrich tips, one blue, two black.

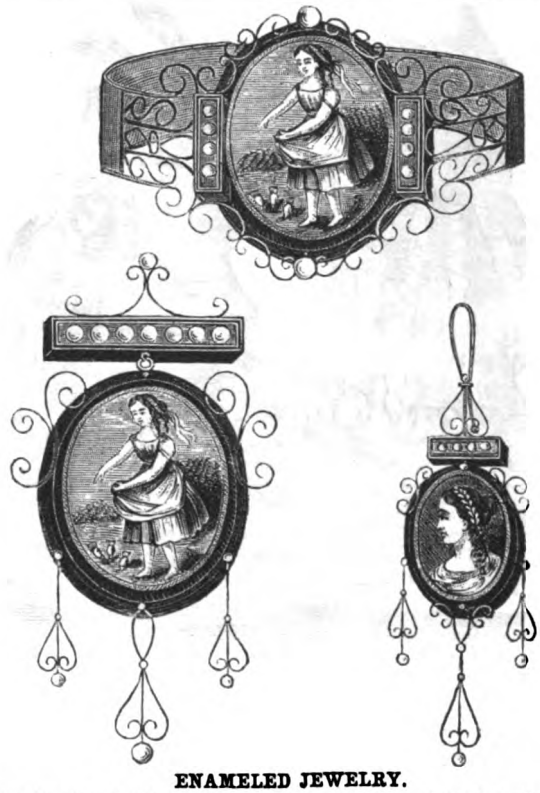
A becoming hat, for a blonde, for concert or matinee wear, is of sky-blue *gros-grain*, the brim turned up, and lined with black velvet. The trimming consists of roses, bows of black velvet, and bows and ends of sky-blue *gros-grain* ribbon.

A handsome hat of gray velvet has the brim turned up and lined with black velvet, and a front heightened by a standing shell of white lace holding a jet *aigrette*, very light, and exquisitely cut. A long gray plume is placed on one side, and hangs low at the back; and, covering the end of this, is a small bouquet of mixed roses, with grass.

Another bonnet is of pale Havana velvet, surrounded by folds of *gros-grain*, which are carried down the sides, and form brides or strings. A group of small ostrich feathers, in ten shades, curl over the top, and the inside of the brim is trimmed with a double quilling of *gros-grain*, a small bouquet of roses, and a knot of ribbon with fringed ends.

THE LONG PLUME REVIVED.

One of the distinguishing features of this winter's *modes* is the large colored ostrich feather, placed in a curve over the velvet or satin bonnet. It is also to be remarked that we once more wear something like the *tour de tête*, or cap of former bonnets—that is, lace and flowers *under* the bonnet—which has not been seen for a long time.



ENAMELED JEWELRY.

This elegant set of jewelry, from the establishment of Ball, Black & Co., is of an entirely new and exquisite design. The brooch is arranged with a tablet of burnished gold, set with seven large pearls, from which depends an oval enameled medallion, in a similar setting. The whole setting is surrounded by delicate scroll tracery, that at the bottom representing pendants with small gold buttons at the ends.

The setting of the ear-rings matches exactly with that of the brooch, the medallion only differing in design, while the bracelet, which completes the set, has a medallion similar to that in the brooch, the setting arranged to correspond as nearly as possible. This handsome set can be obtained for $200.

SKATING-COSTUMES.

Cloth is the material used for skating-dresses this winter, especially for the simple costumes, consisting of upperskirt and jacket, made for wear over plain black silk, or any other ordinary walking-skirts. The prettiest are dark-blue, wine-color, or red *marron*, trimmed with grebe, pocket muff, and jaunty cap or hat to match, the former bordered with grebe, the latter edged with band of grebe, and ornamented with small plume and *aigrette*, set erect, and held by jeweled horseshoe.

The prettiest skating-costume we have seen was made of scarlet cloth and trimmed with white fur, and worn with white muff and boa, over a petticoat of white mohair, trimmed with plaitings headed with scarlet velvet. But this was too striking to be worn by any but a very fine skater, and, moreover, requires to be perfect in its details.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

To all who take Demorest's Magazine! No other in the world will give you half so much or half so good for your money.

BRIDAL DRESSES.

Two very handsome bridal dresses were made recently in quite different styles. One, of thick white corded silk, consisted of a long skirt and basque; the latter cut short upon the hips, but very deep at the back, where it was laid in hollow plaits. The skirt was quite plain. The basque was trimmed with rich knotted crimped fringe, with a white "pearled" heading, and the pagoda sleeves were bordered to match. White lace undersleeves. Rich white lace collars, *revers* style.

The second dress was of white satin, and was made with a low basque, open in front, over a lace chemisette. The skirt was trimmed with a rich flounce of white lace, put on in festoons, headed with soft ruches of silk, and looped up with bouquets of orange blossoms. The sleeves were short with a bouquet upon the shoulders, upon the side of the bodice, and a bouquet, with a branch set in the waist, at the back of the basque.

HATS.

Hat of black velvet. Crown four inches high; the brim droops all round; two streamers, one of velvet, and the other of *gros-grain* ribbon, trimmed with silk fringe, falls behind; an edging of white point lace falls over the brim, and a long white ostrich plume completes the trimming of this elegant hat.

Hat of gray felt. Crown of medium height; the brim is rolled all around, faced with gray royal velvet; a cord of blue velvet surrounds the brim, and loose drab ribbon strings tipped with blue is fastened in a bow behind, and a gray ostrich tip is set at the side and falls over the crown.

The above styles are from the establishment of J. R. Terry, 19 Union Square, New York.

POEM FOR JANUARY.

Next month we shall give as a poem "Hiawatha's Wooing," by James Wadsworth Longfellow, preceded by an engraved copy of the picture from which our premium Chromo of "Hiawatha's Wooing" is taken.

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CLOAKS AND COSTUMES.

We can remember the time when a cloak could be purchased for warm, winter wear, with some sort of probability that it might be presentable, so far as style was concerned, for two, and even three succeeding seasons. But that time has gone by, and we should not like to advise any ambitious young lady to purchase an out-door costume now, with the expectation that it could be fashionably worn for more than one.

Cloth cloaks are no longer displayed, excepting in water-proof, as an independent article of out-door wear. There are rich, ample velvet cloaks, which form a tunic or overdress, to be worn with satin, velvet, or Irish poplin skirts, and there are Astrachan cloaks at $25, and sealskin jackets at $75 to $100, and little cloth sacks and jackets, for breakfast or morning wear; but the plain or ribbed cloth cloak, sack, or circular, is not to be seen. and, indeed, would find no place among the "cloth suits" and dressy "cashmere costumes," which, trimmed warmly with fur or velvet, spread themselves temptingly on the lay-figures in all the large showrooms.

We advise, decidedly, a cloth or cashmere costume instead of a cloak, to be worn over merino, Empress cloth, or Scotch plaid dresses. The costume consists of a long, straight overskirt, simply looped, rather high at the sides, and trimmed with a broad band of velvet or *gros-grain*, with or without fringe, or lace, or narrow satin folds, stitched in. The basque is half-fitting at the back, and cut up in square tabs; it is straight and plain in front. It is belted in, or not, according to fancy.

Velvet cloaks are cut very long, and richly trimmed with crochet gimp, which forms a heavy embroidery, and knotted fringe. The waist is fitted to the figure at the back, and is detached from the skirt, which is put on very full, in large gathers. The front is cut all in one, and is looped up from the sides. The sleeves are invariably wide, and a full sash, made of *gros-grain*, belts in the waist. Skirts of satin or velvet are generally worn with these cloaks, which are more like ample tunics.

LINGERIE.

The greatest luxury is displayed in the chemisettes to wear with the open square or heart-shaped bodices; they are covered with embroidery, and either point lace or *dentelle de Bruges*.

THE ELVIRA DRESS.

A dress made after this style, in blue empress cloth, trimmed with ruffles of the same and black velvet ribbon, would be very handsome and appropriate either for a house dress or walking-costume. The skirt, of a comfortable length, is encircled with two narrow flounces, bound and attached with velvet, the upper one set on to form its own heading. The overskirt has a square apron, garnished with ruffles and velvet, and is finished on each side by a broad sash, trimmed round with a ruffle, and ornamented through the center by plaitings of velvet finished at the lower end with a velvet bow.

Two detached sashes in the back, similarly trimmed, complete the arrangement of this unique overskirt. High plain waist, trimmed with ruffles and velvet in the shape of a shoulder cape, and close sleeves trimmed with ruffles simulating flowing ones. When used for a walking-costume, a jacket of cloth, or of the material of the dress, lined and similarly trimmed, should be added.

EUPHEMIA SUIT.

This stylish design can be very appropriately made in any of the winter materials, and would be especially handsome in poplin, with the broad bands which encircle the skirt and sleeves, of silk of the same shade, edged with velvet to match, the ruffles, of poplin, trimmed with velvet and silk, and the bows of silk and velvet. The Polonaise is particularly graceful and becoming. The design of the whole suit can be easily copied from the illustration.

HINTS FOR MOURNING.

For deep mourning, only textures composed of wool are admissible, as, for example, merino, cashmere, etc; and the trimmings should be of the same materials, or of crape. Crimped crape, or, as the French term it, *crêpe crêpé*, is worn for the very deepest mourning. Crape lisse is also worn for trimmings, but it is considered less deep than crimped cape.

The combination of white and black is always fashionable for half-mourning. The sewing-machine has been the means of introducing a new kind of white and black trimming peculiarly well adapted for half-mourning. It is of that kind of work to which the French give the name of *applicatur*—that is to say, two materials, the one applied or sewn upon the other. For example, a vine leaf, or foliage or flowers of any kind, are cut out in velvet or silk, and edged with narrow white cord or braid. A wreath formed in this way, edging the skirt of a black dress, and brought up the front *en tablier*, is exceedingly pretty and effective. Jackets with long basques are likewise ornamented with this trimming, and edged with fringe made of black and white silk.

Mourning bonnets should be somewhat larger in size than those worn in ordinary costume.

A very pretty half-mourning evening dress consists of a robe of white tarlatan, with a wreath trimming of the kind above described. A broad sash of black silk or velvet and jet ornaments.

VELVET TRIMMING.

There is little fear of being too lavish in the employment of velvet. It is the favorite material of the day, and it will be used unsparingly for trimming as well as in other ways during the autumn. It forms a conspicuous part in a lady's costume, literally from head to foot; for hats are ornamented with bows and long ends of velvet, and shoes are almost concealed under large *coques* of the same material. The most fashionable *ceintures* are those of black velvet, with long ends flowing over the back of the dress. These *ceintures* are worn with robes of any color or material.

LENGTH OF GIRLS' DRESSES.

Little girls wear their dresses somewhat longer than formerly, so that they come below the knee, midway between that joint and the tops of their high boots.

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COLORS.

HIGH colors and many shadings are worn this season, and produce fine effects. All the shades of green and brown, pale buff lined with maroon velvet, dark crimson, wine and plum color, and scarlet relieved with white (the latter confined to indoor and evening toilets), are in great vogue. Olive has become a favorite cloth, and rich silk (which is always mounted with velvet the same shade or a shade darker). But this color is only suitable for elderly ladies, or for day costumes.

A rich, dark blue is also much admired in cloth and velvet for day costumes, but ought on no account to be worn in the evening, as only light shades of blue, turkois and China blue, look well in the evening. English is very fashionable for indoor wear, and is worn by blondes as well as brunettes. It is much trimmed with black velvet.

The old yellow green has quite given place to Nile-green for evening wear, which is a very light blue green, and extremely becoming to flaxen-haired blondes.

A novel and most successful combination for *brunes* is salmon-color, lined or piped with narrow satin or velvet. Pearls, and a pearl necklace composed of many strands, are the ornaments worn with such a toilet.

COSTUMES DE PROMENADE.

THE COSTUME VIOLA is made in emerald-green Irish poplin, garnished with fringed ruchings of silk, two shades darker, and twist fringe of the intermediate shade.

The garniture on the skirt is arranged in festoons, surmounted by a single row of ruching. The Polonaise is quite simple, the back somewhat longer than the fronts, and slightly yet gracefully looped.

THE GERALDA SUIT, with the dress and scarf of Macgregor plaid, and the Polonaise of green cashmere, is an especially stylish and appropriate costume for a young lady. The skirt is encircled with a flounce of green cashmere, set up from the bottom, and the Polonaise is trimmed to correspond. The scarf should be large enough to be used as a wrap, if required, and in some suits is worn tied loosely around the waist.

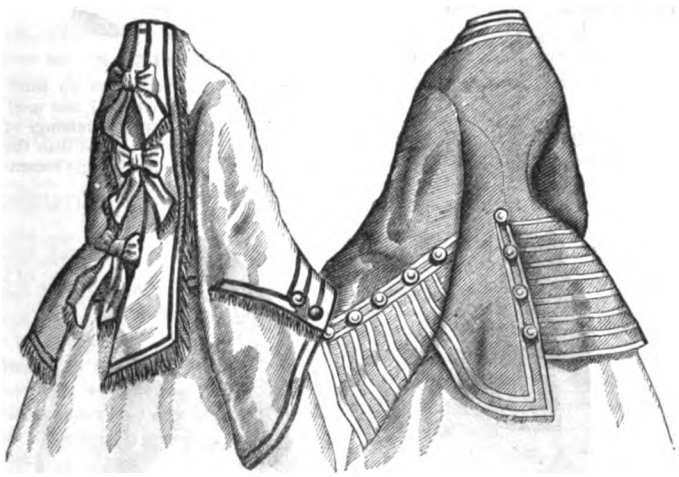
THE ADVANCE IN PRICES.

THE introduction of standard American silks, at a uniform price, has prevented a very great advance in the price of French silks, though, even for the rise that has taken place, there was no present necessity.

The fact is, the large houses were never so well supplied with French silks as at present, and never purchased them at such low rates. Alarmed at the prospect of being cut off from export, the French manufacturers sacrificed immense stocks of silks at exceedingly low rates, which English and American dealers principally profited by; so that whatever the prospect may be for the future, the fact in the present is that French silks are plentiful, and, though they are sold dear, were bought cheap.

Best Paris made kid gloves, which had been reduced to $2, have gone up to $3 (war prices), and we hope the fact will stimulate our own manufacturers to breed goats, or effect in some way an improvement on the sheepskin which they have been selling for "Italian" kid at $1 per pair.

Singularly enough, gauze vails seem likely to be affected as much as anything by the European war. The Donna Maria gauze, especially, is only made in Paris; aud as there was a very small quantity of it in this country when the war stopped communication, we are not likely to see much of it for some time. It has already doubled in price, and, if the war does not come to a close before spring, the winds of March will have to be met unshielded by this favorite shield and protector.



BREAKFAST JACKETS.

THE ODILLA JACKET is slightly fitted in the back, but is quite square and loose in front. It makes up quite prettily in scarlet or purple merino, with trimming of narrow black velvet and silk fringe.

Two sashes, trimmed with velvet and fringe, commence at the neck, gradually spreading apart as they descend, and are slightly caught together with bows, trimmed to correspond.

THE ROSALBA JACKET is most appropriately made in blue opera flannel, or serge, garnished with black velvet edged with gilt braid, and gilt buttons. It is tight-fitting, with the fronts much shorter than the back, and the trimming arranged to simulate a vest.

MINETTA BASQUINE.

A PERFECTLY tight-fitting cloak, differing from other basquines in having a broad box-plait in the center of the back, folding over on the outside. This affords more spring than in the ordinary style, and adds very much to its appearance.

Our model is made in mulberry-colored cloth, garnished with bands of black *gros de Londres*, and black bullion fringe.

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MARIETTA JACKET.

A PRETTY design, suitable either for a breakfast jacket or for a basque to complete a costume. The back is much longer than the fronts, and is turned back *en revers*, to match.

These *revers* should be of a different material from the jacket. If used for a morning jacket, it would be very handsome in crimson, purple, or blue opera flannel, or cashmere, with trimming of black velvet or silk, and jet buttons.

EUDORA SLEEVE.

THE most comfortable of all sleeves, for winter wear, is the coat-sleeve, and being susceptible of so many different styles of garniture, it is a universal favorite, and always fashionable. The "Eudora" makes up handsomely in Irish poplin, trimmed with bands of velvet, the puff at the top and ruffle at the elbow rendering it especially becoming to slender figures.

THE LEONORA CLOAK.

To those of our readers having velvet cloaks, cut in half-fitting basques, which were so much in vogue several seasons since, and wishing to renovate them, this design will be particularly acceptable. In the original cloak—which is an ordinary half-fitting basque—wide *bretelles* are added, with long square tabs in the back and round ones in front, trimmed with lace and folds of *gros-grain*. It is not absolutely necessary, however, to add the *bretelles* themselves, but the lace and folds may be disposed in the same design. The bows, on the back and sleeves, are of *gros-grain* ribbon.

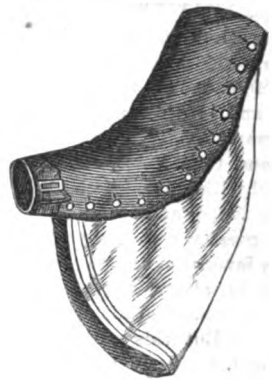
JET ORNAMENTS.

THE newest jet ornaments for bonnets are hollow pendants an inch square, made of small oval pieces. They look heavy, but are lighter than the swinging balls and cubes of last season. Jet brooches placed between puffs and on bows are diamond-shaped, and look solid and massive. Bows are made of a sort of jet ribbon formed by sewing small jet beads on net. Coronets are of branching graduated pieces, and *aigrettes* have many slender, trembling stems of fine jet. An immense spray of jet, shaped like a branch of coral, is placed in front of round hats. Buckles of jet are square or oval, with flat smooth surface.

AMERICAN FASHIONS TAKING THE LEAD.

THE prominent London fashion magazine, which has for some time past been publishing the uncolored fashion plates furnished from our MONTHLY, and, more recently, the colored steel plates, has increased so much in its circulation that the publisher has just directed, by a cable telegram, that the original number ordered is to be increased one-third.

Another proof of it were unnecessary of the superiority of American fashions.

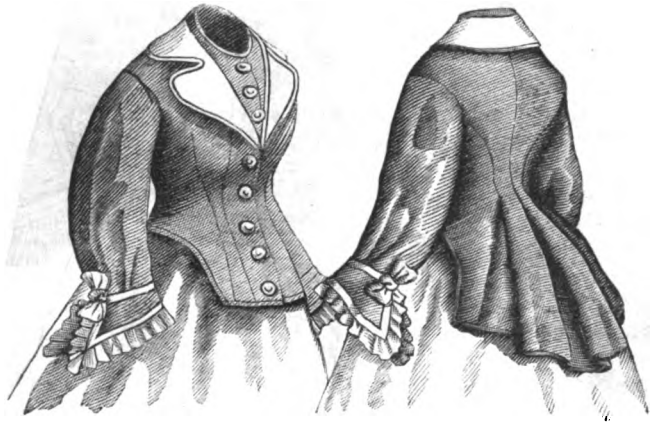


EDELIA SLEEVE.

AN entirely new design, combining the close with the flowing sleeve in a most graceful manner. The coat sleeve is left open at the back seam, and a side-piece inserted, laid in a deep box-plait at the top, and buttoned in at the sides, nearly to the wrist. The close sleeve is caught together, just below, by a band fastened on the under side by a button, and on the outside by a buckle which confines a loop.

MABEL SLEEVE.

THIS stylish sleeve makes up handsomely in any winter material, and most especially in poplin, with trimmings of silk or velvet of a darker shade than the goods, or black. It is particularly becoming to slender figures.



VIENNA BASQUE.

ROUND waists being so generally discarded, many new and becoming basques are being designed to take their place. The one illustrated above is a favorite style, and makes up handsomely in any of the winter dress goods, but particularly in poplin or silk.

The handsomest poplin ones are made without any trimming, excepting a velvet or silk cord on the bottom, but silk ones are generally trimmed with lace. When made of poplin, a facing of silk, finished with velvet, may be arranged to simulate a vest, and will add very much to its stylish appearance.

THE PEARL JACKET.

A DESIGN for an extra garment, to be made in cloth, with the edges cut in miters and bound with narrow silk braid, and two rows of the braid stitched on above. It is much longer in the back than in front, and is slashed to the waist in the back and at the sides. The bows are of cloth, bound with braid.

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FUR-TRIMMED DRESSES.

THE extent to which velvet is used as trimming has rather put furs in the background; but it is still considered most distinguished as a finish for cloth and velvet costumes.

Rose marten, grebe, and sable, are most used for black and colored velvet; sealskin, mink, and Astrachan for cloth—although, of course, rich furs are not out of place upon handsome cloth, and the finer the fur the better they look.

The most distinguished costume a lady can wear is a complete suit of velvet, trimmed with sable, with small sable muff and boa. With such a suit, a velvet bonnet of the small gipsy form should be worn, ornamented with ostrich feathers. Fancy, fur-trimmed hats and muffs are only used by young girls, or as an accompaniment to skating or other somewhat eccentric costumes.

JUNIATA SLEEVE.

JUST the style of sleeve for a graceful morning wrapper in crimson cashmere trimmed with black velvet, for instance—the silk plaiting at the wrist doing away with the necessity of an undersleeve.

DESCRIPTION OF PATTERN SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

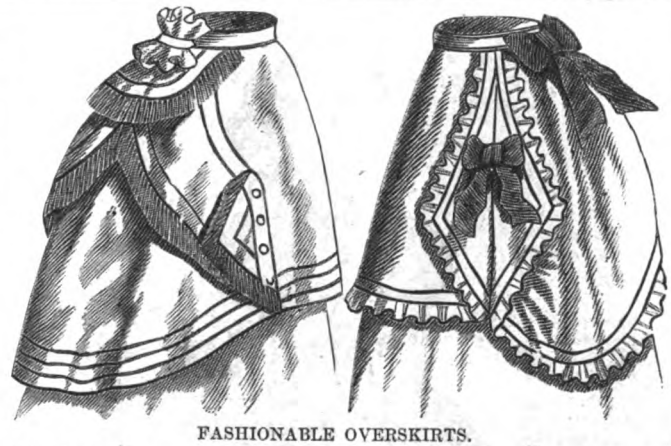
THE ARTHUR OVERCOAT.—According to promise, we, this month, present our readers with a pattern of an overcoat, of the latest style, suitable for boys from five to ten years of age.

It should be made in dark gray or blue cloth, without any trimming excepting rows of machine stitching near the edges, or very narrow black braid.

Boys' clothing, generally, is made particularly plain this season—braiding and other fancy trimmings not being allowable, excepting on first suits.

The coat is complete in itself without the cape, which is buttoned on under the collar, and can be detached at pleasure.

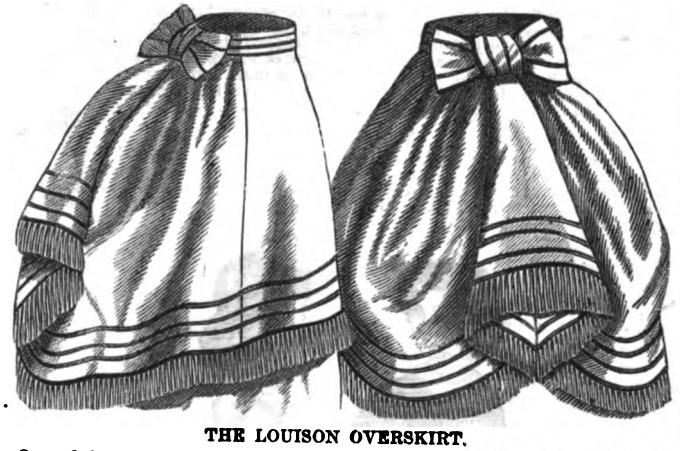
In our December number we shall give a pattern of a new style of jacket to be made in heavy material, cloth, plush, or velveteen, appropriate either to be worn *en suite*, or as an extra garment.



FASHIONABLE OVERSKIRTS.

THE ALMEDA is worn without looping—the semi-circular sashes, surmounted by the round postillion, forming sufficient ornament in the back without any additional *panier*. The sashes extend from the center of the back to the first side-seam, where they are finished with *revers*, and attached with four buttons. The front is entirely plain, with only the trimming on the edge. This style makes up handsomely in any of the winter poplins, with a garniture of bands of velvet or silk, and a rich fringe to match.

THE HILARIA is a simple, graceful overskirt, the apron without any fullness and ornamented with *revers*, and the back similarly ornamented, and gathered at the sides and in the center. This style would be very appropriate for empress cloth with flutings of the material, edged with velvet and headed with broad velvet bands.



THE LOUISON OVERSKIRT.

ONE of the latest and most graceful designs for overskirts, and one that is destined to become a favorite. It is perfectly plain in front, its peculiar style depending upon the looping in the back. It will be noticed that all the overskirts are without fulne s at the waist in front—this being the style at present—many of them having tapes underneath by which they are tied back. The plain pattern of the "Louison," notched where the loopings should be, can be obtained for 50 cents; a trimmed one for $1.

COLORS.

THE most fashionable winter colors are dark bottle or olive green, rich plum-color, and *marron* brown. Dark blue, trimmed with grebe, is also very stylish in cloth costumes.

ARTISTIC CHROMOS

AS PREMIUMS TO $1.50 YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS TO "YOUNG AMERICA."

A VERY fine Chromo, price $5.00, to each subscriber.

For one dollar extra in cash, a very fine Chromo, price $10.00, to include the $5.00 Chromo.

For two dollars extra in cash, a very fine Chromo, price $12.00, to include the $5.00 Chromo.

For three dollars extra in cash, a very fine Chromo, price $15.00, to include the $5.00 Chromo.

VELVETEEN COSTUME.

A VERY pretty costume is made of handsome black velveteen—plain upperskirt, faced with silk, and postillion basque. The trimming consists of blue silk faced on as cuffs, and vest, and outlined with ruching of black *gros-grain*, feathered out.

"PARIS" FASHIONS.

A CONTEMPORARY boasts in its *November* issue that its fashions are far in advance of all other magazines in consequence of having been received *direct* from Paris. As all communication with Paris closed early in September, it is easy to see how much reliance is to be placed upon "the latest Paris fashions."

OUR FASHIONS IN LONDON.

THE *Milliner and Dressmaker*—an important organ of the great wholesale houses of London and Paris—published in London, thus endorses our fashions in a recent issue:

We are deprived of our leader in the walks of fashion, and must look to native ingenuity here, or accept New York models in lieu of those of Paris.

New York fashions are not, as has been erroneously stated, mere exaggerations of the models of Paris. Great originality is one of the qualities of New York leaders; but whether we can accept the ideas and condone the want of the exquisite *goût*, which has become almost indispensable to us, remains an enigma which the future alone can solve.

As we are the sole representatives of original American fashions in New York—all other fashion journals disclaiming any originality on their part, and having no other resources but to copy European styles—the above paragraph must, therefore, necessarily refer to us; and we suggest to our contemporary that other London fashion-journals have solved the enigma, by sending to us for their ideas and their fashion-plates, and doubling their circulation in three months in consequence.

FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

THE present fashions are extremely convenient in one respect: that nothing is wasted, or, at any rate, nothing needs to be. Old dresses can be made over into overskirts and dresses for children, and children's dresses can be lengthened, by the addition of plaited flounces or scolloped bands, until they seem quite remodeled; while the loose gored waist fits almost any age, and is neatly held by the sash or apron, whichever it is, that completes the little girl's school and home toilet.

Gored dresses were objected to for girls for a long time, on account of the difficulty of making over or altering them; but this obstacle seems to have disappeared before a practical test. We find that gored dresses can be made for girls to last two years, and then altered, by changing the trimming and adding ruffles or plaited flounces, for two years more.

It is never economy to try common materials for children. A French merino, a good Scotch poplin, or an all-wool cloth, will outwear a half-dozen flimsy cotton mixtures, which afford no comfort or satisfaction even at their best.

The everyday dresses for girls are of two kinds: the plain Gabrielle, with overskirt, fitted with *bretelles* to the shoulders; and the

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skirt, with tunic, which forms an overdress, with high body, long sleeves, and sash.

A pretty model for the first, consists of a Gabrielle dress of green French merino, with a plaited flounce, laid flat, five inches deep round the bottom, and headed with three rows of black velvet. Over this is worn a straight overdress of black cashmere, with a band of black velvet put on as a border, and simply looped in one broad fold at the sides. Across the shoulders a small rounded cape forms *bretelles*, edged with a row of black velvet. A plaiting at the wrist, headed with two rows of velvet, finishes the coat sleeves, and a bow of velvet at the throat the entire costume.

To make it still less expensive, black alpaca braid can be used instead of velvet, an old alpaca skirt used for the overdress, ornamented with a strip of the green merino stitched on flat with black silk. This is not so new, but it looks very well notwithstanding.

A very pretty costume consists of a blue merino skirt, light blue, trimmed with two bands of black velvet, and tunic of gray mohair, cut plain in front but full at the back, and trimmed with a single row of black velvet, and with black velvet bows at the sides. The body of the tunic has a small basque attached and little *revers* in front, trimmed round with a row of velvet. A black velvet ribbon, with pocket or crest attached, is worn round the neck.

Scotch costumes, for girls, are, this winter, made entirely of Scotch plaid, trimmed with black velvet. They consist of dress cut with a basque and overskirt—the latter straight and looped at the sides, but full and gathered at the back. A sash of plaid, trimmed with velvet, is made to wear with the dress.

Dresses for children from one to three years, are made of checked flannel or merino, cut gored, half high, and of a square shape, which brings them over the shoulder. The sleeves are long. The trimming is three rows of braid or velvet. Paletots of soft white cloth, bound with velvet, are the out-door dress; or, for older children, tunics or paletots of velvet or velveteen. For little girls of three, or thereabout, soft bonnets of black velvet or quilted white satin are in vogue, trimmed with blue velvet and small, curled ostrich feathers.

Boys no longer wear trowsers full or loose at the bottom; they fit to the leg, reaching below the knee midway to the top of the boot. Black velvet or velveteen is the dress suit for boys—white muslin the party dress for girls. The latter high, long sleeves, double skirt, puffed and ruffled; broad sash, and flowers ornamenting it here and there.

THE CHARLIE SUIT.

THIS is decidedly the most stylish suit of the season for boys from three to six years of age. It consists of a kilt-plaited skirt, reaching just over the knees, a tight-fitting vest, and an open jacket, cut in miters on the bottom, and extending a little below the waist. A plain space is left in front of the skirt, and ornamented with full rosettes with ends. For ordinary wear it is most appropriately made in blue or mulberry-colored cloth, with black trimmings, and looks especially handsome with the skirt of plaid, and the jacket and vest of velvet.

NORAH DRESS.

A PRETTY house dress made in crimson merino, the skirt bordered with two ruffles, edged and headed with narrow black velvet. Four sashes composed of ruffles and velvet, depend from the waist in front nearly to the flounces, a *panier* puff being attached to the two farthest back. High plain waist and close sleeves trimmed with ruffles.

THE WESTON SUIT.

A STYLISH suit for a boy of about eight years, to be made in black velvet, trimmed with narrow silk braid and jet buttons. The pants are without fullness at the top, and reach just over the knees, where they are fastened on the outside with three buttons. The jacket is open in front, disclosing a tight velvet vest underneath, and is cut with side-pieces in the back, and slightly sloped over the hips.

THE META DRESS.

A PRETTY design for a party dress, to be made in white cashmere or mohair, with the overskirt and trimmings of blue silk. The ruffles are attached with narrow black velvet—the lower one on the skirt placed straight around, and the second one arranged in scollops with a velvet bow at each junction. The overskirt has a round apron, and is open up the back and slightly *bouffant*. High plain waist and coat sleeves, the *bretelles* and garniture on the sleeves formed of blue silk ruffles. The same design would be equally as pretty in any bright-colored cashmere, with the overskirt and ruffles of black silk.

NINETTE OVERDRESS.

A JAUNTY little overdress, to be made in black silk, trimmed with ruchings and *revers* of a contrasting color. It has a round apron front, and is open up the back, describing two points.

A sash is entirely dispensed with by the peculiar arrangement in the center.

"HIAWATHA'S WOOING."

THIS masterpiece of the popular artist, Jerome Thompson, represents the homeward journey of Hiawatha and Minnehaha, as depicted in the following paragraph from the "Song of Hiawatha":

"All the traveling winds went with them,
O'er the meadow, through the forest;
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;
From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers."

The artistic picture, as painted by Jerome Thompson, and reproduced in the beautiful Chromo, which we offer as a club premium for two subscribers only, depicts this scene with the most admirable fidelity, and is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful landscapes ever painted. The meadow and the forest, the peeping squirrels, the saucy rabbit standing erect, are all there, with the clear sky above them, the stream rendering the country green and fertile, and, in the foreground, the lovers—stately Hiawatha and the lovely Minnehaha. We have the original painting now on exhibition at our establishment, 838 Broadway, in conjunction with a specimen chromo taken from the picture, and, of ninety-nine out of a hundred who have seen them, the majority—including artists themselves—pronounce the chromo the original painting. The original, it may be stated *en passant*, was sold to a gentleman of New York City for $4000. All are invited to call and see this great picture, a magnificent Chromo, which we now offer as a club premium for three subscribers, with two five dollar chromos for each of the other subscribers, or to one subscriber and three dollars extra in money, to include the five dollar chromo. Or, one subscription for two years; or, two subscribers, for one year without any other premiums. Was ever such an offer made before?

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PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY.

We would call the especial attention of our readers to the specimen pages of *Peters' Musical Monthly*, which we give in our present number. No one requiring music can fail to observe that the amount given is very liberal, and the quality of the music is all that could be desired. We have arranged with the publisher, by which we will furnish *Peter's Musical Monthly* and our MONTHLY MAGAZINE, to include a choice from any of our first premiums for $5.00; or to include YOUNG AMERICA for $6.00—giving three magazines for the price of two, and also to include a premium worth from two to ten dollars. Or, we will give DEMOREST'S MONTHLY and *Peters' Musical Monthly* for $4.50, without any premium; or to include YOUNG AMERICA at $5.50. Or, we will send *Whitney's Musical Guest* and DEMOREST'S MONTHLY for $3.50, with a choice from our list of premiums to single subscribers; or without the premiums for $3.00. Or, for two years' subscription to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY and *Peters' Musical Monthly* for one year, for $8.00, we will include the Chromo, "Hiawatha's Wooing."

A PRESS of other matter obliges us to lay over more than half our correspondence this month.

MRS. E. L. H.—Will find a wedding breakfast-table illustrated for the "Household," in the present number. The method is the same, with the variation of the dishes, for all tables, and the difference of placing the cups and saucers upon the waiter, in front of the hostess, upon a tea-table.

The customs of table-setting for dinner vary in different houses. Where the dinner is served in courses, in the French style, the table is generally set with the dessert, fruits, nuts, etc., and the dishes carved upon a side table, and handed round. For a plain dinner, the table simply requires to be set with regularity and cleanliness, the meat placed before the host, the vegetables so that the mistress of the house can help to them—afterwards she takes the dessert also, except the cheese—and when that is removed pours the tea, which is brought to her from a side table. The "Battle of Salamanca" is out of print.

"MINNIE C."—Certainly, for a club of four, or five, you could have the chromo for two subscribers, and a choice of any other premium for one or two subscribers. Make your black *gros-grain* with a long upperskirt, and basque, and trim with broad bias folds of the same, edged on either side with very narrow doubled folds of satin, stitched in as a piping. If the mildew is fresh, soak it in sour buttermilk, grate horse-radish upon it, and put it in the sun.

"MARION DE VAUX."—Fine black cashmere, or all wool empress cloth, trimmed with broad, bias folds of crimped *crêpe*, would make you a most distinguished deep mourning costume for the street, or for visiting purposes,

"YOUNG WIDOW."—We know of nothing that will dye, or color hair without injury. If you *can not* wear your own in its present state, we should advise you to have it cut off, and wear a pretty, curled wig.

"H. B. G."—Twenty-nine subscribers would be required in order to obtain a gentleman's hair watch-chain valued at $15.

"UNDINE."—It is probably too late to answer your questions, as the Magazine has already informed you that sailor jackets have given place to basques, and short paletots, slit up into lapels. There is little choice about white sacks; they are prettiest cut close (not fitted), of soft, thick piled, Persian cloth, and trimmed with black silk or satin pipings. The suit for your little girl may be composed of white cloth paletot, mounted with turkois-blue velvet, and turkois-blue merino dress, trimmed with black velvet.

"MAGGIE."—A skirt "walking length," just escapes touching the ground. Jet and pearl are the kind of beads most worn upon the neck. Flowers, or ribbon, are preferred for the hair.

"CHIPS."—You can have slippers made, or not, just as you prefer; before presenting them to a gentleman, you can also respond to a note in any way you think proper.

"ROXIE."—We should advise you to cut your hair off; you are not too old to have it grow in again, and it will do it a world of good to wear it short for a year, and wash, and brush it thoroughly every day. The silk sample is very dear at $3.00—it is not very good quality—an American silk at $2.00 would be much better. See Fashions for directions how to make it. Arrange her hair in braids. The fork is always held in the left hand, except in eating fish, or some other article of food, which does not require the use of the knife, then it is held in the right hand, and that hand used to convey the food to the mouth. If you wish to receive friends on New Year's day, without offering them the customary refreshments, the only way is to make yourself otherwise as agreeable as possible. We should think your friend had a particular reason for not wishing to introduce to you the gentleman in question.

"NEW SUBSCRIBER."—To entitle you to a premium, your subscription must be sent to the publication office of the Magazine, 838 Broadway. Your brown silk would make a very desirable overdress for your "ashes of roses" poplin, particularly as that is already trimmed with brown.

"MARIE."—A handsome black empress-cloth, all wool, at $1.00, or $1.25 per yard, would be the best material for your costume. Turkish brilliantine is a higher kind of mohair, almost equal to a silk in appearance, and exceedingly durable—it costs $1.50 per yard. The style of trimming now in vogue suits stout figures—that is, lengthwise, from the waist, across the shoulder, forming a collar at the back. Reversible foulard was $2.50 per yard last summer; we do not know what it is now, as it is out of season. It is not used for indoor dress in cold weather. It is ordinary width.

"MYRA."—You can not have the "Pic-nic," and the "Mischievous Pets," by sending *four* instead of *three* dollars. Trim your black silk with black velvet, and black guipure lace, or lace and black and white silk ruchings—that is to say, black ruching over white or black, with spaces, in which white plaits are laid. The black silk ruching should be feathered out, the white notched out. The size of the "Mischievous Pets" is 15x19.

"W."—The breasts naturally become reduced in size, by babies, and nursing; there is no way to restore them, but by perfecting the general health, and free bathing with cold water. Nothing will restore color to calico faded with perspiration. Color faded by sun comes back, by folding away in the dark. Yes, covers are always used for tables, and stands in chambers, where marble tops are not employed, and many prefer covers on account of the marble being cold.

"F. L. S."—Rev. J. H. Smith would be the proper address, not Rev. *Mr.* J. H.—which would be absurd. We shall shortly give pattern of wreath, and initial for pillow-case, in the Magazine.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—A traveling-dress, and hat, is a perfectly suitable bridal costume. The color of the gloves should be the same as the trimming, but then the trimming should be the color, if not the *shade* of the dress. The bridal "vail" may be worn at the first reception given by, or in honor of the happy couple on their return from the bridal trip. Your handwriting shows you good, truthful, and sincere.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—"I wish to know if for a premium you will give a Prang's Chromo—any one I select, worth the amount that any other premium would be that I would get for the same number of subscribers?" No. "I also wish to know if I get a large number of subscribers, if, instead of taking a large premium, I can take several small ones?" Yes, by paying fifty cents extra on each club premium taken, except the first; or, by taking off one single premium for each club premium.

M. E. H.—Black velvet will trim your light pearl-colored cashmere beautifully. Your Irish poplin should be trimmed with velvet a shade darker than itself, edged with folds of corded silk, a shade lighter, stitched in. Your brown poplin would trim very handsomely with rows of the new narrow plush, or "marabou" trimming in three shades of brown. It is newer and more effective than the satin. As you have several handsome street suits, you might make your black silk with a train for a dinner dress. It would make over afterward into a short suit. Make an overskirt, and it will do to wear wear with your striped Japanese silk, which would look very pretty also with an overskirt and lavender *panier* of satin.

"LINDA."—All you can do with your striped satin is to make a plain dress of it, short walking-skirt (no trimming), and a black silk overskirt, with *bretelles*, to wear with it. Of your surplus material, you might make a stylish *panier* overskirt, which would do to wear with other dresses; but it would not be considered good style to wear it with the striped underskirt.

"ST. CLAIR."—You must gore your dresses, and then what you want principally is overskirts to turn them into costumes—a black silk overskirt for your crimson and black silk, and the same would do to wear with your striped poplin. Trim your blue silk with white muslin flounces, and wear with it an overdress of white muslin; or trim with white lace or fringe, and *gros-grain* silk of the same shade. Make a close-fitting *casaque* instead of sacque, to your gray mohair, and trim it with cuffs and *revers* of blue silk, or blue silk plush.

It would require about fifteen yards of black velvet to make a plain walking-suit, at $10 per yard. For a very handsome suit it would require twenty yards at $15 to $20 per yard. Velveteen is used by those who can not afford velvet. Velveteen is $1.50 to $2 per yard. Furs are always fashionable. Brides' vails are very long and full, trailing off nearly the length of the dress.

"M. J. W."—You will receive the "Pic-nic" engraving by sending fifty cents in addition to your club subscription of $2.50, and ten cents for postage. We have sent away *twenty thousand* "Pic-nic" engravings, and the universal testimony is like the following from

"GIRARD, ILL.

"DEAR DEMOREST—I write to acknowledge the receipt of your beautiful premium engraving, the 'Pic-nic,' which has pleased us all exceedingly, and for which we are under many obligations. My Magazine has been duly received, and fulfilled our highest anticipation.

"ELLIE."

"JESSIE MAY."—Your hair is chestnut-brown. Bright-blue, emerald-green, and brown relieved with blue, and black or white, and black *and* white, would all be becoming to you. You could also wear gray with blue, but we would not advise reds of any shade.

"CHARLOTTE RUSSE" AND "SALLY LUNN."—Make your black grenadine with a demi-train and an overskirt. Your lilac tissue should be trimmed with narrow flounces bound with green, laid in flat plaits all one way, and put on with space between. A lady's watch and chain would cost from $75 to $125. Your other questions are too indefinite.

M. MCK.—Three cents are required for postage on the Chromo for single subscribers. Water-proof, plain and otherwise, is always worn more or less. It is not exactly "nice and pretty," but it is good and serviceable, and always used for bad weather or traveling. Heavy lustreless black silk is most fashionable.

"READER."—Linen, edged with embroidery, are the most serviceable collars now made, for morning, house, and street wear. Your black underskirt might be made of black cloth, velveteen, or the new black wool satine, which we admire greatly. Long overskirts will be worn, looped slightly.

"MARA."—You could make your suit of serge or wool satine, and trim with velvet or *gros-grain*. Flat trimmings have taken the place of ruffles, except in thin materials for evening wear. Blue merino, or gray trimmed with scarlet, would make a pretty suit for your little girl. The outside garment should be cut as a paletot, fitted at the back, loose in front.

"LELIA MAY."—If a gentleman incloses a postage-stamp in his letter, it is a strong hint that he would like to have it answered. The gentleman should commence a conversation first after introduction; but, if he is too ignorant or too bashful to do that, the lady should help him out. If the morning-wrapper is clean, and the rest of the dress tidy, there is no impropriety in receiving a gentleman friend in it. Do not understand what you mean by a "serenading card." A young lady should not be "engaged" less than three months, nor more than twelve. She may marry at any age after twenty. Of course you may, on rare occasions, kiss the gentleman you are engaged to, and allow him to kiss you; but, as there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, it is best not to permit much familiarity even between engaged people. It is that, you know, which breeds contempt.

"FANNY L."—Colgate's "Odontique" is the cheapest and best dentifrice we know. It cleanses the teeth, and preserves them. It is a soap. Stop using oil or water upon your hair. Wash it frequently with a solution of camphor and borax, and occasionally rub a little "golden" ointment into the skin of your head, combing it afterward, and washing

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it with the preparation. There is no safe way of removing superfluous hair, except by pulling it out. The lowest retail price for a first-class sewing-machine is $55.

LENA B.—Make your rose-colored silk with a train and an overskirt, and trim it with white lace, or with ruching of white tarlatan. Trim your India Swiss with flutings, and arrange your overskirt so that you can wear it with your rose-colored dress, and your rose-colored overskirt with your Swiss muslin. You will thus have four costumes instead of two. Make a crimson satin *panier*, and flounce it with the materials to wear with your white grenadine. Contrive a flounce also, cut upon the bias, for the bottom of the skirt, which can be cut short, and the flounce added to the edge. Or make a train of your striped grenadine, over a crimson satin petticoat, and trim the train all round and up the sides with crimson satin ruching, with white lace ruched in the center. French corsets, the kind you want, would cost you $7; the shoes, $15, with the new metallic heel. Dress your hair in curls and rolls, if braids are not becoming to you. Half wreaths, with trailing branches, are worn. Plenty of exercise, winter and summer, will do more for your color than anything else. Get dark blue or plum-color for your riding-habit. Cloth is the best material. Bind it with heavy black silk galoon.

"A CONSTANT READER."—We should advise you to enter a family as nursery governess, and not be afraid of doing some of the duties of nurse. Intelligent, educated nurses are among the great wants of the age, and your capacity and moderate expectations could obtain for you privileges in the way of taking lessons. Either do this, or go into some active business.

LOLA B.—An orange-colored alpaca, trimmed with black velvet, would suit you very well; but buff would be in better taste. Crimp or curl your hair, and wear it short. A hat would suit you best. Black alpaca, of the Buffalo brand, is worn largely. No, you should not invite a gentleman to stay, or even to enter the house, simply because he escorts you home. If you wish to do so, you may invite him to call at some other time. If you wish to stop the correspondence, keep making your letters shorter and more formal, and finally excuse yourself on the plea of having other and more pressing matters to attend to. If he is a gentleman, he will understand the hint. A young lady need not be in the parlor, ready to receive a young man, unless she chooses. She may wait until summoned by a servant. Try to think of something besides yourself, and you will lose your timidity. It is an unpleasant self-consciousness that produces it. We should think the Gabrielle dresses you mention were extremely unsuitable for such an occasion.

"CAVIL."—With your qualifications, you should have no difficulty in obtaining a wife. The center of your "lady's" handkerchief should be of the very finest linen cambric, the rest Valenciennes lace.

"FLORA."—Braid the short hair of a girl of ten, and let her wear it flowing. Braid your own, or crimp it, and wear it in a net. We have several times given receipts for freckles.

ANNIE D. P.—Your dresses should be just long enough to come below the tops of your boots—not so long by three inches as ordinary walking-dresses.

G. MCK.—We said there were houses that employed agents. We did not say we could hunt up or give the names of such. That would be to turn the pages of the Magazine into an intelligence office at once.

A NEW subscriber writes:

"DEAR MME. DEMOREST—Your beautiful engraving was received last week. I think it is a splendid premium, and a very interesting picture. Accept my sincere thanks for it, and also for your very useful and entertaining Magazine, which is indispensable. I think it is decidedly the best magazine I have ever seen.

"L. J. P."

"ECONOMY."—Your white moire would dye finely, and could be re-watered to look almost as well as new. Call your canary Joy, Pet, Beauty, Goldie, or Brownie.

"MAMIE."—A golden-brown Irish poplin, hat of the same material, and all made and trimmed with *gros-grain* and velvet, in two shades of the same color, would make a handsome traveling-dress for a bride to be married in. Trim your black silk suit with black velvet, edged with narrow doubled quillings of the silk. Water-proof cloth is made either into suits, costumes, or a large cloak with sleeves, and cape. "Hercules" braid makes a good trimming for a water-proof suit. You can cut your "ruby" dress short, or add to it a black silk overdress. A light-green silk makes a very pretty evening and reception dress. Black Astrachan cloaks are very useful; they can be bought *from* twenty-five dollars. Cloth cloaks independent of the dress are not fashionable. Long feathers are very much worn. A set of curls will cost you fifteen to forty dollars. We could obtain your wedding-cards—price would depend upon the style.

L. D. S.—Probably something in your gait, style or manner, suggests the foreigner, which is the reason why you are stared at and followed. It is a very rude and ungentlemanly act, nevertheless, and you should have no scruple in giving the person into the hands of a policeman. A "fish-knife" is used to divide the fish, and remove it from the platter to the plates of the persons who are to partake of it. Two Scotch plaid suits would be very pretty in the style mentioned; but poplin *velour* (all wool) would be warmer than Irish poplin, softer, wider, and better adapted to the purpose, besides being less expensive. Irish poplin costs $2 and $2.25; poplin *velour* $1.50. "Full" dress, as the term is understood, is not suitable for young girls at the opera, or married women either. We like to see the head uncovered, and the hair prettily dressed; but the dress should either be high-necked, or the shoulders covered by a *fichu*. Black velvet makes a very handsome riding-habit, with hat to match, and white plume. White gauntlets.

"HIAWATHA'S WOOING."

AMONG the features of the January number, the first of the New Year, is a finely engraved copy in miniature of Jerome Thompson's celebrated masterpiece, "Hiawatha's Wooing." To make it still more acceptable to our readers, and also in order to furnish the best possible key to the picture, by permission of the publisher, we propose to give entire that part of the poem from the "Song of Hiawatha," to which its author, Longfellow, gave the above title. It is so charming in itself, so full of the true spirit of poetry, and so highly appreciated by all lovers of genuine poetic inspiration, that we feel we can not better please our readers than by reproducing it in this connection, especially as we are now offering the chromo of the celebrated picture as one of our premiums.

MME. DEMOREST'S TEA COMPANY.

A LETTER FROM JAPAN.

A PRIVATE letter, just received from Japan, in advance of our regular correspondence from our enterprising colleague, gives so many interesting particulars of Japan life, and of the incidents connected with Miss King's stay in Yokohama, that we are induced to publish it almost entire:

"YOKOHAMA.

"DEAR MADAME— * * The ladies of Japan have a number of pretty ways and fashions that might be adopted by their New York sisters, that, if I had time, I would describe if I were a Jenkins, and it had not been done through other sources. But, at the risk of having a tale 'twice told,' I must recommend one fashion that, in Japan, is as unchangeable as were the laws of the Medes and Persians; that is, the blacking the teeth of young ladies as soon as they are betrothed. As soon as the lucky or unlucky swain has extracted from the blushing maiden that little word 'yes,' she at once commences the beautifying process of blacking her ivory—an operation that takes some three months to fully complete—thus notifying her friends and all the world of the approach of the nuptial day, and thus, too, giving a fearful warning to the man who has her plighted affections to be true to his promise, for the sword of vengeance hangs over the head of all deceivers. *Death is the penalty for adultery or the broken marriage-promise.* I am of the opinion this fashion and law should be adopted in New York. If so, thousands of villains would meet their deserved doom that now go unpunished.

"I send you sample of Japanese money. Twelve hundred of the 'cash' pieces go for one Mexican dollar. The paper card is called an itziboo—'boo,' for short; four of these go for $1. The same kind of cards with different scratches or marks are worth $5, $10, $50, and $100. A school-boy can counterfeit them, and I advise your New York counterfeiters to come out and set up shop. The penalty is: taking off the head just above the shoulders. The copper coin is called a 'tempo,' and one hundred is qual to one. Mexican gold is a nuisance. At ten per cent. discount no one wants it; in fact, the Japs won't take it at any price.

"The last mail steamer brought us quite a number of American travelers—some for pleasure, some for business. Amongst them were your friend, Miss Susan A. King, of New York city, and George F. Train. Miss King, with half a million dollars in exchange, stopped here and meant business.

"Miss King intends to charter a vessel and load it with tea. I understand she talks of going on to China, as she received letters, by last mail, from some of the heavy tea firms both in Hong Kong and Shanghai.

"Miss King, by her rapid, business-like movements, soon became the observed of all observers. On landing she immediately procured rooms at the best hotel, and at once a carriage was ordered, and a party of the steamer's passengers set out for Yeddo—that famous city, twice as large as New York. After spending a few days viewing the wonders of Yeddo, she returned to Yokohama, and, in the afternoon, obtained a force of Coolies—six or eight—and a Sedan chair, and started for the great wonder of wonders, the famous Japanese (Buddhist) idol, 'Di-a-botes.' (I inclose photograph.) This Di-a-botes is a specimen of art, seven hundred years old, that no living workman can equal. It is a perfectly formed man, in a sitting posture, forty-eight feet high, cast in bronze. Pushing on past Di-a-botes, staying over night with the natives and feeding her Coolies at the tea-houses, she reached the temples of sacred relics, said to be over 4,000 years old. Not yet satisfied, she ordered the Coolies on still further, into the country past the 'treaty limits,' where no foreigner had ever been before. Liable every minute to have her head taken off, and her Coolies also sharing the same danger—as they are not allowed to conduct foreigners past the line—till, at last, the Coolies becoming timid, she gave the command to turn back, which she was shrewd enough to learn before she started: 'Mor-i-mor-a Yokohama' (turn back to Yokohama), and arrived safely after a five days' trip, exploring a hitherto unknown part of the country After a short rest she turned her attention to business, and spent some time testing, selecting, and assorting Japan teas. She then turned her attention to the never-ending task of sight-seeing in Curio Town, and was to be seen in every nook and corner, and found in all sorts of shops, both great and small, at times chatting and drinking tea and eating sugar-plums with her black-teethed sisters, and occasionally driving a sharp bargain with her male cousins for a lot of Curios—learning more and seeing more in a shorter space of time than any person, I venture to say, that ever came to Yokohama.

"The President of the Oriental Bank escorted Miss King to the magnificent residence and grounds of Sir Harry Parkes, the British Minister, where she spent a pleasant hour with their lord and ladyships. Miss King presented Lady Parkes with a copy of your MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and her ladyship intimated that, when she came to New York, she would be happy indeed to become a member of the Tea Club. Afterward, an American gentleman called, with Miss King, on our Minister, the Hon. C. E. De Long and lady, where she was received in the most kind and hospitable manner, and passed an exceedingly pleasant afternoon; in fact, Mr. and Mrs. De Long have the happy faculty of making all visitors at once feel at home, and are pleased at all times to see American citizens, and impart to them any information they possess. The Government at last has done justice to Mr. De Long by raising his office to that of full Minister Plenipotentiary, etc. But I must stop. I find that, like Miss King, I have wandered away off from the limits, and will close with

SI-NAR-I (adieu).

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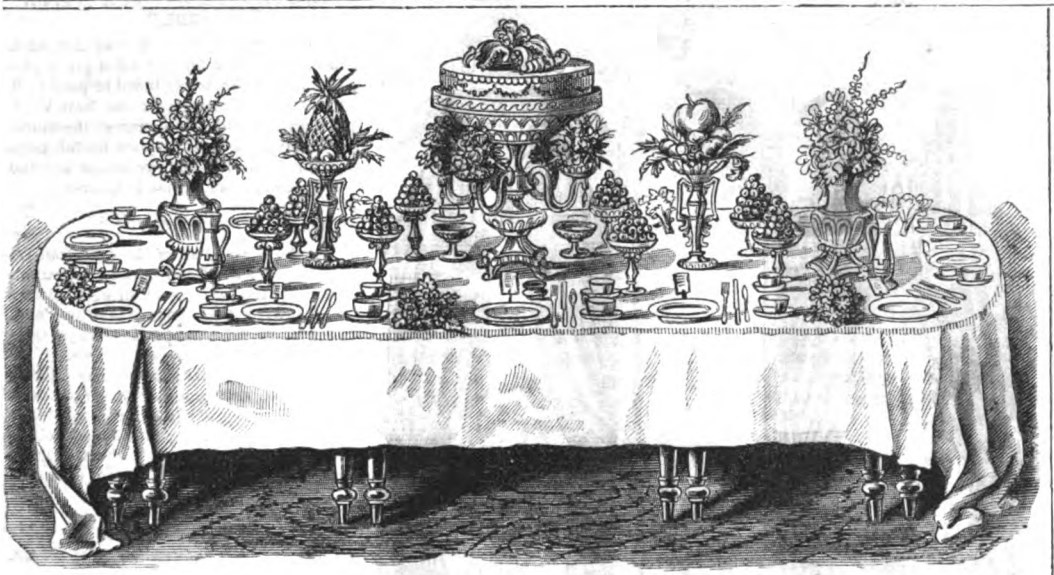

WEDDING BREAKFAST TABLE.

The Household.

WEDDING BREAKFAST TABLE.—We present our readers this month with a model for a wedding-breakfast, arranged in the latest style. The wedding-cake occupies the center, and is raised on a glass and silver *épargne*, with supports for flowers. Dishes, and vases of fruit and flowers, are arranged in regular order down the center and upon the sides. Cups for tea and coffee, or chocolate, are placed beside every plate, and bouquets for lady guests alternately.

Nothing hot is required but tea and coffee, and, perhaps, oysters fried, chicken-pie, cold turkey, ham, tongue, sandwiches, potted salmon, lobster salad, pickled oysters, jellies, Charlotte-russe, buttered biscuit, cream meringues, and ice-creams, must be arranged according to taste, giving the hot dishes and the principal meats the top and bottom of the table, or having them served from a side-table. The bride cuts the first piece out of the cake, which is placed on a board for the purpose, and it is afterwards cut and distributed by the groom's "best man."

CHRISTMAS PLUM-PUDDINGS.—It will not do to issue a Christmas Household without the orthodox Christmas Plum-pudding, which, however, we have given in so many varieties in previous Christmas numbers, that it will seem like a very old story to matured housekeepers, who have been among our readers.

Never mind; Christmas and plum-pudding are always welcome, and the young housekeepers will be glad to obtain exact formulas, if old housekeepers are not.

It is useless to repeat general directions with every receipt; we will therefore say at the outset, that it is best, in making a plum-pudding, to have all the ingredients prepared before the process of mixing commences. Grate the bread-crumbs, cut and stone the raisins, clean the currants, chip the citron, chop the suet very fine, first sprinkling it thick with flour to keep it from sticking, and mix your spices.

If you use moulds, rub them with lard, not with butter, unless it is free from salt; if pudding-bags, or cloths, dip them in boiling water, and then flour them thoroughly. Have your water boiling for boiled or steamed puddings, and do not let it stop for one instant, as this is fatal to the perfection of the pudding.

ENGLISH PLUM-PUDDING.—Half-pound of flour, half-pound of bread-crumbs, eight eggs, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, quarter-pound of candied citron, same of candied lemon, half-pound of brown sugar, one quart of milk, one-third pound of suet, one tea-spoonful of salt, nutmeg, and half-ounce of mixed spices. Half a glass of raspberry syrup, or raspberry jelly. Boil four hours from the time the pudding commences boiling, gently, but without stopping.

GUEST'S PLUM-PUDDING.—Pour a pint of boiling milk on four ounces of fine bread-crumbs, and put them away covered. When cool, stir in four ounces of dry bread-crumbs, four of finely chopped suet, two of crushed macaroni, a little salt, half-pound of stoned and chopped raisins, four ounces of powdered sugar, three of citron and candied lemon-peel mixed and cut very thin, and four large eggs, whisked light and thrown into the mass. Beat and blend thoroughly, and boil for three hours. Serve with rich sauce.

BAKED PLUM-PUDDING.—Twelve milk-crackers, or soda-crackers, pounded fine; two quarts of milk, eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten separate; one pound of stoned raisins, one pound of Zante currants, two nutmegs, candied citron and orange-rind mixed, and cut very fine; the rind grated of one large lemon; a table-spoonful of currant jelly, half-pound of powdered sugar, half-cup of butter, melted. Bake two hours.

SCHOOL PLUM-PUDDING.—Quarter of a pound of chopped suet, quarter of stoned raisins, three-quarters of a pound of currants, a pound of flour, a quart of milk, four beaten eggs, a cup of sugar, some grated lemon-peel, and a table-spoonful of allspice. Boil three hours. Serve with liquid sauce.

BOARDING-HOUSE PLUM-PUDDING.—One cup of raisins, one of currants, one of molasses, one of suet, one of milk, three of flour, table-spoonful of clove powder, one nutmeg, half-tea spoon of saleratus, and a little salt. Boil two hours. Sauce.

DYSPEPTICS' PLUM-PUDDING (Small and light).—Soak three ounces of the grated crumbs of a dry loaf in half a pint of boiling milk. Mix in three ounces of chopped and sifted kidney suet, one ounce of dry bread-crumbs, ten ounces of stoned raisins, a little salt, the grated rind of an orange, the juice of a lemon, and three eggs, leaving out one white to serve as the basis for a very sweet sauce, flavored with peach extract. No sugar is put in this pudding. Boil two hours.

LITTLE BIRTHDAY PUDDINGS.—Steep the crumb part of a baker's loaf in a pint of milk until it is soft and has grown warm (but not hot), upon a cool part of a stove or range; beat up two eggs with some sugar, an ounce of butter warmed, a little essence of lemon, and a little cream, or tea-spoonful of condensed milk. Add a quarter of a pound of Zante currants well cleaned and floured. Pour into buttered cups, grate nutmeg over them, and bake three-quarters of an hour. Serve with hard sauce.

BOYS' PLUM-PUDDING.—Bread-crumbs and flour, each four ounces; suet, twelve ounces; stoned raisins, one pound; little salt, half a nutmeg, half a tea-spoonful of ginger, same of mace; sugar, four ounces, or one cup; candied citron, two ounces; four eggs, table-spoonful of raspberry jam, one pint of milk. Two kinds of sauce—hard and liquid. Boil three hours.

GURNEY'S CELEBRATED CHROMO, (AFTER JEROME THOMPSON'S MASTER-PIECE), "HIAWATHA'S WOOING," SIZE 15 BY 25, PRICE $15.00.

IN this magnificent Chromo is presented all the beauty of harmonious combination of color and artistic delineation of mountains, valleys, rivers, rocks, plains, and sky, affording a landscape view of rare excellence and beauty. The graceful figure of Minnehaha, hand in hand with her lover, Hiawatha, in the foreground; the rich, luxuriant foliage covering the undulating surface; a warm afternoon sun tinging the fleecy clouds and reflecting the various objects in the waters, and casting a hazy light over the distant, abrupt and precipitous mountains—make up a picture that is strikingly interesting, both for its truthfulness to nature and its gorgeous coloring, displaying a true conception and a high order of artistic genius, for which Jerome Thompson's pictures are so proverbial. The Chromo is such a correct reproduction, that, when they are placed side by side, the best judges, even artists, are often mistaken as to which is the original.—*N. Y. Evening Mail.*

A VISIT TO VICK'S FLOWER-FARM.

ONE of the most delightful incidents of our last summer's trip to Canada and the lakes, *via* Western New York, was a visit paid to Mr Vick's great nursery and flower-farm, five miles from the city of Rochester, N. Y.

Soon after our arrival in that most beautiful and prosperous of all our inland cities, Mr. Vick called upon us and tendered the use of his carriages and horses to our party for a visit to his magnificent gardens and nurseries, which occupy a fine, level site, midway between the city of Rochester and the shore of Lake Ontario. A charming drive of five miles brought us within sight of a grand plateau, environed by a lovely valley, belted in upon one side by a noble forest, and planted in immense fields of gorgeous shrubs and flowers. The perfect order and arrangement, and the effect of these great masses of brilliant color, may be imagined, but can not be described. It brought vividly to remembrance the flower-farms of Nice, where, however, there is neither the variety nor the perfection of cultivation which is to be found in this Western paradise. The skill, enterprise, judgment, and patience which Mr. Vick has brought to an ordinary pursuit have placed his name at the head of horticulturists in this country, and made it synonymous with truth, probity, honor, and high achievements.

He receives an average of two thousand letters a day—probably the largest mail of any man in the United States. The orders contained in these are filled within twenty-four hours—everything being arranged in alphabetical order, so that no time is lost in searching.

Mr. Vick does all his own printing with the assistance of his sons, and makes all the boxes which he uses by an ingenious method of his own, which is at the same time cheaper and better than the ordinary routine employed. He is now completing a very large and elegant structure on one of the principal streets in the city of R——, the space occupied running through to another street. When finished, it will be one of the most imposing and perfectly-appointed establishments in the entire city.

Mr. Vick has a handsome residence in the suburbs of Rochester, about a mile from the city, and it is here that he has his great hot-houses and gardens of rarest and most carefully cultivated

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All the choicest specimens of home or foreign growth are found here, blooming and far more fair than in their native soil.

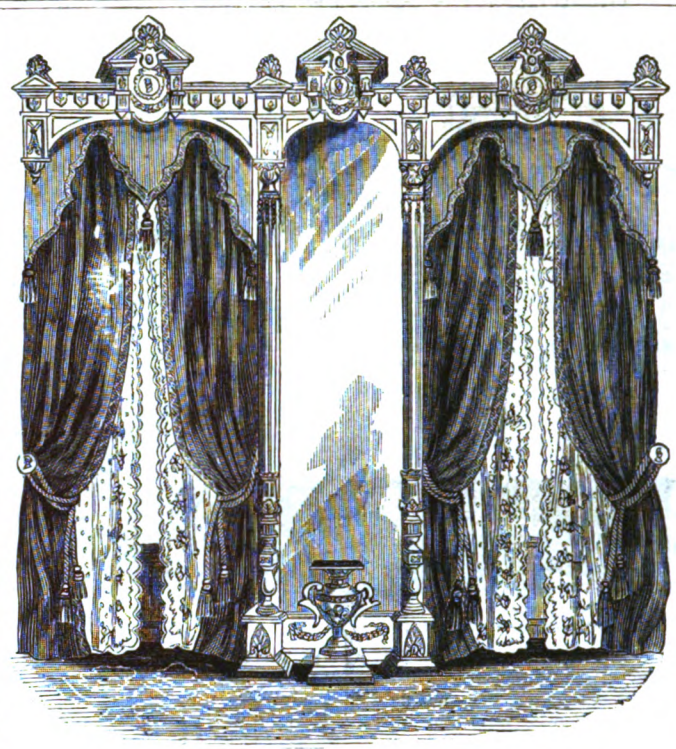
One of the latest evidences of Mr. Vick's taste and enterprise is a superb flower chromo, embodying thirty-six distinct varieties of bouquet flowers, exquisitely grouped. We cordially recommend all who want to feast their eyes upon the splendid results of art and industry applied to nature, to visit Mr. Vick's farm and gardens, in the proper season, and surround themselves in their own houses with the beautiful evidences of his taste and discoveries in horticultural science.

ORNAMENTAL MIRRORS, UPHOLSTERY AND PICTURE-FRAMES.

THE fashions in the furnishing and decoration of rooms, and even in mirrors and picture-frames, change frequently—though not with the rapidity of of some parts of ladies' attire. It is always useful, therefore, to find out occasionally whether any new ideas have been discovered or applied to furnishing in decorative purposes, and thus escape the mortification of a mistake or a blunder, in obtaining antiquated styles. With this object we found ourselves in the exhibition-room of Mr Thos. A. Wilmot, in 13th St., near Broadway, recently, and became interested in the many new methods and appliances in mirrors, cornices, and pictures, which were shown us.

And first, it must be remarked, that all handsome mirrors and pictures, particularly oil-paintings and chromos, are now framed in heavy gold, deep, massive, and richly ornamented. Large mirrors, for dining-room mantels, are set in black walnut frames, carved and gilded, and such also are used for libraries; but for drawing-rooms and ladies' parlors, or boudoirs, only gold is used, and generally the chairs are of burnished gilt to match, with satin or satin brocade upholstery.

Pier-glasses have also been restored to favor, and their heavy gilt moulding support massive gilt cornices, which are fitted to them so perfectly as to seem to be all one piece. The cost of these cornices is, therefore, included in a French plate pier glass, at $350, and they may be used as supports to complete window curtains, or merely to the damask cambrequins, which are fashionable over lace. Chromos, it is found, look no better than oil-paintings in a walnut frame; but there are beautiful walnut and gilt frames, carved in the corners, for engravings, for which they are particularly adapted.



FRENCH PLATE PIER GLASS, CORNICE, AND WINDOW CURTAINS.

For imperial photographs there are rich frames in velvet and mat ted gold; and for small pictures, twisted gilt frames, in imitation of the rustic, which are very showy.

Mr Wilmot is in advance of most other dealers in this line of drawing-room furnishing and decoration, and has an artist's eye for effects. We would advise our readers, who are interested, to pay him a visit; or orders from the country will receive from him prompt attention.

CALCULATIONS FOR THE CURIOUS

HAVE our readers ever thought of how much fifty thousand is, as applied to the monthly edition of a magazine—DEMOREST'S, for example?

Allowing seven ounces as the weight of each Magazine, the amount of paper required for our December issue alone would be 22,000 pounds, or *ten and a half tons*.

To carry this edition by hand to the various depots, allowing one hundred magazines as a fair weight for one man, it would require five hundred men to distribute it, or nearly a whole regiment of militia. Place these men in a continuous line, giving three feet of space to each man, and they will occupy fifteen hundred feet, or one-third of a mile.

To distribute this weight of matter by wagons, one thousand pounds to each load, would require twenty-two, which, ranged behind each other, would occupy one-quarter of a mile.

Pile a single edition of the magazine, one on top of the other, and they would reach nearly fifteen times as high as an ordinary four-story house, over three times as high as Trinity Church steeple, over six times as high as Niagara Falls, and about twice as high as the spire of the Cathedral of Strasbourg, which is the highest in the world (469 feet). Or allowing ¼ of an inch to each book, fifty of them making one foot, it would reach the enormous height of one thousand feet—the top being quite out of sight; or, if the sheets were spread out singly, they would cover the whole of Broadway from the Battery to the Central Park—a distance of over five miles.

In our Magazine for December, there are fifty-two pages of printed matter, each page containing four columns measuring one foot each in length. If the columns of our whole edition were placed in a continuous line, they would measure 10,400,000 feet, or within a trifle of 1,961 miles, about the distance from New York to Omaha; or, if the lines were placed together, they would reach nearly twice around the globe, and would require over one hundred years to read them all. If the above calculation was carried to one year's issue—six hundred thousand—what a stupendous pile it would make!—one hundred and twenty-five tons, or the lines reaching to the moon.

A very interesting way of puzzling your friends would be to ask them to solve some of the problems suggested by these calculations, based on the 50,000 circulation of our magazine.

LOOK at the splendid offer we make, to give beautiful Chromos as premiums. To each subscriber to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, is given a very fine Parlor Chromo, worth $5.00; or, for one dollar extra, we give a large $10.00 Chromo and the $5.00 Chromo together, post free.

WHAT can be more suitable for a holiday gift than an elegantly bound opera, or collection of bound music? In this connection we desire to call attention to the comprehensive advertisement of musical works published by Messrs. Ditson, on page 378.

THE PICTURE OF "OUR LITTLE GIRL."

So many readers of YOUNG AMERICA have petitioned for our little girl's picture that we have concluded to present it to them as an offering for the New Year. YOUNG AMERICA for January, therefore, will contain as a frontispiece the full page picture of our little five-years-old Eveline Celeste Caradora Louise Demorest.

At the recent Fair of the American Institute, we had an opportunity of examining all the various Fluting-Machines which were there on exhibition, and, after a careful examination, we became satisfied that the Eureka possessed advantages over them all. We have, therefore, made arrangements to use this one in future in our offer of Fluting-Machines for premiums, giving the 5-inch rollers for a club of six subscribers, with a choice of the first premiums to each.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE.

The patterns alone are worth three dollars.

The Fashion Plates are worth three dollars.

The information about fashions is worth three dollars.

The "Talks with Women" are worth three dollars.

The Household receipts are worth three dollars.

The "Ladies' Club" is worth more than three dollars.

The Music is worth three dollars.

The Literature is worth three dollars.

The Illustrated Poems are worth three dollars.

The Architecture is worth three dollars.

And the Chromo which every subscriber gets, if they choose, as a premium, is worth five dollars—which makes thirty-five dollars in value for three dollars invested. Do you want anything better than that?—and a guarantee at the end of the year that you will be willing to indorse what we say. Send on your subscription.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY

THE MODEL PARLOR MAGAZINE, WITH UNPARALLELED PREMIUMS.

The best Chromos given away. To each yearly subscriber, at $3.00 each, will be sent, post free, a beautiful and artistic Parlor $5.00 Chromo, size 10 by 13. Or, for a yearly subscription to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY and YOUNG AMERICA (the best Boys' and Girls' Magazine), will be sent, post free, either the "Mischievous Pets" (after Carter), size 15 by 20; or, the "Blonde and Brunette" (after Noel); or, "Isn't she Pretty?" (after Lily M. Spencer) size 14 by 17, to include the fine $5.00 Chromo—being $19.50 in value for only $4.50 in money. Or, for subscriptions to both Magazines for $4.50, and two dollars extra in money, will be sent, post free, the $5.00 Chromo and Gurney's celebrated Chromo (after Jerome Thompson's masterpiece), "Hiawatha's Wooing," size 15 by 25, price $15.00—one of the most exquisite landscapes ever painted, and the Chromo is considered quite equal in beauty to the original, which cost $4,000. This is the most liberal premium ever offered, being only $6.50 in money for $26.50 in actual value. Or, "Hiawatha's Wooing" will be sent for two subscribers to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, at $3.00 each; or one subscriber for two years at $6.00.

Address W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 838 Broadway, N. Y.

To all New Subscribers, or for renewals sent in before December 15th, in addition to the premiums already offered, will be sent Mr. and Mme. DEMOREST'S PROFILE PHOTOGRAPH CARTE DE VISITE, by Rockwood, on receipt of the postage, 2 cts. extra.

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A NEW FEATURE.

With the New Year we shall commence, at the request of many subscribers, giving portraits, accompanied by sketches of Modern Representative Women, and shall gratify our readers as well as ourselves, by presenting to them first Mrs. Croly (Jennie June), whom they have all long known through the pages of the MAGAZINE.

FACTS FOR ADVERTISERS.

THERE are now just about 5,000 periodicals published in the United States, which include all the various kinds of newspapers and magazines.

Out of this 5,000 there are only about 25 that have the circulation, not more than 20 that have the number of yearly subscribers, and not one of all of them that has as many first-class readers, as DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

ORDINARY pages, 75 cents per line solid agate space. Four lines or less, $3. Page next to reading matter, $1 per line. Business Notices, solid agate space, $1.25 per line. On ordinary pages no extra charge for cuts or display.

OUR ADVERTISING PAGES.

WE aim to make our advertising columns the vehicle only of what is best calculated to promote the interests of our readers; to exclude whatever is pernicious, at whatever sacrifice; and render them so absolutely reliable, that they may be consulted with a certainty that everything therein stated will be found precisely as represented.

Advertisers will please understand that the extent of our circulation renders it necessary that they should send in their advertisements by the twentieth of the month to secure insertion in the following issue.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Interesting to Ladies.—"We have used the Grover & Baker Machines in our manufacturing rooms for fifteen years. They have always given us the most unqualified satisfaction, whether upon the finest and most costly silk and lace curtains or the heaviest duck and canvas upholstering; and we feel that we can not recommend them too highly to all wanting a good reliable sewing-machine."

ALLEN F. MACKEY, Chicago.

Demorest's Monthly, the Model Parlor Magazine.—Splendid and unequaled premiums!! To any person sending three yearly subscribers to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, at $3 each, will be sent, post free, a beautiful Chromo to two of the subscribers, size 10 by 13, worth $5 each, and to the getter up of the club will be sent, post free, the large and exquisite Chromo by Gurney (after Jerome Thompson's masterpiece), "Hiawatha's Wooing," size 15 by 25, price $15. The most beautiful Chromo ever published, and the most liberal premium ever offered, being $34 in value for only $9 in money. Address W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 838 Broadway, New York.

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TRANSPARENT

GLYCERINE SOAP.

Containing nearly 40 per cent. of Glycerine. For the toilet, and children, the best beyond comparison.

Sold everywhere,

And by Manufacturer, 32 Park Row, N. Y.

The Piano Premiums.

"THE DECKER TAKES THE RIBBON."

It was among the most important triumphs of the DECKER BROTHERS' PIANO, that it captured both the FIRST PREMIUMS at the Northern Ohio Fair last week. Mr. Dreher, the Agent of the Decker Brothers' instruments in this city, had on exhibition two Square Pianos and one Grand. Steinway, Chickering, and several other noted makers, were on exhibition; but, notwithstanding everything, the Committee awarded

Both First Premiums to the Decker—one to the Grand, the other to the Square Piano.

FROM THE CLEVELAND DAILY LEADER, OCTOBER 10TH.

B. DREHER at Cleveland, and D. H. BALDWIN at Cincinnati, O., are Agents for these celebrated Pianos.

WAREROOMS OF DECKER BROTHERS:

33 UNION SQUARE,

Between 16th and 17th Streets, *NEW YORK.*

Demorest's Young America has become almost a family necessity. Pleasant, spicy reading, handsome engravings, ingenious puzzle-pictures, and beautiful supplements, are very attractive and entertaining. YOUNG AMERICA is a universal favorite. Address W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 838 Broadway, New York. $1.50 per annum, with a choice of premiums, worth several times the cost of the Magazine, to each subscriber. Sample copies 10 cents, post free.

A GREAT OFFER.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 481 Broadway, New York,

Will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs, of six first-class makers, including Waters', Chickering's, and Steinway's, at extremely Low Prices for Cash, during the holidays, or will take from $4 to $20 Monthly until paid. To Let, and rent-money applied if purchased.

OUR NEW GEM SOUVENIR,

130 pages, bound in red and gold, gilt edges.

We have just issued the third number of our brilliant little annual, and recommend it as unusually attractive for gifts and decorating Christmas trees, etc. It is embellished by a pretty chromo, a fine portrait of Mlle. Nilsson, the Queen of Song, Mr. and Mme. Demorest, and numerous other cuts and illustrations. It also contains poems by Alice and Phœbe Cary, and Jane Ingelow, and very many choice scraps from writers both witty and wise. In its enlarged form, beautifully bound in crimson and gilt, and gilt edges, the *Gem Souvenir* is five cents each, 50 cents per dozen, or $3.00 per hundred.

Sent free of mail on receipt of price.

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Aromatic Vegetable Soap

Is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of Ladies and Infants.

Sold by all dealers in Perfumery and Toilet Articles.

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No more welcome and no more valued gift can be selected for a Christmas gift from husband to his wife, a brother to a sister, a gentleman to his lady friend, than DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, with its beautiful and valuable choice of premiums.

Microscopes.—Illustrated Price-Lists sent free on application.

T. H. McALLISTER, OPTICIAN,
49 Nassau Street, N. Y.

J. S. BARNES,

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Choice collection of Exotics always on hand.

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AGENTS, to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the "*lock-stitch*" (alike on both sides), and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing-Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

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THIS Brand of ALPACA, on account of its fineness of cloth and richness of color, has become the STANDARD ALPACA now used in the United States.

These Goods are greatly improved for the FALL AND WINTER wear, being of the RICHEST and PUREST shade of FAST BLACK, and made of the VERY FINEST MATERIAL, they are ABSOLUTELY SUPERIOR to any Alpacas ever sold in this country, and are now one of the most fashionable and ECONOMICAL fabrics worn.

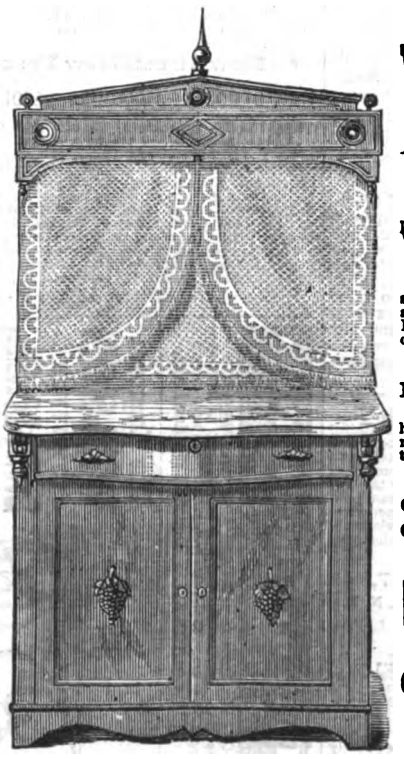
These beautiful Goods are sold by most of the leading Retail Dry-Goods Merchants in all the leading cities and towns throughout all the States.

☞ Purchasers will know these Goods, as a ticket is attached to each piece bearing a picture of the Buffalo, precisely like the above.

WM. I. PEAKE & CO.,
46, 48 & 50 White St., New York.

Sole Importers of this Brand for the United States.

"Isn't it Beautiful?"



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It not not only serves as a complete protection to the wall, but makes the Washstand

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A collection of the most beautiful Vocal Compositions of Beethoven, Von Weber, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Abt, Kucken, &c., with accompaniment, for the Pianoforte.
Price of each of above, $2.50—in cloth covers, $3.00—in full gilt, $4.00.

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A complete collection of college songs as sung in our American colleges. Price $1.75.
MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS. Complete. $3.00.
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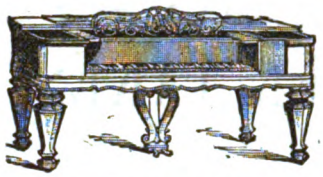

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